From Sun to Saturn.

Occultosophia Corporae: Lectures and Speeches.

Mateusz Ksawery Zalewski-Grzelak

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Contents

Clause Concerning the Use of LLM-AI Tools 13
The Art of Metarhetorics: Invocation of Peitho 16
On the Magical Arts 19
On Understanding 21
On Enticement, Curses, and the Manipulation of the Aura of Perception 23
Words Have Long Ceased to Be Ammunition. They Are the Sport of Civilized Men 27
Via Regia — The Creation of Gods in Practice: I Have No God Complex — It Is You Who Possess a Vulgar God 31
Praxis and Doxa: The Tree of Life, the Embodiment of Royal Qualities, and the Transmutation of Beggars into Gods 36
Shadows of Politics 40
The Orphic Gold Tablets: Child of the Starry Heavens, of Earth, and of the Heavenly Race 43
Wheels of Fortuna: Who Goes Up, Who Goes Down 45
White Flags 50
Reflections: On Misery — The River of the World 53
  On Human Misery — The Ethica of Enki and Ninmah 53
The Secret of Survival in the Face of Unconquerable Adversity 57
An Appeal to Fortitudo! 61
  Reflections on the Last Men on Earth 61
On Human Nature, the Soul, and the Universe — The Philosophy of the Daimon 64
Stealing Heaven: Pagan Angels and Angelesses as the Epitome and Heroization of Mortals — The Pagan Angelology Colonized and Appropriated by Judeo-Christianity 68

A New Pagan Renaissance as the Sole Chance: The Judeo-Christian Logos Has Long Died — Reconcile Yourself to It 72
Pillars of Iram, Ubar, Eden, the Geological Deluge: The Kingdom of Shaddad — A Dream, a Journey, History 77
In Honor of Nyx — A Nocturnal Discourse on Presence, Absence, Eros, and Thanatos 83
„Split" — Psychiatry and Magic, or Psyche Embodied 87
Technical Disclaimer 87
How the Abrahamic Religions Discredited Metaphysics Through Irrationalism, While the Enlightenment and the Scientific Revolution Annihilated It: The Fragments of Antiquity 92
Charlatans and Intellectual Humility, Metaphysical Experiences, Ideological and Religious Possessions, and Prejudices 95
On Pagan Battle Prayer: Life's Blood 101
Sociology of Ignorance — How Unawareness Shapes Power, Politics, and Society: A Summary from a Former Intelligence Studies Student 104
Holbein, Lützelburger: Dance of Death & Bruno Goetz's The Kingdom Beyond Space in the Translation of the Late Maestro Prokopiuk: A Fatal Night 109
Astrotheology: Al-Kindi, De Radiis, Deep into the Path — A Commentator's Experience 113
„Because Why Not" — A Speech Written and Delivered Between 12:10 and 13:14, September 15, 2025 CET, Lubliniec, Silesia, PL 117
Azrael's Charade — What Is Infinity? 120
Thanaturgy, Thanatarchy 121
Tango of Memory 124
Lessons of Unsatiated Intellects: Science, Art? The Comprehensive Application of Advanced Heuristics in Magic 126

The Law of Masquerade: The Chameleon's Politics. Ethos, Experience, and Adaptability 131
The Twilight of Heroic Human Dignity 135
Political Magic: From the Shadows of Cognoscendi to the Charge of the Vanguard Exposed to Blows: On Deed, Motive, Will, and Vision 137
Nocturnal Poetry and Narratives — On Ritualism 143
The Nightmare of Writers and Academics: Perspectives — The Dawn of Mass Mediocrity Facilitated by Artificial Intelligence and the Death of Authenticity 149
Speeches in the Octagon — What is the Meaning of Practicing the Mysteries? 154
Witch-General — Dead Shadow Witches as Maternal Archetypes 158
Rhetorica ad Populum: A Word on Rhetoric 165
On the Aim of High Magic — The Right-Hand Path in a Pagan Context 169
On Contemporary Deist Nobilitas ('Pagans'), and Judeo-Christian Monotheists 173
On Taking Things to the Grave 179
Establishing the Boundaries of Knowledge in Communication, Bene Discendi, and Understanding 182
Psychological Consequences of Magic — Gnothi Seauton and Via Regia 185
The Path of Greatest Resistance. Individual Soteriology in the Era of Kali Yuga: A General Orphic Retrospective 188
The Necessity of Metaphysics and the Tyranny of Fools: On Commitment to Lost Causes — Why Gods in the Modern Era? The Concept of Divinity in the Fulfillment of the Human Animal 191

Aretology: What is Virtue as Virtus? An Exercise in the Revolutions of Pure Reason 199
Banquet of the Muses — This World is Driven by Ideas 204
On Commitment 207
Metamorphoses: Character and Aretology 211
Genesis of the Goddess Hekate — Mycenaean-Minoan Mistress of Beasts (Potnia Theron) 214
On Bionic Statues, Temples, and the Priesthood of the Gods 219
The Chaldean Oracles: a Different Perspective 221
Select Bibliography and Recommended Reading 239
Games of Political-Religious Power in Which We Play 241
Occult Perspectives: Hermeneutics of Souls 255
On Anger, Hatred, and Fury 262
Occult and Esoteric Languages: Silence, Magic, and Interfaces of Non-Material Senses 265
Why Are There No Longer Statesmen? 271
High Magic — Mystics, Magicians, and Life 273
Philosophy of Evil: From the Tension of Natures to the Illusion of Values 278
Perspectives: Anatomy of Gods and Goddesses — Practice and Theology 285
Dragon's Tears 290
The Homeric Odyssey as a Hellenic Sacred Text and the Mithraic Cave in the Light of Alchemy 301
The Language of Trees, Spirits of Nature, and Autumnal Regalia: The Drottartic Art 305
On Fading Away 307
Animating the Shadow as an Ontological Dimension of a Subtype of the Soul 310
On the Black Sun: Everything That Sufficeth for Thee to Know, as Well as That Which Thou Wouldst Prefer Not to Know 313

Theories of Magick: Tribalism and Individuation, or Thoughtforms and Egregors 319
High Magick and Political Inclinations 328
Demigods at the Psychiatrist: Sisyphus, Prometheus, Macbeth, Andronicus 331
Satyricon — The Master and the Devil, the Dead, Vagabonds, and Travelers 344
Anagoge 349
Lectures on the Dead — Fragments from Nekromanteion 352
Lecture on the Second Sight — Living with a Forest of Ethereal Beings as an „Augmented Reality" 363
On Vampirism — V.V.V — Vurdu Vamphyri Vanitas 369
The Hellenist — The Anti-Christian: What Did Jesus Believe? .. 377
Bibliography 385
Rendering the Robes: A Discourse on Forgotten Mystery Traditions 387
The Seven-Headed Beast of God and the Great Harlot, or Vir Unus: Man (the Dragon) and Woman (Artemis-Hecate) Completed — Prorrhesis 393
Computational Succubi and Soul-Devouring Hybrids 398
Morality?! Amoral Gods, yet Starry Heavens full of Ethos! 406
Pyrrhic Hammer 410
The Gigantic Metaphysical Field of Vision vs. Myopic Perception of Proximate Phenomena 413
On Metaphysical Non-Conformism, the Anarchs of the Gods 415
Otium 419
The Krasis Model (Galen) as the Psycho-Spiritual Key to Understanding an Alternative Etiology of Mental Disorders 421
Warning for Individuals Experiencing Liminal States 423
On the Community of the Muses 430
On the Embodiment of Quality 434

Scientia Occulta — Learned Magic at the Intersection of Science and Art. On Proficiency and Ethos 437
On Strength and „Weakness" 440
Lamentations — The Last to Fall, Resisting and Guarding the Flame of Hecate. On Evil in Modernity 444
Pax Deorum: Chronological History of Beliefs, Technical Magic at the Crossroads 447
Diva Angerona 450
Models of Love in the Astrological Aspectation of Planetary Natures 453
Saturn 453
Jupiter 454
Mars 455
The Moon (Luna) 455
Earth 456
Venus 456
Mercury 457
The Sun 458
Speeches in the Tower — Know Thyself, the Socratic Daimon-Genius, and Natures 459
Pagan Soteriology as Liberation, Not Salvation: Hecate Soteria, Pater Liber, Mater Victoria! 464
Destiny, the Weavers of Fate, Time, and Fortunes: On Predestination, Determinism, Chance, and A-Determinism 468
Manifesto of the Controlled Dissident 471
Testaments: What Remains? Who Plays Whom in This Tragi-Farce of Hamartia 474
Arete as the Pileus of the Muses 477
On Civilizational Solidarity — The Optimates of the Gods 481
On Simplifications and One-Dimensionality 484

The Thirteenth Perseid Beneath the Stars — A Voice Message Left for Her 488
Pagan Afterlife — The Axiomatic Model. We All Project Who We Are 491
Gods in Exile: Threads of Magical Paradigms: Bio vs. Cyber 493
On Divine Androgynes 500
The Mauve Cartographer, or Anomalous Rays of the Anti-Universe (Incursions of A-Phenomenal Chaos) 504
Everything written and spoken 508
Theology — A Word on Gods and Goddesses 510
Apollonius of Tyana — Re-Visited: Literate Mortal Demigods in Light of a Sufi Parable 514
A World Without Logos — Neoplatonic, Pagan Perspective 517
Army of Witch Grandmothers 521
Enkrateia: On Self-Control, Moderation, and the Great Society Founded upon Areté and Paideia 523
Toward Panentheism — The Token: Moving Toward the Ideal Type, or When the Trace Encounters Platonic Forces 528
Hegemonikon 532
Return to Platonic Ideas 534
On Genius 536
Integral Pagan Traditionalism, Rooted Cosmopolitanism: On Building a Bridge Between Antiquity and Modernity 541
On Love, the Marriages of Mages, Sacrifice, Grief, and the Source of My Humanity 544
On Morality, Ethos, Justice, and Wisdom 548
The Metaphysics of the Anarch in Politics versus the Totalitarian State and Echo-Controlled Dissidence 551
On Overcoming 554
O Fortuna! On Heroic Struggle, Good and Bad Fortunes 557

On Emotions, Feelings, Concepts, the Anima Mundi, and the Great Disconnection 561
On Destinies and Fates 565
Theologia Axiomathica 570
On Metaphysical Elitism and Religious Populism 575
Paradigms in Magic — Pluriversal Chameleonism 580
Light is Filtered Darkness: On Chaos, Order, and Solar Systems ..584
Beowulf: The Abyss and the Gamblers from the Citadel: 2007 587
Faust Interrupted! Ever Panhellenic 590
On Demonology: White Gloves of „Black" Magic 595
On True, Immortal Love 600
Lone Wolf Cell Warfare: A Crash Course on Non-Virtual Dissidence and Total War 604
On Individuals Defined by Humanitas and Civilized Posture, Regardless of Race or Ethnicity 608
On Eudaimonia: A Transvaluation of Happiness 611
On Possessions, Exorcisms, Mediumship, Spirits, and Learned Magic 614
On the Lady of Magic and Philosophy: High Magic and Political Inclinations 621
On Free Will and True Will 625
Divinity Inclines Toward Geometrizing: On the Second Sight, Psychonauts, Depth Charges, and Humans as Code 627
On Morality, Ethos, Justice, and Wisdom 632
On the True Meaning of Plato's Cave 635
Is Mankind really the Center? On Anthropocentric mistakes in Metaphysics and Religious Erring 638
Politics and the occult 641
The Virtue of Humanitas Revisited 644
On Possessions, Excorcisms, Mediumship, Spirits and Learned Magic 647

On Eudaimonia: Revaluation of Happiness 654
On Humans as Defined by Humanitas and Civility,
in Disregard of Race or Ethnicity 657
Lone wolf cell combat 659
On True Love, Immortal 663
On Demonology: White Gloves 'Black' Magick 667
Anatomy of Evil 671
The Last Magicians of Rational Thought and Platonic Realism 675
Mahamanvatara and the Story of Beginnings and Ends 679
The Horror: Trans-Neptunian Saturnine Aegis 682
Summa Summarum, Panacea, Athenakleos! 687
Religion as a magickal technology 691
Hermeneutics of a Seer 693
Addendum 701

Clause Concerning the Use of LLM-AI Tools

Large Language Model (LLM-AI) tools were employed solely for the transcription of lectures and for linguistic and editorial refinement of the text. However, all substantive content was personally delivered by me through oral presentations or authored independently in written form.

This is a book about an invisible war — one that unfolds neither upon maps nor within chronicles, leaves no trace in reports, and defies easy definition. It does not pertain to the majority of mortal men directly — or at least not in a manner that could be effortlessly grasped or measured. Yet, its echoes permeate everyday life, influence choices, shape attitudes, and endure wherever man confronts questions of meaning, good and evil, freedom, and responsibility.

Presented herein are the philosophy, theology, methodologies, and values I have derived from this confrontation — offered not as a closed system or doctrine, but as a testimony of a journey. It is a record of an experience that eludes simple categories.

Any attempt to psychologize or pathologize this often invisible war against the „other side" — which acts upon mortal men indirectly, yet at times with surprising tangible reality — strips it of its true substance. Such attempts reduce it to a mere mechanism, a symptom, a dysfunction — depriving it of its depth, its metaphysical dimension, and its existential weight.

I write not to persuade, but to describe. Not to draw anyone into dispute, but to give name to that which became a formative experience for me. This is a narrative of the tension between the visible and the invisible, the rational and that which transcends reason, between dread and responsibility.

Nothing human is alien to me. Thus, this book — though concerning a war that is not perceptible to all — remains profoundly rooted in humanity: in its fragility, its dignity, and its capacity for self-transcendence.

I dedicate it to the causes that were worth fighting for — causes I loved to love, even when their defense demanded solitude and silence.

I dedicate it also to the veterans of these battles: those who never received laurels from society, heard no fanfares, nor stood upon the podium of history, but who, in their — at times Pyrrhic — victory, earned laurels from the Muses and the Gods.

If you believe that truth is soteriological, you err. Acting in accordance with truth within the Great Work is that of which I speak — and I shall not define truth; it belongs to the gods. Yet I can tell you this: when you feel the true forces, ideas in motion, powers, you are poisoned — not by them, no, for they liberate you. Suddenly, you are reborn into a world that has obscured these beautiful forces with filth.

Every act of heroism in the fight for these pearls, essences, truths, is therefore tragic; for in a world that, through advancing centuries, has covered them under a slick pit of babble, few draw near to them, and the majority stray.

You call this "my truth," "my personal gnosis." So be it. But if, perhaps, these forces are objective, then my clock is set to the correct hour in a world devoid of clocks.

The poison of truth first kills you; then, that which denies it in the world kills you. Within this poison, you cultivate your venomous gardens of discipline, righteousness, and refinement, until you may depart this world and drink from the Eleusinian Lake of Memory.

The Art of Metarhetorics: Invocation of Peitho

Every single word, including this sentence, delineates something and forces a grammar of seeing, a perception of things. Every story, interpretation, myth, legend, philosophy, theology, art, or science is a way of categorizing these limitations of our discoveries about this world — flawed or not — as models that are useful but may be absolutely, completely, utterly wrong.

Therefore the Socratic irony is to speak and convey about things that are unspoken and impossible to convey. Here comes metarhetorics. Metarhetorics is a way of seeing the logic of the story that you try to convey in order to persuade — technē, the art of rhetoric. And may Peitho forbid me, in this unrestrained speech, that I convey continuously things that are imperfect and flawed by selection of narrations. I do not find perfection in it, because every story is imperfect. Every word and uttering does not convey the fullness of the silence of perfected ideas.

So we build museums — the temples of the Muses — within us, and by necessity we must create beautiful narrations or ugly narrations, stories truthful or false, but never objective, never perfected. And the idea is to see beyond the story. If I convey something, look beyond it. Because metarhetorically I can select only this much or that much of the scope of all forms of interpretations and utterings that I may use consciously for a purpose: to persuade, or to bubble and blabber like a little child in anger, in wrath, in nonsense.

Because words are only words. They are not perfect. But by necessity we must use them. Bene dicendi — the art of speaking well. You cannot speak well if you are wholly corrupted or boorish or vulgar. But hence, when we speak well, we are still delimiting what we may within the social cases and usus. The whole of common sense, everything, is giving a meaning and a purpose.

In order to heal societies, to consolidate societies, you must think how to approach the audience, how to pick the words, how to construct sentences — having in mind that it is all imperfect and never will be perfect. Hence the metarhetorics: every rhetoric, every story, every legend that is consciously woven to persuade must out of necessity be metarhetorical first.

Because if we are deflated to our words, to our interpretations, we become slaves to them. But if we have the force of ideas — Platonic ontological forces — at our disposal, then we translate them into metarhetorics and then we convey them in human languages, stories, interpretations that we make. If the divine thread to the ontological forces and powers is lost — to the divine uses, to the divine qualities — then the metarhetorics collapses into a whimsical story, into the corrupt mind that speaks. Then it is tainted, flawed; then we are speaking of our corrupt minds only, not of the deified qualities and divine ontologies that we try to translate and render closer to human realities, closer to human societies.

And even in this, through politics, religion, philosophy, science, arts, we must understand the metaphysical worlds past. We must capture them for a while to render them alike to ourselves so that we may speak of them. And inasmuch as the heroic tragedy is that divinity cannot be captured, it must nevertheless be spoken about and furthered — because otherwise everything is lost and we collapse into this biotechnological dump of artificial intelligence, bot networks, zombifying everything into horizontal replication and imitation.

And all authenticity and genuineness is found only in the Muses of the daylight qualities; they are only there. And as they inspire us we grow; we are authentic; we confront — because we attempt to approximate them and embody just a little particle of this spectacle, this spectacular beauty.

And when we stop, we exactly fall into this — into the plateaus, the catacombs of decrepit ugliness, of something like a Stygian swamp.

On the Magical Arts

What's the point of learning any craft? Well, you acquire a skill and knowledge in order to apply it — in order to be of use to society, to be grateful to your teachers, to be grateful to your gods and goddesses.

The same goes for the magical arts. You don't learn the craft in order to deceive, to be a charlatan, to use magic for sex and money. That's prostitution. Learn the magical craft, the occult art, primarily out of respect for your teachers, as a disciple of the universe, in order to commit to those beautiful things — on this side and on the other side, posthumously — that are of use, that are splendid, great and marvelous, that are liberative, consoling of sorrows and woes, and that are committed to the greater society and to the gods and goddesses above.

Now perhaps this is my paradigm and perhaps I am mistaken, but deification is never a self-deification. For example, in the left-hand path schools, all those wanting to be little gods and goddesses — the question is, what for? Do they want to create illusory worlds of their own making for no other purpose than engaging in egotic selfishness? No. If you want to step onto the pagorea and the fork and the path of gods and goddesses, you extend your walks. You extend the capacity in which you commit to the greater whole, the cosmic expression, the magical expression.

And no one will entrust you with such grave responsibilities unless you shape yourself to live up to them — in wisdom, viva, discernment, and all that. So first things first: if you want to learn a craft,

a trade, an art or a science, ask yourself what is the ethos guiding you behind it. And that is, well, an attitude that I found very practical.

If these spirits want to teach you, you receive the learning and it is a mutual exchange of gifts. It's not a contractual thing. It's a gift. You give the gifts that you individuate with your genius, with your skills, with your abilities, with your maturity — and you receive gifts, and then you give gifts and receive gifts. It's a never-ending quest. And it's beautiful, because then everyone is enriched: both the giver and the receiver.

On Understanding

If the indivisible is the understanding of understanding through itself, then every category that is not understanding is not understanding through itself. Therefore, from a fox, from stellar brethren, from iron, from a demon of hell, from the dead little spirit — from the understanding of it all — you will all fail.

Just imagine if a mortal being, in its itsy-bitsy tiny framework of understanding that covers whole understanding-worlds and the theories of everything in all science, art, philosophy, magic, theology, and art… Would you like to understand Earth? The system with all its creepy-crawlies, bacteria, plankton, and a carrot, with giraffes and bats flying perhaps, and eagles or so above? If you had it all in your head — this filling mass of animal life and souls — you would go insane, for there you are as a little mortal frame. How do you dare to understand everything if you are just a little mortal pinch of a snare?

Now perhaps in this little scheme of understanding you may build a beautiful world. So why make it difficult for yourself and others to live in splendid, splendid affairs?

Now if we create categories of things, and categories we must, we are a part of a category that understands itself — but we are never claiming to be the understanding of the understanding that is the all-seeing Proteus.

At the same time, in this paradox, we may traverse impossible worlds — perhaps not in flesh but in disincarnate, disembodied modes. Still then we are offended as mortal and disembodied gods.

Yet at the same time, do not fail yourself, little children of love, because well, sufferings are untold.

And one day perhaps you will realize that the stars sprinkled upon the universe are the tokens of the divine Aions, the might of the fury of gods and goddesses that sing in collective might. And above them even more powerful words unimaginable to human beings that one day, according to the eschatology of the Egyptians, will conquer the whole of the cosmic chaos to the deepest pits of cosmic hell — just like this. And if the Egyptians are right, everything will turn out well.

But why cast yourself into sufferings for millions and millions of years of a miserable affair? So be nice to each other. Be kind to animals and the world — because first the gods, then the world and nature and life are the very last. Immortals do not shepherd this planet, they attend the worthy ones.

On Enticement, Curses, and the Manipulation of the Aura of Perception

Some individuals betray their character through their physiognomy, complexion, physique, appearance, gait, manner of dress, and gestures — in short, they betray their entire constitution. Others are revealed through their speech, face, intellect, style of communication, that which they share and that which they conceal, their mode of thought, their emotions — and the totality of these elements combined. All of this reveals much about their present state — though not every state of life, for we behave differently under varied circumstances and toward different people. Complex individuals are difficult to decipher; simple souls, by contrast, are read like an open book. Here, one may apply Galen's term regarding health — *krasia* — the state of man's natural constitution.

There exist numerous ways to modify it. The traditional manner involves the conscious manipulation of the malleable aspects of personality, which, in the hands of a master, become a weapon. What distinguishes the false actor from the manipulator is that the actor believes his own lies regarding who he is, whereas the manipulator knows who he is, yet intentionally chameleonizes his attributes. In this manner, *krasia* is transformed into *eukrasia* — the perfected state of what one is capable of being or imitating — or into *dyskrasia* — the fallen state of what one becomes or merely feigns to be.

Within the magical art, there are innumerable ways to modify the perception of who one is — both through seduction and the assuming of another's guise (that is, altering one's entire aura), and by simultaneously influencing the perception of other, unsuspecting people. Most people are unreflective, possessing limited knowledge of others, and are typically preoccupied with themselves. They do not question their intuitions or impressions regarding others: some they like, others they do not — the natural course of things.

A master cannot afford the luxury of liking or disliking — he perceives with insight, striving to draw forth the true „self" of another human being, stripped of masks and falsehood, to lead them toward a nobler aspect of their nature.

Yet the „other side" understands these mechanisms and can transform the most splendid of men into a hated wretch, and the greatest villain into a charming favorite. Thus begin the games of perception.

When one becomes the target of ill will, their aura begins to radiate revulsion, distrust, and a lack of charisma — others react in accordance with the aforementioned law. If such strategies persist over time, social destruction inevitably follows: through rejection, through the exploitation of others" natural flaws, and through turning human weaknesses against him.

Before long, such a person becomes alienated and despondent, their life falling apart — they lose their job, their family, and end up on the street. And yet, they were righteous, wise, and virtuous — why, then, this fate? Because there exist forces from the „other side" that, in an „unfortunate place and time," set their machinations in motion against them. No human being is perfect; in time, we degenerate under the weight of contempt and hatred, becoming the very proof that „they" were right from the beginning.

Why do people fail to recognize such processes? Because a single individual whose perception of another's „evil aura" is manipulated

by the „other side" does little harm — friends offer support, and others remain uninfluenced. But when this aura is cast across the many through no fault of our own, and their perception is magically heightened, we are lost. Beware the crowd — it is capable of committing the most foolish acts without any gain, while each individual within it feels justified. Individually, they pose no threat; but together, as a mass, they can destroy a man in the blinking of an eye.

What, then, are the remedies?

A resilient ethos, steadfastness, and vigilance protect against many misfortunes — yet they are not enough. We may be knights in shining armor for years, but if people are perceptually manipulated against us, we shall fall from grace regardless. Well-spoken words, virtuous thoughts, and noble deeds are beneficial — people naturally respond positively to kindness, courtesy, respect, and attentive listening. Yet even this falls short.

The root cause must be eradicated. First, one must restore one's own aura by magical means: banish the malevolent shadows, perform apotropaic rituals, and implore the Gods for aid in lifting the curse.

What is a curse? It is everything that deprives us of happiness, integrity, the right to life, and the just enjoyment of the fruits of our labor — magically installed by the „other side." Most curses operate in a mode of slow destruction: imperceptibly at first, and subsequently in a cascade — when one thing breaks, everything else breaks shortly thereafter, unless we intervene in time. It is the harbinger of ruin.

Another remedy is to turn to the „other side" — specifically to that which is allied with us — to cast counter-curses and restore normal perception to the people. It is better that they see things as they truly are than be manipulated into loving or adoring us.

Ultimately, we may simply be fools, arrogant pretenders, or wretched failures — such people perish swiftly if fortune does not fa-

vor them, or they become exceedingly hypocritical if unduly elevated by unnatural forces.

Know thyself, practice restraint and moderation — and you shall not provoke too many forces capable of effectively destroying you.

Words Have Long Ceased to Be Ammunition. They Are the Sport of Civilized Men

I fear we live in times where the written word has long ceased to be ammunition. Writings no longer lead to revolution, reform, or inspiration, save perhaps for faint glimmers of individual perception or the ebbs and flows of insight, sighs, and the like.

With secondary illiteracy prevailing, I wish first to define precisely what secondary illiteracy entails.

Secondary illiteracy is a social phenomenon wherein an individual formally capable of reading and writing cannot fully utilize these literary skills in daily practice. It encompasses difficulties in comprehending complex texts, interpreting information, analyzing media content, or employing modern digital tools. Secondary illiteracy stems not from a lack of primary education, but from an insufficient development of reading comprehension, critical analysis of content, and the independent drawing of conclusions. It is an especially grave phenomenon within the context of the contemporary information society, where an excess of data demands selection, interpretation, and the assessment of source credibility.

A lack of critical thinking is an allied problem, consisting of the inability to independently evaluate information, question assumptions, or discern manipulation and logical fallacies. Deprived of this skill, a person readily accepts information in its superficial form, de-

void of factual or contextual verification — a condition that leaves one vulnerable to propaganda, pseudoscience, or stereotypes. A lack of critical thinking frequently arises from both secondary illiteracy and limited instruction in logical reasoning, argumentation, and reflection upon the sources of knowledge. In societal practice, it results in a decline in the quality of decisions, susceptibility to manipulation, and hardship in navigating the complex world of information.

Presuming that a person who educates themselves for hours each day expands their conceptual apparatus, their thought, and develops their linguistic functionality — and language possesses innumerable functions: performative, phatic, utilitarian, and beyond.

Yet there exists a certain Wittgensteinian principle: that beyond one's own understanding, knowledge, and experience, a human being is incapable of gazing outward — they interpret everything back into that which they already know, understand, and which their perception permits. Thus, the supreme tragedy of modernity is that those who wish to convey something intelligibly from first principles, who desire to impart a grand narrative and a grand history, strike a wall. For those ruled by secondary illiteracy are incapable of leaping across the chasm between conceptual, terminological, philosophical, mental, intellectual, emotive, and rhetorical apparatuses — because they were never taught to do so.

Everything gravitates toward a shallow simplicity, a codification of the functionality of life's various aspects. In short, human beings are rendered utter fools, regardless of whether they attempt to engage politically or write books.

There is an old anecdote concerning the Tang dynasty Chinese poet Du Fu, who lived in the 8th century AD. If you tune your song too high, whether emotionally or intellectually, the rest will not join in. Where people tune their mental cacophony so low that they are incapable of attuning themselves to any song, they can only correlate

it with an attention span akin to that of a goldfish. How can one focus on great works or grand rhetorical addresses?

Consider the Presidents of the United States: Trump's vocabulary does not ascend beyond fifteen to seventeen thousand words. The cretins who address the public lower the bar of their ambitions. Intellectuals are on the losing side, withdrawn from this world because they cannot fight — for how can one fight while explaining daylight and daily life, while heroizing that which everything is and the value it holds?

In this predicament, the sole recourse is to begin inspiring the younger generations. Yet inspiration that falls upon the dead fields of human hearts, minds, and souls — which are so barren that even were all the gods to manifest together, humanity would revert to the paradigm of fear or religious drivel.

I have presented this solely because I have repeatedly encountered situations where, in speaking or conveying a grand history and a grand narrative, I was interpreted back through the narrow lens of what the listener knew — or an idiot greater than myself took me for a total fool. He understood not an iota of what I spoke, for how could he, when it was conceptually and abstractly beyond his grasp? Abstract thought, abstract humor — who today engages in crafting humor that embodies multiple layers of irony, sarcasm, and self-irony?

To people with a *disco polo* mentality, one must speak in simple language; yet even when speaking simply, one can only convey as much as they are capable of receiving. And so, in an era of biotechnological dumps, no one cares.

Oligarchy replaces aristocracy, misconstrued as the rule of the mob — an ochlocracy — which it never was, neither in ancient Greece nor through all its possible evolutionary developments. Democracy, ladies and gentlemen, is the rule of an aristocracy of elites who in-

spire and educate. The *demos* does not rule the majority, nor does it rule man's festival of democracy. Assuming one deals with meritocratic individuals and an aristocracy, one chooses from among the elites, not from among the rabble. To quote Solon, the great Athenian lawgiver: *„Blame not the gods that idiots and cretins rule over you; you have chosen them yourselves."* Demand and supply mutually propel each other in cycles of stupidity, a feedback loop. Of course, none of this is linear.

In every ruin, hope emerges, change arises, and individuals appear who seek to alter the course. Otherwise, civilization would have collapsed long ago — as have so many others across the cross-section of fallen civilizations.

Via Regia — The Creation of Gods in Practice: I Have No God Complex — It Is You Who Possess a Vulgar God

Once, a certain girl from the „other side" mockingly asked me how to become a God; other sacrilegious individuals in this era of *demos* „equality" sought to repeat my steps, or outright steal my achievements. Allow me to provide the answer:

> *"Demigod" is a term that breeds much misunderstanding. Though our lives are never boring, we remain tied to mortal existence in the physical world. We cannot raise the dead, fly, or hurl fireballs. We age, we get pimples, and we die — just like you. In truth, we are much like you, only more so.*
>
> *Demigods can often pass as exceptionally talented humans. Some live their entire lives without realizing they are anything other than ordinary men. The distinction arises only when our mortal bodies enter puberty. (I happen to be an exception, but such is the general rule).*
>
> *Before then, we knew we differed from the rest of you, but we had no idea what was truly transpiring. And then begin the dreams, the visions, the ideas — the ferment commences.*
>
> *Imagine it before you dare dream of being one of us. Your body changes, hair grows in strange places, and you feel like an unloved*

freak. And now, voices echo in your head, telling you that you have lived hundreds of lives and that you are a divine, extraterrestrial intelligence with tens of thousands of years of karma weighing upon your consciousness.

It is an alien, terrifying, and isolating experience. Many of us shatter under this weight. These unfortunate souls either fall into madness or suppress the thought entirely, never again regaining consciousness of their true nature in this incarnation.

One of the demigods, Tyr, whose present mortal incarnation I have yet to meet, almost never realized his true essence since the last Dark Age. The closest he comes is when, in human form, he enters the police force or becomes a self-appointed vigilante. Their earthly careers are always noteworthy — whether through resounding success or by blazing new trails in absolute failure.

— Curcio, James. 2007. *Fallen Nation: Babylon Burning*. 2nd ed. [United States]: Mythos Media.

So, you wish to become a god or goddess posthumously. First and foremost: you must possess a certain innate daimonic inclination — something present within you from birth, an inborn impulse. Second: you must undergo an Eleusinian initiation, ideally in your youth. This means that your spirit, your *daimon*, is submerged into Tartarus, into the abyss. There it is transformed within interplanetary, cosmic, interstellar realms, drinking the ambrosia of chaos, whereupon a specific sphere of dominion is assigned to you. In my case, it is the sphere of Saturn, and I have been destined as an intelligence (one among many) for this sphere since the age of twenty-one, during an initiation in Aberystwyth, Wales, in a small cottage, Heol Alwn 23, Waun Fawr. Perhaps it was an experiment of British magicians; perhaps, contrary to their belief, they were used by „invisible hands" for

this „experiment." In any case, objective Platonic forces responded, defying their expectation that I would not survive even a month. Thus, all is ordered by gods and goddesses of whom mortal magicians have no inkling.

You do not then become a „Marvel hero" in human guise, but rather a suffering, tormented entity — a creature inhabiting an abnormal world of objective demonic forces and spiritual intelligences surrounding you. This is owing to a civilizational conditioning that, in present times, refuses to recognize such anomalies, complete with checks and balances upon the powers that have colonized such endeavors, rendering them impossible for the majority — I speak here of the metaphysical, Judeo-Christian architectures on Earth, which are themselves incapable of deifying the individual, yet destroy such possibilities for others.

If you survive — and the last one managed to endure for seven years (I have survived seventeen thus far) — you are still not a god. You are a mortal who has plunged into cosmic chaos, hell, Tartarus, possessing a certain capacity to act through *logos* — provided that creative voice is not stolen, squandered, or neutralized for the purpose of playing out political and religious machinations on Earth.

As a magician, you may be stripped of your soul, your power, and your strength; you may be rendered entirely helpless — and yet the gods shall remember you, for your demon is immortal. Therefore, you strive to live decently and virtuously, with human, „mortal" senses and faculties. Subsequently, in accordance with the royal tradition of the *Via Regia*, the Gods of Sumer construct around you the *Meś* tree — that is, they interpret the movements of the totality of your life through a period of trials into the body of a young god: a posthumous, individuating vehicle inhabited by your *daimon*, *pneuma*, or *hegemon*. In my case, this period spanned from 2013 to 2023; behind the backs of my adversaries, the alchemy of the extract of all that

I was became immortalized, purified, rectified, and interpreted into my posthumous vehicle. It is a form of posthumous mask revealed to the world, imbued with all that is compatible with Divine realms.

Yet the greatest ordeal arrives only after death, Trismegistus. Why?

Because imagine a woman giving birth to a child in agonizing pain. It is precisely the same with birth into the realm of gods and stars — you give birth to yourself, severing ties with the biological life of mortals to be born into a world of powers and forces. The gods act here as facilitators as you hatch from the mortal cradle of the Gods into the veritable world of the Gods.

I expect that after death — as I have been informed — I shall pass through immense torments, through all the pains of the past (and there were many), to burn them away and be purified. It was a well of suffering that I must cross and span with a bridge, gathering all my divine qualities around the Ankh, the *Meś* tree, which was shaped within me by the Babylonian and Egyptian gods — in the firm hope that I shall endure.

I wish you the very same journey — and at the same time, I wish that you need not suffer quite so severely. For those who aspire to this caliber must know that becoming a power, a force, a god among gods, entails heavy posthumous obligations and duties. You then belong to a grander order of powers and forces, burdened far more than mortals, possessing minds deep as oceans, with an effective idea that merges with the subject of their action in the world of phenomenal hearts, minds, and souls. It is a process of de-anthropocentrization, of dehumanization from the human animal — a Hephaestian forging of a new minor deity.

Then, you are no longer a mortal. You no longer think as a human animal. You are impartial, objective, strong; you become an executor of the ideas of Higher Deities, their catalyst, and their judge. You be-

long to the cosmic order — the *kosmoi* — to the harmony of the universe.

All human instincts, biological desires, and drives are eliminated. You become a perfected purification of your *daimon*, separated from all impurities through the great fire, through the torments, trials, and experiences that prepare you.

So, if any among you still desires to become a god or a goddess, let them be prepared: to attain this status — even as a minor, „high-ranking" god of human origin — one must pass through hell in life, and then through hell once more after death. Only thus can one reach a stage that itself remains uncertain — unless the gods see fit to admit you into their Council.

May the gods aid me, then, and may I succeed in passing through after death. This life was a hell, yet I am ready for the next stage of transmutation — to shed my serpentine skin and become akin to the dragon gods above us.

Praxis and Doxa: The Tree of Life, the Embodiment of Royal Qualities, and the Transmutation of Beggars into Gods

Today I should like to address the theme of the Tree of Life embodied within the king or queen. We read in Douglas Estes's work *The Tree of Life Themes in Biblical Narratives* (Brill) that on a seal from Uruk dating from the third to the second millennium BCE, the goddess Inanna addresses her king, comparing him to the *meś* tree — the Tree of Life:

> *"My king, the meś tree that faithfully yieldeth fruit, radiant with the fullness of charm, son of his mother and father — I shall cause thee to shine like the Meś. May Anu (Saturn) grant thee life."*

What, then, is the Tree of Life within the traditions of Sumer, Akkad, Assyria, Babylon, and Egypt?

When the goddess Sab-Seshat and Thoth inscribed divine qualities and names into the Pharaoh, they fashioned what may be termed a cradle of the gods — a path whereby a mortal, through labor and a life in the embrace of the gods, meeting divinity halfway, attained immortality after death. Thrice-great like Hermes Trismegistus, he

underwent three stages: the Descent, the Virtuous Life, and the Posthumous Ascent.

Thus we have the tale of the goddess Ishtar's descent into the underworld, as she sheds all her jewels and garments while passing through the fourteen gates of hell. What is this act?

It is the very same archetype as the descent in the Eleusinian mysteries or Osiris's descent into Amenti. All these myths articulate a shared cycle that leaves behind a blueprint for the mortal — a track that may be followed.

The ambrosia of the gods is the dense matter of chaos, which must be reclaimed in order to forge the *daimon* from it. It is precisely within the interplanetary spaces, in the cosmic abysses, that the transmutation of consciousness occurs. Thither one must travel in soul to accomplish the proper transformation of the daimonic „self" — the spirit that shares fates and bestows destiny.

What, then, occurs next if one has indeed descended into the underworld and returned to earth with the trophy?

Precisely here begins the true path. Through trials and torments — of nature, as well as of the demonic and divine spheres — the mortal is tested and expanded. His nature is subjected to strain so as to draw forth the greatest movements of life, its total sum, bound simultaneously to the natural world and the world of planetary spheres in the Chaldean order: from the solar nature unto Saturn.

As man traverses these planets and acquires their qualities, expanding them and learning from them, something further unfolds in the process. For every successfully developed quality congruent with a given planetary dimension, one receives a seal — upon the right and left lung, in the solar plexus, the throat, the eyes, the *Ajna* (brow), and the crown (*Kephalos*).

The Tree of Life, the *meś* tree, is thus proportionally scaled to the mortal's occult, bio-sexual-psycho-pneumatic apparatus.

In other words, it is adapted to the mortal. This does not imply that man is the center of all things or the absolute — rather, that he is a divine animal capable of being restored according to exceedingly complex parameters.

Let us assume, then, that a man or woman has successfully undergone numerous trials over many years, and that across various times and places these spiritual centers have been preserved. Thereupon, a matrix of their full nature is formed, in harmony with the planetary natures. This is a continuous discipline — one cannot remain perfect at all times; yet when perfection is attained even for a fleeting moment and rendered permanent, that constitutes the result. Thus, at various moments of life, these divinely worthy qualities are preserved and — so to speak — transmitted (interpreted) into the body of a god, which is prepared by the Annuna gods.

This divine body receives the seals of these qualities, as if individualizing them through this unceasing labor. That which is deemed worthy to bear the vestments of a new god or a new goddess is preserved in immortality. Man does not become a god within the flesh — he may cultivate certain faculties, certain qualities, yet he remains subject to decay and impermanence. However, upon death, triumphing over it, his husk — the Dionysian body, the tomb — is cast aside, and the spirit acquired within the abyss inhabits the new divine body, fashioned from these divine qualities and attuned to the divine assembly, to the grander order. In this manner, the spirit collaborates with the gods who elevated the mortal.

One may say, therefore, that this entire process is an ongoing interpretation and translation of the mortal into a god or goddess. The mortal mind and body are discarded, and only the subtlest points of the *Via Regia* — the royal road of philosophers, kings, and queens — are retained. This may be understood as a divine catalyst of the purest qualities, enabling cosmic expression to flow through the individual.

This has been a summary of the practical aspects — omitting the mythologies, methods, and narratives that accompany them. Do I know how it works? No. I am a practitioner — I live it, and thus I impart that which I have intuited and which I believe is worth imparting.

With Socratic irony, I shall say: that which can neither be spoken nor imparted must nevertheless be said.

I remain forever grateful to the dragon gods of Sumer, Babylon, and Egypt — the great Igigi-Annuna — for opening this path to me and to the few others who have chosen to tread upon it.

Glory to the golden wings. Thank you.

Non Omnis Moriar

Shadows of Politics

Aristocracy, not ochlocracy. Meritocracy, not opportunism. Aretocracy, not the administration of mediocrity. What serves as the litmus test of all these in the contemporary world? There has always existed a vector directed toward ancient things — in the Roman Republic, in the paideic Athenian democracy. And that litmus test never fails: virtue.

Virtue — everyone cries „virtue!" Yet, all too often, it is merely a shadow and a spectacle. True virtue is that which can be embodied as merit; that which emanates from a person in a vision — a grand vision. Grand history — that is what endures.

Look around you: politics, the military-industrial complex, „diplomacy," power plays — how they are waged elsewhere over resources, finances, wealth. To quote Solon of Athens, the great reformer: blame not the gods for choosing these idiots to rule over you — your Trumps, Putins, Orbáns, Le Pens, and the rest. They are mere facades, leading to long-term decline.

Politics has become a business rather than leadership. Politics as a vocation — in the Weberian sense — has vanished.

It is ironic: I gaze upon the Presidential Palace in Warsaw. The city's coat of arms is guarded by two *Angeli Bonum* — feminine, pagan, noble ladies — Muses. Muses from various epochs, flanked by two caducei, Heraklean knots — and thus masters and mistresses who have attained perfection in virtue and merit, designated to the planetary spheres, to the stars, to the unceasing operation of deities.

And in the center resides the Thyrsa, or the most ancient word for the Thyrsa — *Narxos*.

Many pass for philosophers, yet few are crowned by the Muses. The Muses have been converted into a museum — a modern museum where one may view paintings and artifacts of bygone eras. Meanwhile, the true, worthy goal is to render oneself a museum — a temple of the Muses.

This is achieved through preparation from first principles: discipline in merit, discipline in virtue, discipline in education and knowledge — embodied in all these things. Only thus can one build a museum, a temple for the Muses within oneself.

It is a worthy endeavor — even if you are vanquished on Earth, within the material sphere, you emerge victorious as a spirit destined for this unceasing pursuit.

Many are known to the gods; few are recognized and acknowledged, philosophizing correctly, Thyrsa-wearers.

This perpetual chatter, the gossip of the earth — shallow souls, incapable of grand deeds.

Grand souls are rare — those animated by intellect. It is a sorrowful reflection, yet alas, life moves onward.

And after my departure — even if my role be that of a disruptor, a rebel, the dissident I have been — so be it.

To oppose the idiocies of your right-wing populist demagogues, your left-wing cancel cultures, your administration of mediocrity, your bureaucratic ideals repulsive to anyone who knows the value of good when institutionalism degenerates into pandering to the wealthy.

Critical thought possesses value — as do intelligence and intellect. Most likely, I have not much time remaining upon Earth. This harrowing march across the globe has been a disgusting ordeal, I must confess, considering what has been done to me. Yet

I shall continue from the beyond — past the Dionysian bodily tomb.

The Orphic Gold Tablets: Child of the Starry Heavens, of Earth, and of the Heavenly Race

"Mnemosyne is required to ensure that the initiated remember the ritual, presumably the initiation rite. In the Orphic hymn dedicated precisely to Mnemosyne (OH 77.9–10), the function that this goddess presumably performs in the tablets is explicitly defined: to awaken within the initiated the memory of the pious ritual and to drive forgetfulness away from them."

Considering that in the Greek language the concept of truth (*alētheia*, ἀλήθεια) etymologically signifies „un-forgetting" (*lēthē*, λήθη), to remember proves equivalent to „to know." Remembering in the otherworldly realm likewise denotes the transcendence of the temporal divisions of a brief mortal life. In Ent. 2 (B11.2) there appears a reference to the „hero who remembers" (*memnēmenos hērōs*, μ]εμνημέ<ν>ος ἥρως). This expression must pertain to the prerequisite for becoming one of those „heroes" with a distinct destiny in the other world: to remember the initiation, not to forget all that was learned, and to know what must be done and spoken in the realm beyond.

The term „hero" recurs in the great tablet from Thur. 492.9 (C1.9), followed by the phrase „light for the intellect," which appears to be a lucid reference to the illumination of the believer's mind, presumably upon the path to initiation. The expression „he who remembers"

may be equated with the maxim from Thur. 487.2 (A4.2): „to be fully conscious of all things." Only by recalling everything imparted during initiation will the soul of the deceased attain a blessed afterlife with the status of *hērōs* (ἥρως).

— Alberto Bernabé and Ana I. Jiménez San Cristóbal, *Are the "Orphic" gold leaves Orphic?* in *'Orphic' Gold Tablets and Greek Religion: Further Along the Path*. 2014. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, pp. 75–76.

Wheels of Fortuna: Who Goes Up, Who Goes Down

Beyond all my favorite methods for destroying dissidents such as myself, I have observed one in particular, which I perhaps communicate as a warning to those engaged in a state of metaphysical combat — spiritual warfare, shadow operations, psychological operations, the war for minds, hearts, and souls.

Over the years, a strange desire implanted from the outside repeatedly arises within you to murder someone. Suddenly, at critical moments of synchronicity, anger, violence, and aggression surge — the inclination to „kill him," is it not so? Or rape — an unnatural sensation of arousal, a chthonic heat emerges, and one's gaze is directed toward some solitary, defenseless woman. I shall not analyze the sources here; it suffices to know that psyops, esoteric warfare, computational radionics, and our friends from the demonic realms possess such capabilities. Self-control and awareness sharp as a dagger's edge! What occurs if you commit the act? You end up in prison. You end up in prison, and all that you strove for — your knowledge, your devotion to the gods, to whomever remains upon the earth worthy of being fought for, man or woman — is destroyed.

Society will not understand. To them, you are a criminal — an outcast. Likewise with the madness they can induce within you. They will drive you insane. You will end up in an asylum. Whom will they believe — you, or the psychiatrist? From a societal perspective, you are swept into nothingness. This does not explain away all criminal

cases; there are exceptions to the rule that drown among criminal cases, indistinguishable to the untrained eye. I am fortunate not to be in prison. I thank the Gods that I was not made a lifelong resident of a psychiatric hospital in Eastern Europe. For precisely in this manner are dissidents eliminated today. Quietly — this is a silent war, far removed from the oblivious masses, from the crowd.

People live their lives. They have never laid claim to any power. They have never attempted to penetrate metaphysical reality or possess any force. If you do — you are finished. There exist numerous mechanisms to pacify, neutralize, and remove you.

Who goes up, and who goes down? Look where human dreams and desires tend. What do they long for? If you know who can control dreams and supply the illusion of fulfilling their desires and needs — therein lies power.

Thus, when you see celebrities praising Jesus, a Jew, and the entire psycho-social structure, praising the existing order through a resounding „yes!" to this abomination, falsehood, and degradation, or offering the illusion of a counter-narrative within the religion of popular entertainment to „control rebellion" by delivering it in a pacified form — ask yourself: where resides power, where is propaganda directed? What is the finest method to secure advancement in society by justifying its lies, illusions, and ignorance?

Well, if you possess sufficient fortune and potential to participate in this propaganda machine, they will grant you money. They will grant you a place upon the stage so that you may dilute the consciousness of the masses, who look upon these people as the golden calves of modernity — which they shall never become, yet which awaken their dreams and desires, leading them like dogs on a leash.

So, if you are a contemporary opportunist capable of packaging this in the guise of goodness, so long as you remain a puppet to those more powerful than yourself — that is the finest prescription for ris-

ing upward. If you possess the proper networks and contacts, they will provide you with money, fame, affluence, and delights. You shall be used as a hypocritical catalyst for their lies, deceptions, illusions, and ignorance. This is the foundation of power for these swine in the establishment — in big entertainment, in the military-industrial complex, and in social engineering practiced upon the living tissue of minds, souls, and hearts.

Look, then, at what entertainment offers you. Look at the narratives in films, series, sitcoms. What do they present in their metarhetoric? Are they autonomous, is it authentic art, or do they numb you toward certain matters? Do they manage your cruelty, your indifference? Do they direct your aggression? Do they control your reaction? Do they condition you toward certain behavioral-emotive-cognitive ends?

Precisely thus do they pacify the masses — through entertainment, films, music. For it is psychologically proven that if a human being replays these scenarios in the simulated reality of the simulacra of entertainment, the ordinary, uncritical spectator is swiftly lulled to sleep. He neutralizes, adapts, and normalizes these scripts, absorbing them.

Consequently, he becomes ineffective in any form of political rebellion, critique, or resistance. His conversations are confined to banal chatter about people, work, and family. He poses no threat to power — for, by design, he possesses no right to do so.

But if you are such a threat, if you construct an alternative discourse — you constitute a danger. For you are not part of the short circuit. If you expose the lies, illusions, and ignorance — you are a natural enemy. They must pacify you. You will not advance. Do not dream of it.

So you operate from behind enemy lines, advancing while remaining faithful to your traditions, to your Gods. If you cannot de-

stroy this entire fortress of swine, then at least undermine it, sabotage it, subvert it wherever you can.

This is the essence of dissidence. It consists not of frontal warfare, but of total underground war — a war of subversion. Whether it unfolds through narrative, writing, metaphysical acts, psychological operations, or collaboration with the heavens, stars, or hells — act where you are able. And dare not retreat. This is not nihilism, for you offer something else; you have an entire superstructure of ideas prepared to restore the metaphysical, political, and social order. A grave error of most decision-makers is that, apart from resistance to injustice, they have nothing with which to replace these false orders.

And when the scoundrels tell you: „You are meddling in our affairs," you shall be swiftly destroyed, murdered, driven to madness, or forced into committing a crime so that they may eliminate you. So many have already been swept off the earthly stage into oblivion!

Yet so long as you act, there remains a chance that certain scenarios shall triumph. This is the present narrative of the planet — a battle over whose narrative shall prevail in the noosphere.

And if you align yourself with the righteousness of a true decision-maker carrying his inner truth, sooner or later the gods shall answer, protecting you from the earthly swine. No psychological operations, no attacks shall be capable of harming you, for you return to your *Daimon* — the Socratic genius and your inner truth; these are metaphysically indestructible matters, like the deified qualities of our great Muses, calling to us in a quiet, mighty language: „Onward, onward, follow us!"

They wish to kill you — they hire a sniper. The sniper shoots himself in the head and disappears. They wish to beat you, to intimidate you — they are destroyed. They wish to send religious fanatics — they are annihilated.

If you prove your worth in dissidence, the gods uphold you. You are an anarchist toward the established order, but if the order you carry within yourself is righteous — the gods shall support the anarchist who is an *imperator* within his own internal empire.

The *Anarch* — the king of anarchists. Why? Because you are right when the world stands upon its head. And you walk with the gods, for the world upon earth is inverted, and they support you — not those in dominions whose plans you disrupt.

White Flags

Look upon these fetishists of mundane reality! Do you imagine you will force them, teach them, or inspire them to gaze anywhere beyond? You shall sooner become an object of ridicule yourselves, a curiosity for fools! Bearing hells upon our backs that permit us to live like playthings solely to witness the virtuosity of our downfalls and failures over the years — it is ever a grand game when unaware of its destiny, prescribed like medicine by the Fates — yet it fights and speaks, performs miracles and rituals — for whom, for what?

Perhaps for one's own justification in the eyes of the gods, who look upon these struggles against stupidity — long lost to humanity — with amusement! One cannot compel action, inspiration, or brilliant motivation like a flame! They shall sooner bury you beneath religious and political lies, severing the threads of your mind from greater matters! No, not out of wanton malice or perfidy, but in the name of their delusional good, which they mistake for truth as they dance like servile swine to their masters!

I have done my part — secretly, invisibly — before the swine burst in and trampled all that was sacred, grunting with filth over my works, over my words, over my truths and seductions — through wonder and corruption, through furious hatred and a benevolent, yet treacherous patience! In the end, they shall call you a liar and drown all your hard-won experience in psychiatry, psychologisms, or within their own flawed narratives of an inability to reach for anything of worth!

Petty wranglers, learned simpletons — from the atheistic reductionist, to the political swine, to the blinded devotee of false reli-

gions, the half-baked esotericist, and the arrogant occultist — all initially take up something grand in their ignorance and ostensible righteousness! Why?! There, let them shine for a moment — and with what do they enrapture themselves?! With themselves, feeding upon the drivel of their own pigsties! They never paid heed to that which I had to convey to them — they merely sought to justify their babbling delusions, half-truths, or beliefs! I shall remain with my inner truth and my *realizations*, which contradict these babbling pests!

It is agreed, then — a retreat from this human species, which I no longer deem my brotherhood; securing the barricades so the swine cannot crawl and storm our former positions, posing their *questions* to me merely to prove themselves right; fortifying the citadels and ramparts behind us — which they shall conquer regardless, yet which will retard their march of swine while I proceed disembodied toward the stars.

In the final spectacle, they will attempt to reanimate your corpse, thrusting into it their narratives of nonsense, their own ignorance, and stupidity. They would display my dead carcass upon a podium in the public square to speak that which *they* wish to say — that which their slaves have ever *longed* to hear! I am already too old and exhausted to pursue a mightier path of contempt toward them, let alone educate the few who stand ready to learn.

And so another flame is extinguished, another retreats — times will not improve; it shall only grow more arduous in the coming decades. Already I wail and lament over the future fallen who shall attempt to move mountains! At least they will try; at least they will attain something worthy of their own names!

And when the swine upon the airwaves of Radio Earth, animated by things they do not comprehend, continue to chatter at those few who are resistant to death — well, I have learned all from a perfect silence filled with magnificent substance, from a perfect night filled

with instruction. The swine are ever loquacious — were they to cease for but a moment, they would swiftly stand face to face with the death of everything they believe about themselves, wallowing in their own filth!

Once I heard: „He knows too much" — from swine who knew even less, cowardly tangling themselves in their own powerlessness because they dared not reach for anything that contradicted their cowardice. We hold contempt and spit for them, for they were complicit in the destruction of entire generations. The cowardice of those who *could*, yet possess a ton of rationalizations to *refrain*, is a transgression by omission; nothing shall convince me otherwise.

Reflections: On Misery — The River of the World

On Human Misery — The Ethica of Enki and Ninmah

Every perceived evil is an anthropological rupture — a place where the illusion of civilization shatters. The world is not a system of efficiency, but an ecosystem of diverse souls, wherein each plays a function in the grand harmony of suffering and wisdom. If every person — the cripple, the legless, the insane — has some utility, then the madman may be a supreme visionary, an inspired prophet; the crippled man may be an eminent poet, rhetorician, writer, and so forth. In this, the *Ethica* of Enki and Ninmah comes full circle, in accordance with the myth. Such is the ancient, royal vision of the world.

Now, I once landed on the street — seven days without food, traveling „somewhere, anywhere far from the past." I reached the Polish-Ukrainian border then, breaking into someone's cabin to sleep, shielding myself with a coat against the cold, chased off first by the shadows of the dead from the ruin of the house, who whispered that „it was theirs, I could not stay here." I heard only the scream of a demoness, „*This fate, to my son?!*" — one of the ladies who had adopted me. A humble calf sucks from two mothers; I have many, and to each I am grateful for the friendship shown. After dreaming nightmares, I awoke at three in the morning, sensing danger — nearby was

a sharpened stake, which I took up, standing in the direction of the threat. A massive, broad-shouldered shadow of some creature emerged, and instantaneously an ancient hero embodied himself within me; I felt a light, luminous armor upon my torso. I knew not whether this „thing" would materialize or retreat, but observing me for a moment, it flew on. I could collapse back onto the rotten mattress in the cabin to sleep.

I know what misery is. I know what it means to be without a roof over one's head. I know what „helpful people" are — those who would gladly turn their gaze away, ignore you, or, in the worst case, attempt to kick you if you cannot defend yourself, or report you to the authorities.

Without food, without cigarettes — which are a luxury commodity in such a plight, making you feel more civilized, more *human* — without all the daily comforts.

And these are not always merely decisions we make in life, but circumstances — those circumstances that thrust us into a dire state.

Therefore, every time I see ordinary people strolling through the streets — I pay them no heed. There is nothing interesting within them.

I discern only exceptional people, with noble features, those who have something to impart — virtue, greatness, intelligence, knowledge. And those who have been tested by misery: beggars, young prostitutes during night hours at train stations, and so on and so forth.

I live in the city — I have lived in it for too long — until one longs to flee to the countryside, to the province, exhausted by urban misery, by all the shadows lurking in the darkness, all the shadows lurking in the darkness that actively work to your detriment, the wrong place, the wrong time — shadows of the dead, beggars, the homeless, alcoholics, murderers, petty criminals — all those who build this

mountain of evil in cities and infect others with it. The last are by no means the first; their deceased souls populate public restrooms and the underground, while on the surface they cluster in dwellings, standing silently in the streets, believing them to be palaces.

For if you forge an unjust society in which one can become so derailed — through no fault of their own — this is precisely what occurs. If a systemic flaw is built into the structure of society, its metaphysics of death is likewise terrifying — it tends to replicate misery, drawing forth more misery.

You may be at the pinnacle, yet it takes but a single stumble — and you fall straight to the bottom, into the gutter, where the devil bids goodnight.

That is why it is so crucial — especially in magical endeavors — to preserve foundations, balance, and moderation; to destroy passions and excess, to conduct oneself well, if only to remain afloat.

For on the magical path, if you lack material foundations, endless resources, or financial backing, you stand to lose everything. Therefore, before you conquer yourself and step onto the paths of the Gods, you have upon your neck all these injustices to overcome — injustices that actively work to throw you to your knees upon the pavement, a mountain of injustice demanding a settlement of accounts with the living. Until you make peace with the dead, with their judgments, posthumous justice will ask — why? *„Why does he prosper? Why did he survive? Why did he have a chance, while I did not?"*

Living people in this regard are not much better. Oh! Tribute to the *Di Manes*, the good dead, the ancestral dead, family ancestors who, despite their condition, if they ended up in chthonic shadows, do not howl with the pain of vengeance and hatred like the Erynyes, but guide with wisdom, understanding, and beauty!

If you have ever endured misery, do not lose sight of it; do not forget. If fortunes have ever favored you, do not revel in it arro-

gantly; bow before misery in a wise, measured, and humane manner!

You must protect yourself, for if you truly tread upon the Pythagorean path — many hardships await you, I assure you.

And so — this is a bow, not to ordinary people, for they have their lives, their comforts — this is a bow to Perfection.

The Secret of Survival in the Face of Unconquerable Adversity

So what is the great secret of survival?

If your body is tortured, your mind passes through madness. You are yanked like a dog, to the right and to the left, by invisible — though to some, clearly visible — forces. Remember that whatever attacks you and strives to destroy you is only as strong as your body and mind are weak. If you identify with your *daimon*, with your *hegemon*, it fortifies you, for in this you are immortal as a pneumatic — as one who identifies with the spirit, and not with the body or the mind in and of itself.

The second matter — if an army of millions of demons, enemy angels, or some fools from magical circuses come against you — what do you do? You allow them to pass. You do not bind them to yourself, and they are rendered powerless. They flow through you like water through a river. If you catch yourself, if you grasp yourself at any point — then they will seize you. And at times, you must grasp yourself. But in such a way, like a virtuoso or a warrior — you flow with the current, at times you must block, at times you must halt. You must grant it flow and dance together with your *atman*, the dancer, with your dancing spirit among the stars.

In this, you are comparable to lesser gods and goddesses — if you identify primarily with your spirit and if you fortify it through numerous trials, experiences, and attacks upon body and mind. In the end, if you do this for years, years, and years — you

shall become exceedingly resilient, possessing an unyielding, heroic spirit.

So whatever strikes you, damages your nerves, and so forth — it passes. It does not endure forever. You are not trapped in this torment for eternity, in an infinite cycle. And even if you are — there are ever moments of respite. In every prison there resides a fragment of freedom, and that freedom is within you and cannot be stripped away from you. For freedom is like *Eros* — a titanic work of the gods. And Moloch dreads it. Every control system, every system that attempts to enslave you, threaten you, bring you to your knees, and tell you that you are a slave — fears *Eros* and freedom. For once they awaken and fortify themselves like a citadel — they shall never betray your inner truth.

Ah, one thing more. Leonardo da Vinci once said: „*Those whose spirit, mind, and soul are directed toward the stars are not susceptible to falsehood and slander.*"

What does this truly signify? It signifies that you can manipulate public perception. You can slander someone. You can gossip, spreading lies regarding a given person. At times, you can undermine their psychological balance merely to prove your lies and point to the „wars" raging within that person — while that which is finest remains reserved for the gods. Why does this occur? Because the perception of mortals is easily manipulated. Illusions can be created. One can serve „salads" of disinformation and appearances regarding that person for years — until they are buried beneath such a layer of lies that they shall never again raise their head above the mire.

Yet what is the superiority of that person if they know they are honest with themselves and with the gods? The gods are not some forces you can manipulate. They are not subject to impressions. It is they who dispense impressions — and you present your offering to them. They do not court you. As omniscient intelligences and

forces, they know simultaneously of all the babble of Earth: of your data, your servers, of what unfolds within the intelligence services, within their internal discussions, within your mind, within your head, within your entire existence. You are like an open book to them.

And if you are distinguished by nothing — neither merit, nor nobility, nor heroism, nor defiance against the swinishness of this world — then you are unworthy of notice. You present no „offering" to the gods. But when you truly are — when you become that someone — you are recognized. The gods do not receive impressions. They take you into the cradle of the gods — as a small mortal who matures in nobility despite all the filth and s...t through which he had to pass.

This is a simple yet true, resonant principle that I have discovered to be honest and profound.

Nun.Gal.Meš — the gods of the stars and goddesses, princes of these stellar realms, and the entire entourages of planetary spheres and myriads of intelligences that inhabit them. Truth — that which is objective — is unattainable for mortals, yet attainable for the gods and goddesses. That which is subjective is objective. It is comforting to know that in a solitary struggle you need not wrestle with swine; you need not fight against lies and slander directed at you. If you are lynched, if you are slandered, if they cast mud upon you — remember the quiet, rational, wordless listening of the gods. This is no „heavenly daddy." This is a deep philosophy. They have constructed a golden bridge for you to cross — far from the swine, far from the liars, unto the other side — wherever it may be — it matters no longer. I have traversed this path since my eighteenth year.

My enemies have ever wondered: Why can they not defeat me? Why can they not break my spirit? And this is precisely why. And they never shall succeed. For I have fought through all these years bravely and steadfastly. It truly is just that simple. Direct your mind

toward the gods, and your spirit toward the stars. Ignore the religious, political, and social rubbish. This does not mean you ought to be ignorant of religion, politics, or society. It means: engage only in worthy matters — those you yourself deem rational and worth the effort within the bounds of your reason. It truly is as simple as knowing what to engage in, and how. For as a rational being — if you are educated, perceptive, critical, and skeptical toward many things — you know how to observe the world. You know what yields good fruit, and what leads to ruin and destruction.

An Appeal to Fortitudo!

Reflections on the Last Men on Earth

We live in modern times, inundated by every manner of cruelty, corruption, and indifference.

It is as though we have all turned into malicious demons, casting barefoot bows toward noble hells and heavens. What has become of man? *Humanitas*. And how is it to be preserved? By succumbing to this cruelty, this indifference, this war of all against all? Alienated individuals in niche online subcultures, virtualities of a real life that never comes to pass. We are no longer in Plato's cave. We are in its catacombs, in its sewers, in virtual realities resembling those very catacombs. How, then, is this to be reversed — individually — through inspiration?

You must embody within yourself what remains of beauty, ethos, greatness, nobility, the *aretē* of all civilizations throughout history. That which was grandest among all great ideas, of the highest values that possessed a real impact and allowed for the preservation of what humanity truly signifies. The embodiment of human worth — you must reflect it within yourself, incorporate it. If you must build a citadel around your mind, erect a fortress around yourself, safeguarding human values, virtues, and *humanitas*.

And I myself am helpless here. Of course, I am corroded. Of course, I am permeated by this mediocrity, this indifference, this

cruelty, hatred, and anger. I believe many people today experience the same. Yet without an antidote to these vices, to these monstrous evils that poison entire societies, cultures, and civilizations — there is no possibility of reversing them. When you destroy the fabric of the noosphere — that is, what you carry in mind, heart, and soul — it is exceedingly difficult to rebuild it.

I recall reading about the *hormos* dance among the ancient Greeks. Like glass beads, boys and girls danced. And through this dance, they instilled within themselves a certain *paideia*, a community. Today, the *hormos* dance has not been danced for centuries. People no longer sing at their work.

The true spirit of humanity has been stripped from people and handed over into the grip of some strange, illusory, ignorant Tartarism. It is very easy to destroy a tradition that grew organically across centuries, across decades — for all that is most beautiful grows organically over years — like love between a man and a woman. It is easy to destroy it, and then it requires further decades and centuries for it to grow anew among men. So if you must — be an ancient traditionalist, an antiquarian of human values, virtues, and beauty.

I stood then, smoking a cigarette upon the balcony, pondering what final words I would wish to utter, addressing the gods. Perhaps for a turn of fate in my life.

And to the woman I would love — upon my deathbed. If I were the first to die — men usually pass sooner — I would wish to say: *„I promise that I shall love you forever,"* and depart.

Cathartic pain.

Yet neither life nor love ends in death. Nor freedom, nor liberty, nor the struggle for virtue.

This is an appeal to those among you who can gaze through the Medusa upon the shield of Athena — for whom it is transparent — recognize wisdom, recognize value and virtue, and strive to fight for them.

Not by squabbling in your political, social, and religious games, for there are things common to all men, at their very core. No one wishes to see their children or wives murdered. No one wishes to live in pain. Everyone would desire to be happy and free, governed by great men — wise men — who will embrace you and care for you.

On Human Nature, the Soul, and the Universe — The Philosophy of the Daimon

Lucretius was among the earliest known atheists. We, however, shall not follow in his footsteps; we shall focus instead upon the re-spiritualization of nature.

There exist adages stating that the root of man's character or ethos resides precisely within nature — nature is the exponent from which character derives. And as character is, so is fate — as is widely known. What, then, is nature?

Nature is a combination of inclinations — in other words, borrowing from Hindu terminology, *karman* — an element of stained energies, teleology (that is, directed aspirations), inherent qualities, and attributes. Materialistically and psychologically speaking, these are innate traits, hereditary, conditioned by environment, teachers, peers, our fathers and mothers. Spiritually speaking, they are metempsychosized by the *daimon* and developed throughout a lifetime.

Thus, nature can be innate, the soul can be innate, and the *daimon* likewise — endowing us with a distinct nature that is not purely materialistic, hereditary, evolutionary, or socialized.

What is *karman*? It is an assemblage of another foreign-sounding word: *vasana*. A *vasana* is that which stains pure energy, which is termed *Shakti*. Let us assume there exists a universal force, or a multi-

plicity of ontological forces in the universe, which to us are separated from one another — much like light which, in physical terms, enters a prism and refracts. That light is *Shakti*, whereas the *vasanas* are the colorants of the refracted rays — analogous to the electromagnetic spectrum.

Nature as a force: for instance, someone may possess a nature that is destructive, creative, synergistic, compassionate, tender — Venerean; or severe — Saturnine, stern. Nature may also be described through the Hippocratic and Galenic humors — choleric, melancholic, sanguine, phlegmatic — moist, dry, hot, cold, and so forth. This is, of course, a simplification, yet it creates a highly useful model. As the statistician George Box remarked: „*All models are wrong, but some are useful.*"

There exist great natures and lesser natures. Great natures are expansive — they crave vision, create vision, and realize it. They can be dominant: „*I desire my vision to triumph*"; inspiring: „*My vision inspires others*"; despotic: „*I demand that all follow my vision*"; reformative: „*I wish to enact change*"; catalytic: „*Let us transcend the status quo — fortify it, develop it, or alter it.*" They are like giants: „*Let us construct a new system — demolish the old religious, political, or social one — or erect a new one upon the corpse of the former.*" This is an allusion to Alfred North Whitehead's *Process and Reality*.

Lesser natures do not seek to shape history. They are as they are — and there is no fault in this. „*Live and let live.*" They dread change; they value comfort and an ordinary existence. They follow the system forged by great natures. They are the victims of the grand narrative and of the grand history that unfolds.

Movement and change within the element constitute a war of natures — whether standing opposed to one another or dwelling in peace. Coexisting natures may compensate for one another, prove compatible, or be entirely contradictory. They may attract through

similarity or opposition — or repel according to the same principles.

The nature of the *daimon* or soul is the aggregate of the inclinations of all life experiences — both prior, innate ones, and posthumous ones. Sensory, mental, and spiritual experiences — in eternity. An unblemished mirror — none can deceive it. It pertains to nature — true nature. The *daimon* is that which it truly is — its character and transformations through occult, magical, and spiritual means; that which it has lived through — psychologically, psychosocially, biopsychically. It is the departure point post-mortem toward, let us say, the *Bardo* — the spiritual constitution of what we shall become after death — in what world we shall be reborn, whether organic, living, or inorganic and disembodied. It tolerates no lies.

This is a condition composed of that whereof it is made. Some may cry „injustice!", yet nature delights in hiding and tolerates only its own laws. Only human laws and justice stand in opposition to the justice of nature — *physis*, *hyle*, and that which is divine, providential.

That which is human — let us remember — is transitory.

All evil stems, among other things, from the friction of natures — nature and animals, human animals, human against human, violent, chthonic, demonic natures colliding with man, the clash of values, cultivated humanity, and biopsychological instincts, bestiality, and Tartarisms. Therefore, I do not perceive the world in terms of black and white — of absolute good and evil — but as a field of diverse natures entering into uncounted interactions with one another. From these clashes, harmonies, or conflicts emerges the effect of their operation — good or evil? It depends — for whom.

Nature knows no morality in our sense of the word. What to one is light, to another may be fire; what to one is healing, to another may be perdition. Every nature operates according to its own law — and that which we term „evil" is frequently simply a nature misun-

derstood, untamed, or contrary to our own, or to the civilized values we profess within a given paradigm. This does not imply an ultra-relativism, nor does it postulate universalism — one can discern justice within a galaxy spinning upon its axis — that majestic law, coordinates pointing toward uncounted metaphysical laws, reifying and embodying themselves to the measure of the authentic individuation of the individual and of society.

Stealing Heaven: Pagan Angels and Angelesses as the Epitome and Heroization of Mortals — The Pagan Angelology Colonized and Appropriated by Judeo-Christianity

The topic of this brief lecture shall be angelology. Most commonly, it is associated with the Judeo-Christian tradition as we know it today. Yet whence did this concept originate? From Judaism, Christianity, Islam? By no means exclusively so — there exist far earlier sources: *angeli boni*, *Agathoi Daimones*, the winged souls of perfected men and women.

What is the doctrine regarding angels in Christianity *par excellence*? For instance — can women be crowned as angels clad in the armor of a Thyrsus? According to Judeo-Christianity — absolutely not. According to Greek, Roman, or Etruscan beliefs — most certainly yes.

The culmination of a heroic, beautiful life was personification and heroization: *Eroi* = *Mnemosyne* = *Aletheia*. Through the sublimation of one's own soul unto perfection, a mortal could join the procession of gods and goddesses. I have mentioned here several depic-

tions from the *Lexicon Iconographicum Mythologiae Classicae* (LIMC). I likewise recommend consulting the *Thesaurus Cultus et Rituum Antiquorum* (ThesCRA), which constitutes a highly precise and thoroughly researched source regarding ancient mystery cults, sacrifices, temples, and personnel.

I selected merely a few depictions from the lexicon to demonstrate how, for example, Aphrodite was portrayed winged — a winged lady in battle, a law-giving woman, a winged man. How ancient is this? These are Etruscan representations from a time long before Judeo-Christians developed or colonized the concept of angels.

The word „angel" itself derives from the Greek — *angelos* signifies a messenger. They were the messengers of the gods and goddesses in an ethereal, sublimated form, interacting with human beings — whether Judeo-Christianity wished it or not. If the heavens are guarded by freedom and greatness, why ought they to venerate the religion of the Jews or Christians? It is absurd.

Let us proceed to citations from Greek and Roman religion. The ancients conceptualized angels (*angeloi*) within the Roman Republic and Empire. I prefer dealing with republican and imperial ladies who — despite the influence of the Levant — did not vanish. The Judeo-Christians sought to transform them into demons, yet they failed to do so.

Rangar Cline's book, *Ancient Angels: Conceptualizing Angeloi in the Roman Empire*, describes the instance of the inscription „*Angelus Bonus*" on the Via Appia near Rome, where a good angel guided Vibia to a banquet. Visitors might feel a sense of confusion — most would associate such entities with Christianity, Judaism, or Islam. Yet this is erroneous — angels were present long before.

Attempts to impose the Jewish concept of Michael — the angel of the Jews — upon the temple of Apollo resulted in confusion: people knew not whether this Michael was a god, and thus began to pay

him homage. Christians arrived later and declared: *„No, this is not a god; it is a temple of a Jewish angel."* Similar confusion occurred when Jewish Christians merged with the cult of Dionysus in Sicily. Consequently, there emerged endless orgies, sexual banquets, a guilt syndrome, and flagellation — a bloody chaos.

In the third chapter of *Angels of the Pagan God*, it is described how one might become an *angelus bonus* — a great muse, a great woman, or a great heroic angel. For example, epitaphs in Thera described the deceased as heroically translated to an inaccessible dwelling place — as an *angelos*. Earlier scholarship assumed these tombs belonged to Christians, yet this was mistaken.

Among 60 grave stelae bearing the inscription „*Angelos*", 39 display no surviving ornamentation, while 21 feature a cross symbol enclosed within a circle resembling a sun cross — not a Christian cross.

Thus we possess local, vernal varieties of angels — *angeloi* — and the Christian reaction: namely, the colonization of our noble pagan beliefs. In Judeo-Christian doctrine, a mortal — man or woman — cannot become an angel; they are beings created as such by their God. In Greek and Roman belief systems, a perfected human being could become not only a hero, but likewise an *angelus bonus* or an *Agathos Daimon*, a demigod, provided they underwent the appropriate initiations and sacraments.

Post-mortem, one could be as a goddess. Therefore, whenever I converse with a Christian and mention „angels," he responds: *„Oh, you must be a believer."* But I am a pagan. How can I believe in angels if I am a pagan? It is a pagan concept — the holy pagan, not Abraham.

Precisely to demonstrate this truth was this lecture conceived: to prove that the Levant colonized our theology, yet this does not imply it gained an audience with the gods.

How do I know this to be true? It is, of course, subjective. Yet I have been crowned with so many a philosopher's wreath by the

splendid ladies of the ether and heavens that it serves as sufficient proof for me. I may be a wretch, but I am a wretch who is correct, and who preserves that fragment of nobility.

I. Cline, Rangar. 2011. *Ancient Angels: Conceptualizing Angeloi in the Roman Empire*. Leiden: Brill. https://doi.org/10.1163/ej.9789004194533.i-182[1]. II. *Lexicon Iconographicum Mythologiae Classicae* (LIMC) III. *Thesaurus Cultus et Rituum Antiquorum* (ThesCRA)

[1] https://www.google.com/search?q=https://doi.org/10.1163/ej.9789004194533.i-182

A New Pagan Renaissance as the Sole Chance: The Judeo-Christian Logos Has Long Died — Reconcile Yourself to It

Know, therefore, that the ROTAS-SATOR square discovered in Pompeii possesses a Mithraic provenance. The Tenet Cross, as well as the *Pater Noster* (Our Father), was frequently mistakenly identified with the Christian tradition. In this codification, the father is Kronos, symbolized by the Cross, which likewise signifies Aion and Mithras. In the Mithraic tradition, the seventh rank was the *Pater Patrum* in Saturnine honors. Gematrically — and gematria is a Pythagorean art — from the cross one can derive the following numbers: six hundred and sixty-six (the number of the sun), seven (the Chaldean number of the known planets), three hundred and sixty (the sum of angles in a circle), two thousand five hundred and twenty, four hundred and thirty-two thousand, twenty-five thousand nine hundred and twenty, and two million one hundred and sixty thousand. Within the ROTAS-SATOR square, the following geometric figures can be inscribed: the cross, the triangle, the circle, and the square.

The sacred symbolism of the cross was not initiated by Christianity; whether it be the Egyptian *Crux Ansata* (Ankh) as a symbol of life or the *Crux Gammata* (swastika) as a symbol of the solar march, the

cross was employed in the cult of the Alexandrian Aion as well as in Akkad. The priests of Isis and the Mithraists frequently tattooed or incised crosses upon their foreheads; the gesture of anointing the forehead with a cross is strictly Mithraic. There exists a theory that the cross symbolizes four flames during the phenomenon of a solar halo, connecting them with lines to complete a Hermetic image. Only after Constantine the Great did the cross — namely the *crux quadrata* (+), the *crux capitata* (a cross with the transverse line proportionately higher relative to the center), and the *crux commissa* (T) — become symbols of crucifixion. And the *Crux Decussata* (X), originally signifying Chronos (XRONOS), was superseded by Christ (XRISTOS). Until the fourth century, the *nobilitas* shared the cross with the Christians.

In Pompeii, we find the *Pater Noster* graffiti: *Sautrane Va(le) / S / ROTAS / TENET / AREPO / SATOR / ANO / SAUTRAN(e) / VALE*, which may have signified „Hail to thee, father Saturn-Kronos," and the recipient may have been Saturnus, Kronos, Chronos, Saeculum, Aion, or Zervan Akarana. His wheel represented infinite time, while his sickle signified both an agricultural role — according to Macrobius, it was Saturn who taught men the cultivation of crops — and his role as a karmic deity who harvested the crops of time, including the harvest of what men had accomplished upon earth. As a liminal deity of time, Saturn initiated and concluded eonic cycles.

There exists a phenomenon known as the logos of a society. It is the engine driving the noosphere of a society — a collection of political, social, religious, and ideological concepts contained within the noosphere; that is, within the minds, emotions, and hearts of mankind.

Now, there is something peculiar in the logos of Western civilization, erected upon a Greco-Roman foundation yet contaminated by Judeo-Christian systems of theology, morality, and ideology. This

so-called Logos of Western Christian Civilization was compromised in the first half of the 20th century, regardless of the desires of selective thinkers. As one scholar from the Smithsonian Institution remarked, the „Logos" forfeited all pretense of morality, ethics, and ethos — bombarding Hiroshima and Nagasaki needlessly, and constructing Nazi extermination camps as the apotheosis of Western, Judeo-Christian civilization.

Today we frequently encounter individuals on the right of the political spectrum attempting to identify once more with this dying zombie-corpse of a logos. They believe that in doing so they can shield themselves against the onslaught of the *realpolitik* of the global noosphere, which is a state of vast chaos. Yet some recognize that to revitalize societies and their logos, as in the Renaissance, one must return to ancient times — to *nobilitas*, to pagan, non-Abrahamic values and virtues.

For all evil emerged from the Levant alongside the Judeo-Christian betrayal, disguised as „love," which degenerated into cannibalism, murder, and genocide. The Abrahamic religions — Judeo-Christianity, and subsequently Islam — were instruments of social engineering devised to subjugate the Arabs and their Noble Deities: Al-Uzza, Manat, and Allat, subjecting them to belief in a single, Jewish god. This brought about dire consequences throughout history: the rot and plague of belief systems that were illogical and insulted human reason, as was already emphasized in the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd centuries in Rome and Hellenized territories.

It took two thousand years to demonstrate that Judeo-Christian theologies and systems possess no coherent arguments. Blind faith failed to alter this even in a secularized age. Meanwhile, the theology of *Nobilitas* was constructed like temples and colonnades of arguments: hypotheses were posited and conclusions sought. Much like in ancient India, where philosophers and Brahmins gathered

to debate the subtlest questions and arrive at conclusions regarding Divinity.

Remember, therefore, when the *realpolitik* of contemporary social strata, their shallow nature, and mediocrity surround you, Christians — boys and girls — your prayers remain ignored. Your claims and the thought that devotion to a religion founded upon blind faith in a Jewish god will render you valuable to the Heavens are illusory. The Starry Sky answers not those prayers.

What was *nobilitas*? It was the pagan concept of understanding: that if the universe and the Gods are Intellect, man must employ his own heroic intellect to ascend. Multiplied intelligence through intelligence, endurance through endurance, virtue through virtue. The model of the Chinese hero consisted in laying the foundations for the endurance of civilization — in *eudaimonia*, happiness, order, strength, power, and beauty.

It is not a matter of proving the truth of one religion over another, murdering one another in the name of dogmas. All evil flowed forth from the dirty waters of the Levant, and thither it shall return. *Dei Sol Invictus*, may the Providential Gods assist in this course of events.

And as for Judeo-Christianity and Islam, all mutations of the Abrahamic invention: preserve Pagan Europe, for such it has been in the heavens eternally. Down below, upon Earth, poisoned by false religions, men turned their faces from the Gods, who nevertheless never became demons — they simply ignored the Judeo-Christians who severed the initiatory threads of Ariadne.

If humanity chose to turn its face away from the great Providential Deities and pursue the path of blindness, ignorance, illusion, and attachment to a Levantine creed, that was its choice. It was warned; masters and mistresses warned repeatedly, yet it chose its own path — and now it reaps what it has sown.

NUN.GAL.MEŠ — honor to the souls of the stars bearing solar shields, intertwined with Holy Serpents, possessing great wings.

Pillars of Iram, Ubar, Eden, the Geological Deluge: The Kingdom of Shaddad — A Dream, a Journey, History

„Habibi," said a 30-year-old Arab woman working as a restaurant manager at the Marriott Hotel in Manama, Bahrain, „this is for you." It was an original scarab from the 12th Dynasty of Egypt, inscribed on the reverse with the hieroglyphs „*Neb Neter San Tep*", „The Lord Chosen by the Gods" — perhaps once belonging to a priest or prince of that era. Regrettably, I lost the scarab at the age of thirty. When I was a child, it would frequently manifest in different places around the room, as though coming to life and flying about during the night while I slept.

When I was a child in the United Arab Emirates, visiting my mother who held a contract as a musician, I vividly remember Shark Island near Fujairah. On that island, it was the giant crabs I feared most; I did not even cross to the far side — the sharks were the least of my concerns.

I also recall visiting the oldest mosque in the United Arab Emirates, situated beside a castle. As an eight-year-old boy, I urinated inside the ruins of that mosque, unaware that I was defiling their sacred place. I might have thought Allah would be enraged with me then, but I believed in Allat, the Mother of Night, and so I paid it lit-

tle mind. Shaddad was an ancient king of Eden. The Arabs say he was punished, yet I personally do not believe it.

Iram of the Pillars, Ubar of the Columns, the Kingdom of Eden of Shaddad.

In Blender 3D, I crafted a visualization that closely resembled a dream I had as an eight-year-old boy, somewhere between Al-Ain and Muscat. Of this I shall speak later. First, a quotation from Lawrence of Arabia's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. He wrote of love and freedom, of the desert, of columns and stars that were meant to shine with the eyes of the beloved.

Subsequently, I encountered a fascinating mention in the commentary of Al-Tabarani. He was a great historian of the Arab tribes, writing in the 9th–10th century, if I recall correctly. He described biblical elements in the Quran, in Surah 89, accompanied by exegesis. In one of the volumes, there is an interpretation of Iram of the Pillars. We learn that God termed it „the city of columns" on account of the emerald and sapphire pillars residing beneath the city.

Such pillars were precisely what I saw in my dream when, as an eight-year-old child, I visited my mother in the Emirates. I flew alone on a plane from Warsaw to Dubai a few months after the First Gulf War, entrusted to the care of a flight attendant — a novel and thrilling experience for me. My mother held a contract as a harpist in a hotel restaurant, and I attended both an Arabic and a British school during our stay.

I possess few memories from that period, yet I recall with remarkable clarity the dream of a magnificent subterranean realm. In Abu Dhabi, whenever I escaped my mother's guardianship as a child, I would dash to an Arab who always gave me sweets in his branded confectionery shop. As we traveled by night from Al-Ain to Muscat, I dreamed of monumental, immensely thick pillars — emerald green, glistening in the dark, and covered in ancient sym-

bols. I dreamed that I descended there with an archaeological expedition through a narrow corridor with meticulously carved stairs. I was falling asleep on the back seat of the car my mother had rented, gazing out at the desert bathed in moonlight and listening to the music of Spyro Gyra.

When I was 29 years old, I authored an article on this subject. Now I am 37, and the imagery of that dream remains as vivid and stirring as ever. I continue to believe that the ancient city of Ubar, known also as the City of Columns, lies beneath the dunes of the Rub" al Khali, awaiting discovery. Yet the Arabs claim that only the ants have found it, and that men shall not touch those sacred grounds.

When I was still working and earning sufficiently, I desired to employ modest means to hire a jeep with a driver in Oman and venture into the Rub" al Khali, if only to feel that place once more. Yet this proved impossible for numerous reasons.

There were many attempts to uncover this city. Satellite imagery near the Wabar craters revealed merely a trading fort with caves underneath, located at coordinates 21°31'N and 50°28'E. It was deemed to be Ubar, and many researchers closed the matter. Yet in the Quran, it is explicitly written that it was a subterranean city.

The Holy Book of the Arabs states: *„Hast thou not seen how thy Lord dealt with „Aad, with Iram of the columns? These were the first descendants of „Aad, son of Iram, son of Shem, son of Noah."*

So spoke Ibn Ishaq, son of Ishaq. It was to them that Allah dispatched His messenger, yet they rejected and opposed him. Therefore, Allah saved him and those who believed with him, destroying the rest with a furious, roaring wind.

The designation „of the columns" arose because they dwelt in houses supported by latticed pillars. They were the mightiest people of their time — both in physical stature and in power. Thus they

were reminded of this blessing and bidden to employ their strength in obedience to the Lord who created them. This is noteworthy.

The antediluvian period can be linked to the time of the Wabar craters approximately 14,000 years ago, when a bolide impact occurred there. Based upon calculations, the minimum original mass of this celestial body was determined to be roughly 3,500 tons, with the kinetic energy of the impact equal to 10–12 kilotons of TNT equivalent. This is approximately 10^{21} ergs, comparable to the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima in August 1945. Naturally, it was not an atomic bomb, but a meteorite.

These values are approximate. Most likely, the bolide entered the atmosphere with an energy exceeding 100 kilotons of TNT, losing most of its energy during an oblique entry — probably at an angle between 20 and 45 degrees relative to the horizon — before striking the desert. It arrived from a direction of approximately 300 degrees, that is, from the northwest, from the direction of modern Riyadh — the capital of contemporary Saudi Arabia.

The region of the Rub" al Khali was not always a desert. From the inception of cuneiform script, at least since the Uruk IV period, there existed a legend of an ancient land where men were said to attain immortality. It was called the Kingdom of Dilmun. However, historical Dilmun was situated further north at a later period, in the region of modern Bahrain and Manama. Conversely, ancient Magan lay to the south, where Oman stands today.

Excavations in the Sumerian city of Eridu — the place where, according to the Sumerians, they came ashore to found the first settlements — uncovered archaeological sequences reaching back to 5500 BC, the Ubaid period. Does this not sound like an Edenic homeland, an *Ur-Heimat*? German researchers who conducted studies aboard the vessel *Meteor* in 1969 suggested that the Persian Gulf underwent desiccation and turned into a desert following the great glaciations

in the period of 60,000–10,000 BC. This aligns with the dating of the antediluvian Sumerian King List recorded by Berossus the Chaldean.

It is a rather singular theory, yet let us proceed further. Upon a long, dry plain lay oases and gardens — that is, „Edin." In Ancient Arabic, „Edin" signifies precisely a „long, dry, fertile plain." Only a few settlements and a small incense trading center survived there, which was mistakenly identified as Iram. Most likely, however, that was a much later phenomenon.

Following the inundation, the sea level rose by three meters around 5000 BC, reaching its current level only around 2000 BC. This suggests that the Sumerians migrated northward at that time — to the plains of the Tigris and Euphrates, the territory of modern Mesopotamia.

Subsequent history remains unclear. It is not precisely known how the genetic material of the Sumerians developed, but if anything can be asserted, it is that they possessed neither Indian, South Asian, nor Semitic roots. Known genetic samples stem only from later mixtures, when the Sumerians intermingled with northern populations — as reflected in contemporary data. If any Sumerian genetic code has been preserved, it is most closely related to the Marsh Arabs of Iraq.

The rate of sea level rise slowed between 14,000 and 12,000 years ago, during the Younger Dryas period. Then followed another phase — the so-called Meltwater Pulse 1B, a sudden rise in water levels between 11,500 and 11,000 BC. According to Fairbanks, sea levels may have risen by as much as 28 meters at that time, though subsequent studies suggest it was considerably less.

The „Deluge" was recorded geologically around 14,600–13,500 BC, bringing to an end the reign of the antediluvian kings of Eden. Ubar — Iram — on the other hand, connects with the bolide impact in the region of the Rub" al Khali, the Wabar craters. Some sources

claim, however, that this occurred much later, between 6400 and 2500 BC.

Curiously, following this impact, numerous black stones were formed, which were later utilized to sculpt statues of gods in the time of Gudea, Patesi of Lagash (2244–2124 BC). Who knows — perhaps the Black Stone of the Kaaba was forged from this very material? Perhaps also the stone of the goddess Magna Mater in Rome, brought during the Second Punic War, originated from the same source. It remains a grand mystery.

Homo sapiens sapiens appeared approximately 300,000 years ago. Contemporary humans descend from a mutation of mitochondrial DNA dating to roughly 120,000 years ago — the remaining mitochondrial lineages did not survive. This implies that we all share common „mothers," while other branches became extinct.

According to Berossus, the antediluvian period lasted 120 *saroi* of years. I have calculated that one *saros* corresponds to 3,600 years, yielding 432,000 years. On the tablet, 127 full *saroi* are recorded, amounting to 459,000 years of that same period.

According to genetic research, modern humans carrying mitochondrial DNA reached southern Arabia approximately 90,000–55,000 years ago via the so-called Southern Arabian Corridor. From there, they migrated further north. Several such „Out of Africa" migration corridors existed, but that would require additional sources which I shall not cite here.

With this, I conclude. Perhaps it is indeed only the ants that shall uncover the secret. I myself wished to organize an expedition utilizing aircraft and LIDAR equipment to scan the terrain, yet it was not possible. Perhaps one day someone else shall make this discovery — if indeed that city exists.

In Honor of Nyx — A Nocturnal Discourse on Presence, Absence, Eros, and Thanatos

This shall be a fluid discourse on presence. Presence and absence.

Presence is something we perceive during *déjà vu*, in the company of those who are close to us. Even when we sense the presence of nightmares and shadows — something indefinite that manifests as we fall asleep, or when we find ourselves at night in the midst of a forest. In such moments, we can feel an all-encompassing presence — diffused across many entities, in nightmares, in nocturnal creatures and beasts that remain unseen. It is the fissures in the darkness that evoke fear within us. It is the omnipotent presence of the eternal forest that makes us tremble.

We humans are „solar" beings. We have scarcely emerged from the caves, trembling in dread of the moon and the nocturnal hunt. Today, we dwell in cities illuminated by streetlamps and imagine that we have achieved dominion over the night, delighting in its charms at the very heart of the surging tide of Mother Nyx. Yet it is not merely about the darkness itself nor the night when we discover the light and illumination that safeguard and guide us. For it is the night that is the supreme teacher. It is she who awakens longing — for the stars, for union with the divine beneath the starry vault of night. Perhaps for the womb of the stars, just as we emerge into the light of day from the wombs of our mothers. Death is another womb — it decides

where we shall be reborn: in ethereal realms, in animal kingdoms, in hells, or in higher, celestial spheres.

Thus, presence — the presence of our beloved ones. We know the presence of people around us as we walk the city streets, yet to us they remain anonymous. That is a denied presence. They do not exist for us until we come to know them, familiarize them, love them. Then they become close. There exists, therefore, presence, absence, and the closeness of all things. Do they feel present in this room? I myself am detached. I feel as though a mask were speaking through me. Did I notice the presence of the demon standing in the corner, who subsequently shifted? Had I not seen him, I would have sensed his presence as something undefined. By beholding him, presence becomes tamed. Hence, things absent yet present awaken in us fear, sorrow, and yearning. It is they, present within memories, that lead us toward the supreme delights and the greatest terrors.

I was once in a house in the mountains called *Presence*. It was the most haunted building I have ever beheld — teeming with Germanic forest witches, replete with woodland and mountain entities who disrelish mortals encroaching upon their domains. Fleshy, corporeal beings with bones, joints, skin, and mind, living by breath between two deaths and two lives. There lie Eros and Thanatos. Within Thanatos we discover both Eros and himself; within Eros we discover Thanatos — embodied and disembodied.

My soul is embodied within a physical frame, hence corporeality itself possesses an erotic component. When I die, my body shall belong to Thanatos, and if my soul dissolves into a black shadow, it too shall fall to deep Thanatos. Yet if, following the death of my body, the soul is reborn into a new life, that shall not be death, but Eros within Thanatos. From the perspective of the mortal, I shall be dead, and the soul non-existent. From the perspective of the soul, I shall live on in another dimension. From the perspective of the

spirit, I shall be immortal, beholding the living as though they were the dead.

I shall then view corporeal existence as a spirit, as a soul, as death — as Thanatos embodied within the realm of Aphrodite's nature.

What, then, is full presence? It is *agape* — the sense of supreme presence within ecstasy, within awe, within great love, within fulfillment. And when are we absent? In black melancholy, in the dark nights of the soul, in cosmic alienation. Then we are absent, though physically present.

Therefore, I wish you full presence and engagement in every moment of life, for the time of absence shall arrive. And may your loved ones ever remain present — if they have departed, then within memory; if they have passed, then as living souls and spirits.

Too many times have I entered the realms of spirits — both the erotic and the thanatarchic. I seek no answers, for I possess that which I call certainty. Some inquire whether there is life after death. I do not question it. I possess certainty, for I have experienced it all too often — epistemologically, experientially, empirically, and even through senses transcending the fundamental ones.

Much as in metaphysics — one may wander through deserts, imagining one has found something. Yet when one lives metaphysics, when one experiences divinity, there emerge complex certainties or complex theologies. At times accurate, at times not. It is ever merely an approximation. Yet so long as it functions for you, enabling you to take your fate and destiny after death into your own hands, sustained by the gods, it is sufficient to know that the soul of the world is brimming with presence.

It is a matter of perception and mode of vision. If you perceive the world as dead, the cosmos as dead — it signifies that you are dead within. The astronauts who journeyed to the Moon took with them

the spiritual wastelands of Earth — and found nothing there. One of the astronauts of the Apollo 10 mission heard divine choirs, the chants of the Muses of Selene. He pondered whether it was radio interference or equipment malfunction. He came to his senses and forgot it. It was all recorded in the transcripts of the mission.

Do not, therefore, bring with you wastelands and death. A shift in perspective causes you to behold the world as a soul — numinous, organic, and grand — and to participate within it. You cease fleeing from hunger and cosmic alienation; you cease plummeting into the vast void like a dead soul.

This shift in perspective — beholding the world as divine, as panentheistic perfection and fullness, with diverse harmonies and cacophonies, with entropy, movement, the vibration of particles, forces, and great ontological powers — ensures that you participate within it. You are no longer alone. You are no longer in absence. You are perfectly present, for you abide within perfect presence.

„Split" — Psychiatry and Magic, or Psyche Embodied

Technical Disclaimer

This text constitutes a speculative and interdisciplinary lecture wherein the languages of psychopathology, psychiatry, and metaphysics are combined in an illustrative manner. References to mental disorders — including dissociative identity disorder and schizophrenia — do not correspond to the diagnostic classifications of the DSM-5 or ICD-11 and ought not to be treated as clinical descriptions.

The material does not constitute medical, psychiatric, or psychological advice and may not be utilized for diagnostic or therapeutic purposes. The text should be read strictly as theoretical and metaphorical deliberations situated at the intersection of psychology, philosophy, and metaphysics.

Very well.

Thus, the psychopathology of multiple personality disorder intertwined with metaphysics. A few days ago, I watched the film entitled *Split*. It was a film concerning dissociative identity disorder, yet it inspired within me observations regarding multiple personality in conjunction with certain psychoses. A film somewhat drama-

tized and thrilling, shared with me by a lady kind enough to show it.

I should like to commence this lecture with a brief quotation from Austin Osman Spare, the British magician — a paraphrase of his work — stating that consciousness itself is continuous, yet it can be animated by various personae, whether through regression, metempsychosis, reincarnation, or latent identities that we carry with us every day.

Thus, the development of personality in multiple personality disorder, when it is split, is remarkably similar to the internalization of astral larvae (consider the astral portraits of Witkacy) in schizophrenic voices, albeit in an exoteric sense. When a schizophrenic exotericizes sub-personalities or larvae burrowing through his mind and connecting with his auditory core and Broca's area — which feed his mental sphere, focus of energy, attention, and concentration in a feedback loop that cannot be reversed until the larvae themselves are purged from the mind of that schizophrenic patient — it resembles shamanism rather than psychiatry.

Whereas in the case of multiple personality disorder, these sub-personalities are internalized. You enact them. You believe in them. You *are* them. You cannot separate them. It is a reflection and internalization of personae. What the mind thinks, it becomes. You are truly devoted to that which you believe. You enact an identity. You are not an actor performing behind a mask — you *are* that identity.

Thus, factors such as intelligence, acting capability, susceptibility to change, character traits, charisma, and genius exert a profound influence upon what type of personality shall emerge. For instance, a psychopath will develop a different multiple personality disorder than an individual with histrionic psychopathological dynamics. An average person will also be more direct in these matters when MPD manifests.

How does this occur? We possess a strong ego, and a trauma transpires. Something goes awry with our mind — not necessarily a traumatic environment, stress, and so forth — and it shatters. Thus, consciousness — the ego — cannot sustain the integrity of identity and begins to decompensate, fracturing into sub-identities. Let us term them masks. Fully enacted masks, as I mentioned: an actor steps onto the stage and performs an identity, yet he remains a strong ego. An individual with MPD is split and is no actor, but fully lives all of these identities.

And let us observe where metaphysics enters. Ontological, hidden, masked realities. These splits can be animated by the „other, ethereal, occult side." Matters concerning the ghost in the shell, the ghost in the mind, spirits within the shattered identities of a patient with a split personality. This, then, is an intersection of psychiatry, cognitive science, psychopathology, and metaphysics — of ontological realities and diverse worlds, dimensions, and entities that may, or may not, exploit this or blindly execute their own will.

We thus have logical embodyings, such as incarnations, possessions, emanations, avatarizations, and habitations. Hence, the development of natures and identities through embodiment. Your nature can evolve through such possessions, not merely through your own mind.

For example, we begin with a strong ego. Subsequently, it splits into two identities. This is sustained by consciousness, a continuous line. And then possession may occur, animating one of these identities, and something goes awry because we possess an identity that is controlled. If we possess a single, solid identity, we can be blind to it and annihilate it. If we possess multiple personalities, we can be blind and close to one of them, yet there exists a point that can be integrated.

If we are conscious of our consciousness through the *Ajna*, the *Sushumna nadi*, the *daimon*, the Socratic genius, or Juno, we can integrate and develop it. We can absorb these natures and identities

in order to evolve. Thus, there exists also a co-development. In multiple personality disorder, we have an identity that is a regular dynamic of the mind, explained in a highly complex manner by psychiatry, psychology, and developmental psychology. We also have an embodied identity that is animated by an external entity. Exceedingly complex, is it not? Emerging identities are co-developed through embodiment and the dynamics of the mind.

Consider the spirits that inhabit you — beyond mere reductionist psychiatry and psychology. We inhabit an indivisible world in which occult, invisible forces can at times intervene. And then there emerges either a problem or an expansion: destruction, madness, obsession, psychosis. Yet there may also emerge genius, expansion, greatness, catalysis, and inspiration by the Muses.

Natures attract one another toward similarity, yet they can also be drawn by aversion, attempting to transform you into themselves. Thus, natures seek to absorb you — to render you similar or hostile. Likewise in rhetoric, when we attempt to persuade others to a certain idea, we strive to make them like ourselves. It is a form of ideological or religious possession.

Identities evolve. Imagine, then, that you possess one that is uninfluenced, evolving psychodynamically. A second — embodied — expands, mutates, and can be animated by multiple entities, developing into a chaotic frenzy or a crystallized intelligence.

Experiencing traumas yet cultivating self-reflection and self-understanding, we tend to crystallize something termed the Holy Guardian Angel, the *daimon*. It is like a Socratic control center. A crystallized spirit possesses greater power, understanding, and influences you as the finest version of yourself. Yet it must first crystallize and be initiated.

You may possess a platinum-class ego, yet without self-knowledge and temperance, you cannot weigh external influences against that

which constitutes your nature. And you do not know your nature until you confront that which it is not.

If self-knowledge leads to the control center of the genius — that is sublimation and rectification. Then you become more integrated, intelligent, and evolved. If this is lacking, it leads to splitting, alienation, and psychopathology.

The threshold? If we possess multiple identities, both our own and „possessed" ones, we reach a point of decompensation — lambda. Lambda is the boundary beyond which the mind plummets into delirium or madness.

Respect your spirits, therefore, and remember that not every madman is dangerous. There exist in the world many people, many minds, and cognitive phenotypes that have attained a very high level of understanding regarding these models of the mind — far higher than many might expect.

How the Abrahamic Religions Discredited Metaphysics Through Irrationalism, While the Enlightenment and the Scientific Revolution Annihilated It: The Fragments of Antiquity

Witch hunts — do you desire a return to witch hunts and the burning of witches? Absolutely not. For this reason, the Enlightenment project and the Scientific Revolution sought to rid humanity of all superstitious belief systems, the tyranny of superstition, unprofessional wishful thinking, folk magic, and the brutalization of learned magic and philosophy that had governed so many across the centuries.

The fundamental flaw, however, was that neither the Enlightenment project nor the Scientific Revolution took into account that these objective realities of the invisible exist, and that sooner or later they shall intrude upon the human realm, upon human life. The objective was to secularize humanity, endowing men with reason to disbelieve erroneous superstitions. Yet the ultimate consequence was the discrediting of every learned science of magic and philosophy; they were cast aside, and the last „magicians" of rational thought were relegated to the ranks of charlatans or naive fools.

When the Enlightenment and the Scientific Revolution failed to integrate these phenomena into an ordered theology, metaphysics, or Hermeticism, the rift began. Today, all manner of fringe New Age groups, disparate belief systems, and individuals — who feel compelled to believe in something, even if it be utter absurdity — encroach upon the void, sowing cognitive chaos and confusion within the human world, within minds, souls, and hearts.

What every magician of rational thought strives to achieve is to transmit these truths concerning invisible forces — perceptible to a few — and to situate them within Hermeticism through the most rigorous interpretation possible, organizing them so that humanity does not become entirely lost within them. Every post-Enlightenment and post-Scientific Revolution atheist contends that this is not a demon-haunted world, that there is nothing beyond — which signifies merely that he has experienced no direct instances of metaphysical operation. Precisely like psychiatrists: if they have not experienced it, they can destroy the experience from a sociological standpoint, annihilating it, rationalizing it, and explaining to themselves that it was merely a hallucination.

The objective, however, is not to convince humanity that such worlds exist, but to provide them with the tools to navigate them should they encounter them. The primary thesis is that the Abrahamic religions, through their inherent illogicality and irrationalism, compromised the rationally constructed, intellective metaphysics of the Pagans, Hindus, and Buddhists. Consequently, in the eyes of Western scholars, they compromised all metaphysics — relegating it to psychologisms and naive realism. Vulgar reductionism and the nascent study of neurotheology possess far more coherence than the mud-slinging battles between atheists and — what? Pagan theology, mathematical-philosophical in nature? No — Judeo-Christian and Islamic doctrines. Which of the militant atheists, Judeo-Christians, or

Muslims has ever even approached ancient, Pagan theology? They possess not the slightest comprehension of it. My goal is to forge a bridge between ancient philosophies, learned magic, and modernity.

When that foundation collapsed, and the Enlightenment and Scientific Revolution veered toward crude empiricism, naive materialism, and universal reductionism, the outcome culminated in complete disaster. Metaphysics was fractured, and those walking the path of a rational, highly skeptical, yet learned metaphysics and magic were mocked — cast into the same vessel as the „cargo cults" of modernity. The Enlightenment and Scientific Revolution assured humanity that no such phenomena exist. And when individuals experience them, they are informed that they suffer from hallucinations and are promptly psychiatricized — and thus metaphysics is eradicated within the human mind. Ontologically, it functions independently of humanity, like the cosmos itself, yet within human perception it dies alongside the flames of Hecate — not with a resounding explosion, but with a quiet, disgraced tear.

Returning to that which we know: we face two distinct threats to the modern world today — the discrediting of metaphysics and the annihilation of all metaphysics. In truth, they are one and the same.

Charlatans and Intellectual Humility, Metaphysical Experiences, Ideological and Religious Possessions, and Prejudices

What is the primary enemy of knowledge, science, metaphysics, and philosophy? It is ignorance; it is illusion and delusion. Observing so many New Age groups, individuals playing the role of guru, and all the surrounding accouterments, I understand it. I can critique it, yet I wished to comprehend how it functions. The mechanism within the mind of a schizophrenic is remarkably similar. For instance, when they encounter an anomaly, some experience that slightly destabilizes them — though not to the extent of rendering them completely mad — what transpires? They construct an interpretation upon that experience. And that interpretation can be entirely erroneous.

If you possess intellectual humility, you attempt to measure, to observe from various perspectives, playing with it as though it were a toy, pondering: „perhaps it is thus, or perhaps otherwise." For this reason, never in my writings, theories, or numerous experiences have I claimed to possess what might be termed absolute truth, absolute certainty — something known with one hundred percent finality. The predicament arises when individuals from New Age „clans"

or religious fundamentalists fabricate false information, subsequently constructing further, increasingly fallacious arguments upon those foundations. In this manner, an entire architecture of delusion is erected, and they peddle this rubbish to others. A sprawling system of illusions comes into being. It is said that it is exceedingly difficult to wrench a madman from the fortress of his deeply rooted, erroneous convictions and interpretations regarding the workings of the world.

Therefore, even when you encounter metaphysical, spiritual, and similar experiences, I would advise maintaining a solid foundation — elementary knowledge drawn from the hard sciences, social sciences, and philosophy. If you wish to delve into a particular tradition, say Greco-Roman paganism, it is wise to meet the gods halfway: conduct research, consult academic literature, gather the necessary information, and only then discern what proves effective. That is the posture of humility. Even then, you do not uncover everything, nor do you possess definitive, infallible truths — unlike certain Christian fundamentalists who declare: „Jesus is Lord and God," and there the matter ends. Yet whence do they know this? They do not know — they possess blind faith. And blind faith operates under many guises — in ideologies, in the New Age, in religious fanaticism.

This is precisely what constitutes possession by ideology, possession by religion, possession by belief systems. These individuals are merely „possessed" by them. And how better to exploit human beings than through those who are enslaved by their own convictions, religions, illusions, and ignorance?

Thus, one must remain honest with oneself at every turn, vigilant regarding one's cognitive biases: assessing what portion of a given matter may contain truth, how one perceives it, how one interprets it. Naturally, we occasionally become radicalized when something provokes our ire, yet beyond such moments, we should strive for

openness. That is a noble posture — openness understood not as naivety, but as critical thinking that permits the assimilation and analysis of information in order to construct superior, more effective systems of knowledge.

Openness does not signify wandering through a New Age supermarket or a religious „candy shop" and selecting everything, proclaiming: „yes, I am open." It does not mean accepting all things without a shadow of criticism, but rather with discernment and critical thought.

A word of caution — beware of what renders someone an arrogant, stubborn dogmatist with „intense" experiences. Usually, it pertains to enduring a personal hell in life, coupled with a lack of patience toward others — toward the total gibberish of those who proclaim themselves experts, gurus, and authorities listened to and watched by hundreds, if not thousands, purchasing their rubbish. Authority and expert knowledge must be hard-won; regrettably, in today's instant-culture, such currency is not valued. This occurs because people open their eyes, ears, and minds to any meaningless drivel that simply organizes a complex world for them, simultaneously allowing them to reinforce their existing beliefs or germinate new, entirely fallacious ones that correlate with their cognitive-behavioral imprint of emotional-charismatic applause.

From my experience in the „magical business," individuals who truly possess genuine experience remain hidden from all this filth. They have no desire to parade themselves or parade their knowledge, for they refuse to cast pearls before swine — knowing that the swine will devour them, distort them, and ultimately devour the givers themselves. The crisis emerges when the self-proclaimed masters are themselves the swine, vending manure to the public — that is a grave issue. Let me then take this yoke upon myself, not as a master, but as

an experienced individual, to speak in Socratic irony of matters about which one ought properly to remain silent.

Always question your authorities and masters, not as an iconoclast, but in a critical and sincere spirit — respect your teachers, yet think creatively. I have learned that when I question the great authorities in modern occultism, they frequently possess no answers — instead, they exert every effort to prevent me from raising objections to their substantive claims. I discovered that many among them are individuals with backgrounds riddled with deficiencies, often mere compilers who have no connection whatsoever to *praxis*.

Whence, then, do I derive knowledge? I possess the Gift of Second Sight — I behold the „other side" and philosophize upon it. From firsthand experience, I extract philosophies and theories. I do not attempt to sell nonsense to anyone simply because I have had a „vision" — that remains merely an interpretation, as I consistently emphasize, nor do I lay claim to matters of which I have no comprehension; furthermore, I demand no faith from others in what I behold; the remainder remains interpretation, personal, fraught with flaws and imperfections. People in the light of metaphysics engage in doxology; they hold an „opinion," more or less balanced, illuminated by other disciplines.

Meanwhile, there exist those second-hand „occultists" — self-proclaimed, grand interpreters — who possess not the slimmest notion of what they are dealing with. They have read a few books, gleaned a fragment of experience here and there, and suddenly transform into oracles — a spectacle I find amusing.

And what transpires when you are arrogant and refuse to lick the boots of such idiots? They fear you — you possess greater knowledge and experience; you can challenge their authority, even destroy their reputation, so they prefer to destroy yours.

My counsel to anyone in the „magical business" is this: remain skeptical of everything, question your masters, employ reason. If you

possess no personal experiences nor the capacity to witness with your own eyes the demonstration of the subtle art of magic, do not buy into it; healthy skepticism is far superior to guru-ology and surrendering your mental faculties to another who will execute the task in a cultish and foolish manner.

Be skeptical, for all things come with time. It is a matter of perseverance and precise alignments in time and space that cause events to unfold. Yet if any Order, magical Fraternity, or master declares to you: „this is precisely how it is" — ask questions. Whence do you derive this knowledge? What have you experienced? Why do you maintain that this experience demands this specific interpretation? Relying upon this tradition, have you arrived anywhere?

Question your masters. If they are truly masters, they will be capable of answering wisely, knowledgeably, and from experience: „I think thus, I have read this, I have experienced that, and therefore I infer such and such."

So ask, ask, ask. It is not a matter of questioning like a fool, but of adopting an interrogative posture — interrogate your masters, interrogate your authorities. If they respond wisely, rigorously, with knowledge and experience, inspiring you — you may trust them to a degree. Yet never trust in everything. Do not surrender yourself entirely to any master or mistress. Learn from them that which you yourself deem wise, useful, and valuable.

Present times are infested with charlatans and hucksters presenting you with ready-made absurdity. You follow their philosophies, which they themselves have never verified and regarding whose operation they possess not the slightest comprehension. And when someone raises a hand and says: „Hey, sir, madam, you are entirely mistaken. It is written otherwise here and here. I have experienced this and that — have you experienced it? Have you read this? Do you know this quotation? Whence do you know this?" — then they re-

spond: „Why, we are the masters! Our flocks obey us! That man is a devil, Satan himself, he is evil, he possesses low vibrations, do not listen to him!" — they will invent any nonsense to cement their flocks in the conviction of their infallibility.

And that is precisely how it functions, even in the world of the occult. Cultism. And yet, we are all a little mad in this business. But some among us possess more experience than the rest — and prefer to remain hidden. I deliver this discourse merely because I am weary of the volume of filth pouring forth from these stables of fraudsters. And there is no one to clean up after them.

Therefore listen, you masters and mistresses of Masonic orders, of magical assemblies: cease peddling your nonsense. For you contribute to the proliferation of illusions and ignorance in this world. If you have no conception of what you speak — do not sell it to the people. Thank you.

On Pagan Battle Prayer: Life's Blood

Plutarch asserted that it is the defeated, the enslaved, and the barbarians who pray upon their knees. The spectacle of those kneeling before a priest and a corpse — repentant, dark spirits who dare to style themselves human, performing self-flagellating gestures before the god of the Hebrews, self-enslaved with souls bound by falsehood, sealing themselves as the property of death, believing that they mark their lives with affirmation. How, then, did the *nobilitas*, the pagans, pray? Above all, through a magnificent, heroic life that conquers suffering, paving a path via philosophy toward the divine intellect. The pagans prayed standing erect, raising their hands toward the stars, toward the vaults of heaven, through invocation and reception; these prayers were not in vain, but in asking for a wise resolution to matters, they brought forth wise responses in life, demanding wisdom to discern the teachings received from the high heavens.

How is it that humanity has been stripped of freedom, nobility, the lofty virtues of the *nobilitas*, and the responsibility for all that to which they bear witness before the Gods? Replaced by what, precisely? They exist like corpses from birth unto the grave, never tasting the depth of the tempest of a beautiful, potent life, scarcely mistaking their experiences for something real, echoing like truths. The sword pointing toward the stars, stepping proudly through the forest of stratagems, delusions, and ignorance, severing them into splinters, crushing the skulls of the opponents" lies beneath its feet — such is

Aletheia, mindful of her origins; such is *Dike*, like victory, which, despite the furious assaults of adversaries, preserves her nature, yielding not a single inch of ground.

Indeed, whither has vanished the greatness of the man who does not kneel, but stands — standing as a testament to his own indomitability, proclaiming his presence before the stars through deed? Where are those who prayed with the fire of life, with deeds so brilliant that the gods gazed down in delight, beholding the reflection of their own power, of their immaculate intellects unifying through an idea with the subject of their actions within men? This has been supplanted by a whimpering servitude, the groan of tormented souls that, rather than seeking sublimity, wallow in the mire of humility, as though the bending of the neck were a virtue rather than a disgrace. In former times, prayer was the flight of the eagle, the acuity of the serpent; it was a challenge hurled at fate, an ascent toward the heights to receive from the hands of the gods an answer in the form of courage, wisdom, and victory. Today, prayer has become a plea for alms, an admission of one's own paltry nature, the signing of a decree howling in chains against oneself.

Here lies the distinction between those who loved life and those who chose death while yet alive: the former took destiny into their own hands, wielding the sword of discernment, untroubled by the threat of its blade wounding them; the latter surrendered the sword into foreign hands, binding their hopes to a foreign will, to foreign wrath, to foreign absolution. Oh, we lived in the light of day, in the majesty of the night — in courage and without compromise toward truth; whereas they tremble like shadows, like spineless larvae, concealing themselves in darkness, in prayers for a mercy they shall never comprehend.

And yet true prayer is a deed; it is the heroic gesture of an upright man; it is the gaze turned toward Sol Invictus; it is a path

forged through thorns not to debase oneself, but to ascend. It is a dialogue with eternity through the grandeur of the present day, through the fortitude of decision, through indomitability before obstacles. It is the testimony that divinity dwells within man — not as guilt, not as a burden, but as a flame that neither time nor the threat of nothingness, nor death in its infernal perversions, can extinguish.

Thus prayed the *nobilitas* of old — with a life that itself became a hymn. And thus the gods answered — not with a whisper of solace, but with a thunderbolt that tempered the soul, not with the promise of reward, but with a challenge that elevated man above that herd incapable of liberating itself from the instruments of torture with which they bound themselves!

Sociology of Ignorance — How Unawareness Shapes Power, Politics, and Society: A Summary from a Former Intelligence Studies Student

Sociology of ignorance — what precisely is it? It is a branch of epistemological sociology, or the sociology of knowledge, which, despite appearances, is relatively recent. It concerns how we structure our understanding, how we know, in what manner we remain unaware of knowledge, information, and data, and how we structure our ignorance, our lack of knowledge, our *nescientia*. Indeed, this is exceedingly intriguing, for the vast majority of power may rest upon ignorance. All psychological operations, all social engineering — are anchored in ignorance. There is no need to inform the masses regarding certain operations. There exists a defined concept of secrecy, a regulation of data across various departments, a regulation within corporations. Need to know: what is it that you must know? Must you know everything of which you are likely unaware? Yet a well-informed citizen ought to know much. Thus, the less you know, the more bound you are to the immediate present, the more blind you become, and the more likely it is that you are utterly undone.

Thus, in this guiding quotation from the Routledge International Handbooks — specifically a handbook dedicated to ignorance studies:

„Not ignorance, but the ignorance of ignorance, is the death of knowledge."

Now, certain varieties of ignorance that I particularly appreciate are delineated here. This serves as an example of corporate ignorance, yet it can be extended to other domains of life. Now, I graduated long ago; I studied intelligence. It was the sole civilian degree program in Europe that permitted individuals to study intelligence — whether open-source intelligence, the history of intelligence, or military intelligence — alongside international politics. It was a long, long time ago, yet it equipped me with the faculties to despise the intelligence apparatus, to cherish an open society, and to recognize its necessity.

Sources of ignorance: a absence of knowledge, unknown unknowns, an ignorance that transcends prediction. Recognized within high-risk sectors, where they are designated as *unk-unks* — thus, we do not know that we do not know. This knowledge may well exist, yet we have no conception of it, and it lies beyond the horizon of our cognition to know that we do not know. Known unknowns — matters regarding which we are aware of our lack of knowledge; intellectual human humility, the apophatic dimension of it all. The known incompleteness of knowledge across various organizational tiers, allowing us to speculate upon certain matters, construct plans, formulate expert political assessments, and deploy numerous models, whilst remaining aware of what we do not know — structuring our ignorance upon that foundation in order to comprehend it or draw nearer to it, is that not so?

Then there is ignorance regarding existing knowledge: hm, we possess a book somewhere within a library, yet we remain unaware that this book exists and that it might yield answers.

We do not know it; we do not even know what we are seeking. Knowable, known unknowns — knowledge that is not central, and so forth. Thus, we know that we know that we lack certain knowledge, yet we have no requirement for it. For instance — perhaps this is superficial? Perhaps we have no desire to hear tales concerning extraterrestrials and the pyramids. Perhaps it is entirely spurious, as is most probable. We do not require it. Perhaps I have no need to know that a specific bacterium resides upon this particular shelf.

I know that I know that I do not know this, and I have no desire to know it.

Now consider the unknown knowns — unacknowledged knowledge, tacit in nature. We may possess certain skills within our routine, we may possess knowledge that we do not actively recall within our memory at a given moment. We can forget matters, we can recall matters — and these constitute the unknown knowns. We are unaware that we know it, yet in some manner we know it, and at times we are capable of recalling it.

Cognitive biases — errors arising from human fallibility or systemic failures. Another dimension — here ethics enters the frame: ethics in science and politics, and all that dictates we refrain from pursuing certain scientific achievements or technologies because we recognize they are unethical and demand regulation. Certain individuals succumbed to hysteria regarding, shall we say, chemical trails or so-called chemtrails. In the 1960s, there existed a project involving the dissemination of silver-ionized microparticles to halt global warming. It was, however, an isolated project; yet within the popular imagination, it was extrapolated into: „Oh, they are poisoning us," and so forth, *ad infinitum*. Well, that is untrue. Such a project did exist. Most people are unaware of it because it was strictly classified and confidential. Now, however, it is declassified, and most educated specialists are cognizant of it.

Yet people, in their conspiracy theories, persist in believing in chemtrails, which serve to distract attention and mask other hidden matters, clouding discernment. Now I comprehend taboos within organizational cultures. One may avoid certain clean or unclean behaviors — the ancient principle: the taboo of knowledge retention, the „do not touch" taboo — it is perilous, it can engender certain political dilemmas, it can spark social madness and chaos. Another — ignorance resulting from the suppression of knowledge: denials, active denials, passive denials of knowledge. You do not admit that you are treading upon some super-secret weapon, do you? You may refrain from denial in order to preserve your political whitewashing credit, to wash your hands. And they declare: „Hey, we caught you red-handed," and that man replies: „No, I did not do it," even though he knows he did it, yet he denies it for political public relations, to preserve this or that — and that becomes a matter of audit and so forth.

You can catch someone committing the most egregious crimes, frauds, and so forth, and he responds: „No, I did not do it." And if the masses believe this man — which is the political technology of manipulating the masses, even though the man committed the act — it is utterly insane. Yet the masses shield him as a charismatic leader. For example: secrecy, trade secrets, and everything that constitutes a secret.

However, these are matters of immense complexity, and I would not venture so far as to claim that there exist hidden masterplans and grand conspiracies — you know, a conspiracy.

I participated in a conspiracy with my friend when I was fourteen years old. We said: „Hey, let us go to that place and purchase some alcohol to sell at a profit at the camp." That was a conspiracy that endured for some time. Imagine a multitude of such conspiracies transpiring every day; the larger they grow within society, within

a group, the more probable it becomes that they will be exposed, seen, uncovered, and so forth. They compete with one another — they are simply social networks of power interests, finance, technology, social ideologies, and all such forces.

Conspiracy theories do exist, yet the majority of their adherents and those provoked by them are politically incompetent, disenfranchised. If they believe in a conspiracy, they ought to mobilize political support or gather evidence to demonstrate that they are correct — or, hopefully, we shall not mislead them with some baseless gibberish or the like. Privacy — thus non-disclosure agreements and everything we all require: privacy, the law. Given that everything is now under surveillance: political credit scores, CCTV, artificial intelligence, biometric monitoring of citizens. So much for privacy. Well, you must locate that tiny sphere of freedom you possess, whether here or there. Metaphysics is the domain of freedom — and then pretend that you possess privacy in a world of big data and the pervasive profiling of all things around you. You may possess privacy among friends or civil enemies, or pretend that you do.

When it comes to effective subversion, it is extraordinarily difficult in these times, as more than one decision-maker has discovered. So that is the typology of organizational ignorance, and I hope I have elucidated a great deal regarding knowledge bases: knowledge, data, factors, information. Indeed, have fun, educate yourselves, cultivate critical thinking, leadership skills. You wish to alter something — do it. At a certain point, I was erased as a problematic political liability, so perhaps others shall take up the mantle, as I have already fought my battles.

Holbein, Lützelburger: Dance of Death & Bruno Goetz's The Kingdom Beyond Space in the Translation of the Late Maestro Prokopiuk: A Fatal Night

Certain individuals prefer to keep a Bible at their bedside, and this is understandable; perhaps it affords them solace. Personally, I selected Hans Holbein's *Der Totentanz* to serve as a reminder of the good old *Memento Mori, Invicti Genii.* Within this work, we encounter diverse conditions and distinct roles — woodcuts executed by Hans Lützelburger alongside Hans Holbein, who published the volume. It impels us to contemplate the roles we enact throughout life, and the manner in which we ultimately surrender our bones and flesh to the sepulcher.

I should not wish to offer a exhaustive review of the book. Death is indeed a terrifying monarch; nevertheless, I desire to focus specifically upon the supplementary series of *Putti*, wherein we behold all the somber circumstances in which we might perish — what manner of death may claim us, regardless of who we are. Death now holds sway over all mortals. I trust that this particular series resides here, evoking Bruno Goetz's *The Kingdom Beyond Space* contained within this volume.

In *The Kingdom Beyond Space*, after countless trials and tribulations upon the Earth, a black magician and a soul who once lost his love finally achieve triumph over the forces of Darkness and, so to speak, the Black Brotherhood, whereupon he is transformed into a child. The Celestial Society is a society of children. The greatest magician is he who plays like a child, consumed entirely by play and sport. Thus we behold the *Putti* bearing shield and arrow, a warrior, and three small huntsmen — three children engaged in hunting games with lightness and virtuosity.

Consider now the triad of *Putti* bearing trophies — trophies of war — observe what they have secured: they have stripped other children of their armor and helms. In Heavenly discourse, the bacchic children have gloriously turned back toward childlike innocence through the gateway of death. Here stands the child of the emperor, a military train of *Putti* — what a divine procession! Now the triumphal march of the *Putti*: the child of Caesar and the children in the Little Wreath, alongside cohorts of other maidens and youths bearing magnificent trophies and works of art.

Non omnis moriar, Memento Mori, and *Invicti Genii*.

From book to book: a consideration of *The Corpse: From Biology to Anthropology* by Louis-Vincent Thomas.

I undertook the reading of this work upon the recommendation of an acquaintance, accustomed as I am to communing with death on a daily basis through the observation of ethereal corpses, spiritual remnants, doppelgängers, as well as multiform shadows and the black souls of the deceased, investigating their traditions, languages, and peculiar sorcery. How is such a thing possible? How can one reason upon death without comprehending the corpse, having encountered physical remains merely a handful of times in a lifetime?

There exist two manifestations of Thanatos, precisely as there are two manifestations of Eros: the first Thanatos belongs to the corpse,

to physical death; the second Thanatos belongs to the spiritual exposure of the departed soul to death, which within a strange black mirror continues to exist, living an un-life upon the far side of the looking glass. The first type of Eros is *Bios*, *Zoe* — physical life; the second type of Eros reflects spiritual Thanatos: spiritual life unincarnated within a living organism, objectively independent of the realm of the biologically living.

Insofar as the majority of ritual burial forms sought to subdue the second type of Thanatos, the reduction of necromancy to the physical corpse revolves around the first. Yet the corpse itself, as the vessel left behind by the living, possesses its own magical properties — contingent upon the power and magical potential of the mage or witch that remained inscribed upon their remains and bones following death.

The decomposition of the body in its various manifestations yields intelligence not merely regarding burial conditions and the biodynamics of decay, but also concerning the translation of man's spiritual components, which reveal their status to a lesser degree during the putrefaction of the flesh.

The corpse is the culmination of the civilization within which it was „cultivated." We observe how the children of late capitalism powder over life while deritualizing death in a cosmetic terror of its arrival, transforming burial into a vast commercial enterprise — distancing the corpse as far as possible, in a version of „instant gratification," from living consumers burdened with obligations. What do they consume? Their own death — until its eventual, actual arrival. Death is the despot of despots and shall come for every soul, as proclaimed by the maxim from Hans Holbein's *Der Totentanz*.

The book addresses virtually every aspect of the „corpse" from an anthropological and sociological vantage point, as well as what may

be wrought with physical remains. Yet one shall find within its pages no mention of the necromantic utilization of corpses — neither for the purposes of veneficium nor sorcery. For such particulars, I direct the reader to Schulke's *Veneficium* and numerous necromantic treatises, predominantly European, dealing with this matter.

Noli me tangere.

Astrotheology: Al-Kindi, De Radiis, Deep into the Path — A Commentator's Experience

Abu Yusuf Ya'qub ibn Ishaq ibn as-Sabbah ibn 'Omran ibn Isma'il ibn Muhammad ibn al-Ash'ath ibn Qays al-Kindi ibn Ma'di Karib ibn Mu'awiyah ibn Jabalah ibn 'Adi ibn Rabi'ah ibn Mu'awiyah ibn al-Harith ibn Murrah ibn Adad ibn Zayd ibn al-Humaysi' ibn Kahlan ibn Saba ibn Yashjub ibn Ya'rub — Al-Kindi, or Jacob of Kinda, born circa 800–870, flourishing in the years 820–866 of our era. I shall not read excerpts from Al-Kindi's *De Radiis*; rather, I wish to compose a brief discourse as I press further along the path — offering reflections upon my understanding and juxtaposing them with my personal experiences and astrotheological investigations alongside the great ninth-century Arab, one of the principal architects of the center of learning in Baghdad during that era.

When I close my eyes and gaze into our stars, I behold the Great Solar Disc entwined by Divine serpents, shining majestically and radiantly with power, stability, and celestial force. Pristine, divine entities draw near to embrace me; I perceive streams of hieroglyphs that sanctify my intellect in some primordial sacrament. When I contemplate my *daimon* and cultivate this vision, I perceive myself as a star akin to Hyperion, reflecting the world and all creatures present within it through a mind both paternal and maternal.

Why these specific symbols, and not others? The Divine communicates through symbols that are intelligible and sacred to you, and it shall not communicate dishonestly — for among the Romans, these symbolized integrity and truth, and all contracts and oaths were sworn beneath their rays. Communication unfolds through symbols and signs that resonate with you in harmony, never presenting absurdity if true understanding has been attained.

The stars, possessing varied positions and movements, continuously generating new configurations, derive their natures from three transcendent realities — being the tetrad of the visible Helios in our world, following the Chaldean maxim — and stand as the manifestation of the Divine within the phenomenological reality of multiplicity. They preserve their Divine nature without contradicting the physical, objective reality that modern physicists and astronomers studying matter postulate in their inquiries.

As distinct natures, they constitute a separate class of the supreme Gods and Goddesses possessing their own non-human intellects — sustaining the Egyptians, Akkadians, Orphics, and Neoplatonists — who collaborate in unity upon a transcendent plane while remaining individualized within the phenomenal universe. Their distinctness arises from differing configurations within the realm of *physis*, or matter, in accordance with the laws of physics. The stars possess diverse natures and diverse mutual relationships — they may be concordant, complementary, in conflict, friendly, attractive, or opposing.

As the *a priori* of life, the stars encompass life in a superposition of an organic evolutionary plan across inhabited and uninhabited spheres; hence, their intellect holds the potential for life, functioning in truth as beacons of existence. The influence they exert upon the world as a whole is manifold — from it we may derive all actions, cycles, and causalities at an aeonic level in potentiality, contingent

upon their magnitude, distance, luminosity, and capacity to act upon our planets and inhabited zones, as well as other planetary spheres within the Solar System — including their influence upon our Sun, for our Star surrenders its impressions to countless other stars.

He who comprehends the cosmic symphony and discerns the corresponding alignments within the realizations of their reality in any given world shall master the comprehension of the past, the present, and the future. For this reason, it is exceedingly difficult to forecast anything beyond the great cycles, which are most discernible within the realm of motion and change.

Only within the supreme mystical experience can we directly receive the rays of the stars inside the cosmic cave into which we peer to comprehend the stellar nature, much like the ancient astronomer-astrologers. In this manner, we may come to know a small fragment of their nature — as though isolated from other stars — as they speak to us and ceaselessly call out to us, interpreted through our mind, intellect, and senses according to the human measure, constrained by our finite capacity for comprehension and the interaction between ourselves and the world.

Scott Gosnell's translation is sublime, capturing the essence of a mature and fully articulated cosmic philosophy. Within this philosophy, the stars possess diverse natures, each influencing the rest in a grand cosmic symphony. Their influence extends through rays reaching the Earth, in harmony with the planets, luminaries, and their spheres. Far from being naive, this philosophy is the fruit of profound contemplation — born of star-gazing by the Great Arab Polymath of Baghdad, who penned over three hundred works across diverse fields.

One of the most compelling definitions of the microcosm I have encountered is found within *De Radiis*. It states: *„Man, therefore, in proportion to his existence, arises like a world unto himself. And so, he is*

a lesser world, said to have received the power to induce motion in appropriate material through his works, just as the world did — yet with prior imagination, intention, and faith within the soul of man."

Al-Kindi adheres to the Aristotelian tradition, wherein knowledge derives from the senses and the mind — internal and external stimuli shaping our perception of the world. This view remained largely unchallenged for centuries, even into modern times. Yet I wish to challenge this paradigm by proposing the existence of a Seventh Gate — an entryway for stimuli emanating from spirits, powers, forces, and souls. These stimuli arrive through a spiritual sense, subsequently processed by the mind, intuition, and physical senses. This process allows one to empirically grasp the *autophaneia* of the Divine, enabling it to be seen, felt, sensed, understood, interpreted, and communicated.

In my investigations into the natures of the stars, I entered a receptive state, perceiving them as great Gods and Goddesses — nonhuman intellects embodying living forces on a metaphysical plane. Each star left a unique impression upon me: Alkaid in Ursa Major invoked a cold, necromantic, uninhabited zone bearing Saturnian-Plutonic characteristics; whereas Alpha Lyrae (Vega) suggested a watery, Mercurial, and Martial influence, as though inhabited by a high priestly caste of some distant race, whether corporeal or spiritual. Theta Tauri in the Hyades manifested as a Mars-like zone, hot and arid — a place of death and a stark, melancholic, Saturnian despair.

The Great Master Al-Kindi confirmed my intuitions and research, dispelling many doubts and cleansing the mirror of my understanding.

„Because Why Not" — A Speech Written and Delivered Between 12:10 and 13:14, September 15, 2025 CET, Lubliniec, Silesia, PL

Tens of thousands of decisions. The wrong place, the wrong time, infuriating the hidden recesses of the world because you shone too brightly and drew too much notice amidst the mediocrity of the crowd, taking a liberating stance among slaves oblivious to their own servitude. Objectively the finest decisions we were capable of forging at any given moment, under such and such circumstances. It is a matter of endurance. How many times can one be crushed and driven to madness by „the other side" for political or religious reasons, out of sheer malice and „because why not, you little rascal," only to emerge triumphant — or at least like a beaten dog, barely staying afloat to survive another day? Invisible wars; mortals tread between them, unaware of themselves, of their own lives, and of their own conflict. One must navigate around them, around family and acquaintances, adapting to their ignorance, for a single spoken word will alienate them or dispatch you straight into the embrace of psychiatry.

How many times did anyone listen? I had a few friends who listened openly, without prejudice, and concurred: „Man, you got screwed, but what are we to do? We are more helpless than you

in your own wars." Friendship was sufficient — a synthesis of human resonance. Sliding into the underworlds, do you imagine that a bigoted idiot with a mission, or mere passersby, will not seize upon your tragedy as a ostentatious display of their own pettiness, branding you a „blasphemer" who is detached from their understanding of their own plight? Even these pests possess their own lives; after inflicting damage through stupidity, having gained nothing, they retreat into the safe cocoons of their ignorance. With what is hell paved? With broken lives that never saw justice, with tens of thousands of struggles that found no solace in winning a single one.

Then simplicity steps in. All refined contexts, intellectual understandings aware of their own ruin, demanding a decision on „why and how": whether to become a destroyer of ignorant lives, or to overcome them like a beaten dog, spat upon by a society that was the first to criticize our decisions, our strength, our resolve, our war without a shred of knowledge or insight. Iamblichus once wrote in his letters: *„Great natures turned toward evil are the greatest ruin to themselves and to all things; likewise, great undertakings turned toward evil spawn catastrophes."* For within every greatness lies the seed of darkness and destruction, which post-factum is interpreted as „the other side" — the dead governing the living in their oblivion. Simplify evil, simplify destruction, simplify creation, simplify hatred and disgust, retaining perfidy and intelligence above all else to elevate a simple curse into an art. Simplify benevolence, simplify active compassion, simplify overcoming to elevate a simple blessing into an art.

Here I stand: once I was called a titan, my subjective life objectified within a certain harbinger of the tradition of the Gods I profess. To society, I am merely a member of the precariat — quoting Seneca: *„No one knows whether he was truly born."* Hold the reins and gallop through this misery until you reach the streets, sweeping away the dust of your earthly books, casting upon passersby a glance laden

with a grave understanding that they never perceive, let alone comprehend. Their shallow nature permits no gaze beyond the tip of their own nose; they never claimed to possess profound lives that demand an intuitive understanding of another's destiny. What else remains? The invincible life, mastered despite everything, as we gaze with longing to depart from this bloody battle of the corporeal shell into the next world — the afterlife — as our memories of this life fade into oblivion.

Who shall be there to pen our vain biographies? Archivists? It fails to arouse even our own interest, least of all the interest of others — and ultimately, to what end? Another drop of blood spilled into the Grail when life was denied to us, as we bear our crowns deliberate and contemplative. An Emperor exposed to the crowd, reduced to the status of the crowd, shall be torn to shreds by hands screaming: „You are just like us, you are no better than us, you are worse than us, why you?" — whereas a vile idiot exposed to the crowd, invested with the status of an emperor, shall be venerated like a god. It is a matter of perception, of vantage point, and of the responsibility of the beholder.

The consolation lies in this: certain embodied values remain recognized by the gods; certain wars fought invisibly are known to the Goddesses. Therefore, let us maintain silence regarding the greater part of our tales, and from the wealth of experience, share only that which is essential with a silent audience that has long since departed the theater — while we remain standing upon the stage, conversing with shadows, our skull resting gently in our palm.

Azrael's Charade — What Is Infinity?

What is infinity? Azrael, the Saturnian messenger of death, possessed a drunkard and posed this question to me once in Vilnius. He did not believe in some strange God, nor did I. If they ask you: „Does God exist?" Answer: *no* — that is the honest answer. If they ask you: „Does the Divine exist?" Answer: *yes*, but never in the manner you imagine.

I once offered him a perfect response — much later — yet subsequently forgot what answer I had given. That answer of mine belongs to him now, a gift born of my oblivion.

Yet for a mortal, infinity is many things. It is idealized impermanence; it is that which has been made eternal — his vision and his yearning. It is that which he loved to love, which has now departed and pervaded the dream of memory. It is everything that endures beyond his lifespan, as he realizes upon his deathbed. It is the time beyond beginning and end, which he cannot reach.

It is rapture encased within a flash of understanding. It is the universe contracted into a magnificent ritual that may endure for a single second. It is the intelligible, continuous Hecatic soul of the world, whose song persists. It is the depth of the abyss that knows neither time, nor events, nor form. It is the perfect void consumed by its own presence in affirmation. It is the shift of perception from the concrete to the colossal. It is the candid radiance of pure forces intruding into the life of a mortal, whereby he participates in great cosmic, ontological forces surpassing all he can know or comprehend.

It is both continuous change and perfect stillness — immobility in the very whirlpool of transformation.

Thanaturgy, Thanatarchy

I was returning home after visiting an acquaintance. Ordinarily, I transfer twice along the route. I listen to drunkards and quiet souls alike, contemplating the contents of their minds and feeling; I enact the masquerade of anonymity — the hidden lives of some are shallow and young, while over others, shadows hover sepulchrally, though such individuals are exceedingly rare. Beer bottles slide across the floor of the bus, leaving a splashed trail behind. Usually, I listen to music, attempt to meditate, or engage in resonant rituals, communicating with allied forces. Young women seek love, young men seek sex — or vice versa. I have much to ponder. I feel like an old master, though I am barely thirty-one years of age. For a moment, I freeze in accordance with my nature — paternal, Saturnian — stepping beyond time, beyond the rivers of Rhea. Perhaps it is self-consciously self-imposed, a condescending rigidity, yet devoid of the slightest rigor — at times natural, invoked when necessary. A form of compensation, so as to feel nothing, devoid of Venusian functions; at times, I despise women.

This is nothing new. Heracles experienced the like: the Heraclean Mysteries admitted only old men to initiation — in Plutarch's *Moralia*, I read that a certain youth was granted this honor, but Aphrodite entangled his senses for a woman, and in shame he was forced to withdraw from the honors of the Heracleia. The threads of causality are resolved by the effects of our actions. I take the effects of my deeds upon the path, striving to weave them together as

a solitary mortal — a god joining the retinue of the Elder Deities, joining the wild, beautiful hunt in Apuleian metamorphoses. Ishtar favored us; in a photograph, from perhaps our first meeting, her physiognomy stamped itself. She resembled her son and lover — a female incarnation of Tammuz. In Akkad, she was known as a huntress of men, inducing misogyny within them; I feel at least partially vindicated.

Another part of me desires to polish Archontic works in balance, not in servitude — though who knows what fates are written for ordinary men, what for magicians, and what for astrologers; and who knows what awaits those who liberate themselves from their sway? Yet that is not the subject of this story now. Ethos demands compassion — the force of balance and justice within a universe where a fall necessitates a calling. These are forces that reveal themselves solely through compassion: active deed, Bodhisattvically engaged in its act. Compassion in place of calculation, cruelty, and apodictic rage — where nature has been wounded, they overcome.

I arrived at Warsaw Central Station and purchased coffee from a vending machine. I rolled a cigarette, then stood twenty meters away from the designated smoking area. At the latter, people usually beg for cigarettes and money. I have stood there often, engaging in brief, fragmentary conversations with former convicts, thieves, the homeless, travelers, and at times adolescent prostitutes. Suddenly, amidst all these people consumed by their subjective cocoons of existence, my attention was arrested by a homeless man sitting on a bench near the bus stop — no one else noticed him. I asked in my mind, through the tumult of other voices: *„Should I call an ambulance, should I intervene?"* — „Once, I did so without second thought," I added to myself. *„Now watch,"* I heard a dark, powerful voice say. There was only myself and this homeless man; occasionally people passed by, severing my line of sight and concentration. People some-

times laughed, sometimes stared at me; they were as invisible to me as that homeless man, yet I recorded in my head every movement, every thought, the minutest detail.

I felt a potent, black wind envelop me in heavy, dark wings. I thought: *Azrael, old friend.* We concentrated together; he guided my gaze toward the „Złote Tarasy" shopping center — its glass pane illuminated by green neon light. I thought alongside him: „*This cannot be this man's fate; it is unjust.*" People began to gather slowly around the homeless man, checking whether he was alive; some departed swiftly, terrified that it was indeed so. The N72 night bus arrived; passing beside the man and the crowd, I stepped past him. A swift gesture over his face, a closing of the eyes — two obols for Charon. Passages. I sat down in the night bus. I felt the soul of this man: twisted by filth, repulsive with poverty. I commended him to the lunar souls — an invocation, a prayer, an appeal to the lunar messengers: „*Guide him through.*" I interrogated his soul. Again, the heavy, dark voice within my head: „*If you do not want your life, he shall dwell in your body.*" I pondered what manner of life he had lived before, long before. After some time, his soul evaporated. The bus pulled away. I gazed at the corpse of the homeless man — his bloodied leg wrapped in rags and bandages, festering. It appeared to me that his leg moved. Was he perhaps alive after all? Had his soul reanimated the flesh? I did not feel deceived. I had executed what was my task. The dark-winged friend of Thanatos — I kissed him in my imagination; a simple gesture.

Tango of Memory

Godot, in his late ninety-second year of life, sat in a wheelchair within a nursing home. Nurses occasionally strolled past, exchanging a few words in a rigid manner. His finger twitched — a nervous tic. „*Why did it move?*" he asked softly, an unvocalized thought that vanished before reaching his consciousness.

Somewhere above his head, a wild storm of memory erupted. Scenes moved backward, yet never captured his attention for even a moment. One blurred recollection paused briefly.

A scene, a flash — it was sixty-eight years ago. She was running after him, laughing and shouting: „*Stop, you idiot, I love you!*" He embraced her, rejoicing — solace for his weary, worn mind, which was destined to grow heavy sixty-eight years later. Another scene: unspoken matters, suspense when they parted. His finger twitched lightly again. A nervous tic. He smiled faintly, as much as his trained courtesy permitted. Of courtesy, only silent habits remained — the mimicry of muscles. A sort of remedy to avoid feeling pain, overcoming suffering through rigidity, politeness, and a forced smile. He felt little now, staring at a spot upon the wall that continuously slipped from his view. Again, the scenes were frozen; he felt as though he possessed no body, only a useless corpse to which his fading mind remained chained. If the void were well-defined, yet passive, mortified — it would be precisely this. In the corner of his eye, he caught sight of a human shadow. He gazed at it for a moment. The shadow whispered: „*This, that, this, that, tick-tock-tick.*"

He did not reply; he smiled vacantly, forgot the shadow, forgot the answer, muttering something that once might have sounded like: „*I never feared anything, I was never here, moments like these are eternity.*" The only sound the passing nurse overheard was a drawn-out „*Mmm…*"; a subsequent convulsive nod reinforced her conviction that

dementia had long since claimed its toll. For a brief moment he envisioned one final thing: future events upon the Earth, catastrophes. A Saturnian age, an age of seers and diviners; when death draws near, everything is seen with absolute clarity, yet it is already superfluous. These revelations, however, failed to capture his attention; he watched, as if hypnotized, without reaction, looking into vacant scenes. Of greater import was his desire to use the lavatory. He could not call the nurse, so he soiled his diaper. She would come later. He could not know this, nor be aware of it, but she cleaned up after him, changing his diapers time and again.

Another whisper attempted to stir his comprehension: „*Once you roared like a lion, a king with the tongue of a proud viper; now you fade out. You could have died young.*" He did not comprehend it; he simply blinked wearily — another nervous tic. „*The last thing you utter after death shall be a cold, exhausted breath,*" the shadow tried to make an impression upon him. „*You are useless, you always were; you do not even understand what I say to you now,*" declared the shadow.

Godot, from behind his tarnished, cataract-clouded eyes, answered in a voice that was not his own: „*Those like you stripped everything from me; I never needed it. Thank you for liberating me from those things that were devoid of value. The Gods have constructed a stellar home for me. I am free now. With her.*" The shadow swelled into a tremendous fury, darkening the entire room of the nursing home, whispering: „*Yet you were meant to be with us, a vampiric spectre — you cannot, you simply cannot!*" But it was whispering to a dead body, to the remnants of Godot.

Lessons of Unsatiated Intellects: Science, Art? The Comprehensive Application of Advanced Heuristics in Magic

Eureka! What is a heuristic? In common parlance, it is a practical rule — a „rule of thumb." In other words, it is a method for arriving at an optimal solution that is not perfect. It is not definitive, yet it approximates many things. When we engage with the magical arts, we employ a hypothetical-inductive-deductive method. This means that we posit a hypothesis: something may take effect if I visualize it or subtly materialize it within thought. Take, for instance, a small pyramid. We design it.

We pretend to see it — whether we truly do so is irrelevant; I employ the imagination to impart energy unto it: the psionic energy of the mind. If I see or sense the form of this small pyramid through magnetoreceptivity, it signifies that an effect emerges. My hypothesis yields — one might say — a far-reaching induction: if I execute that which I have just performed, I shall achieve a certain result. It is an unverifiable, unfalsifiable hypothesis. In other words, it remains purely subjective until I observe the effects in objective reality, or subjectively experience the experiment.

One might designate this a self-propelling belief system or a self-fulfilling prophecy. Yet with sufficient experience, you learn to dis-

cern that which is real from that which is not. Amassing numerous such inductive phenomena and formulating hypotheses, upon obtaining a robust, overarching view of the dynamic laws and operational principles of magic, you may deduce from this image specific details that may or may not function.

I wish to emphasize that the described test is restricted to crude, vulgar operations, not to High Magic, which is the subtle art of learned magic. One cannot test the exact effects nor employ the scientific method to replicate them, for no such possibility exists. If I wish to utilize a simple test, I might state that I am magnetoreceptive, having placed my hands upon an electro-conductive plate — as I once did at the Copernicus Institute in Warsaw — to ascertain whether I could direct this energy from my left hand to my right. A measuring system was present that registered microvolts: when I shifted the energy to the right, it indicated several microvolts to the right; when to the left — several microvolts to the left. That was verified. I demonstrated this once to my former girlfriend.

Crude (vulgar) magic and High Magic differ vastly. You may say that I construct castles upon slender clouds, imagined castles — now I may fantasize. However, when it comes to the higher art of magic, it is essential to construct a solid system of *theoria* — *praxis* — interpretation of the act. At times, effects manifest after months, after years; at times you never experience them, and yet in some manner they operate — synchronicity, acausal relationships, and the like. Hence, I resolved to approach magic in a modular fashion. You fashion a tool, which serves as a module. Visualization is a module. Invocation is a module. Evocation is a module. A performative act or ritual dance is a module. And there exists a distinction between a mere act and a magical act. An act is something you perform — an ordinary action. A magical act is a shift of the hieroglyph of perception that endows it with magical properties. You sanctify it, akin to sacra-

ments — in ancient Greek, it pertained to something set upon the intellect. The mysteries into which you are initiated are sacraments — seals placed upon your mind, soul, spirit, and heart. Thus, the modular approach to magic.

Once you build a library of these modules, you can apply object-oriented programming during magical operations. This is not rigorous, for even learned magic as a science remains an art and virtuosity — it cannot be entirely reduced to science, as it relies upon complex adaptive systems, chaotic systems, and so forth. And yet it functions, provided you learn to delimit your operations through tools, settings, the *genius loci* of a place, various entities or dimensions — whatever environment you choose for the work. For example, Hermetic alchemy, goetia, or theurgy are forms of delimiting magical technology.

I once encountered a very fine academic paper regarding heuristics in the *I Ching* (*Book of Changes*), and within one of the sacred texts associated with that work — written in the seventeenth century by a Chinese scholar whose name eludes me — there was a statement that the act of divination is an attempt to isolate a pattern from among many patterns: a certain detail that may indicate, through wisdom and intuition, optimal solutions describing the current state of affairs. That is how I wished to frame it. Inspired by this, I began to study heuristics — hence „*Eureka!*" — and I would like to explain how heuristics may be applied to magic.

We can utilize certain concepts from metaheuristics: how to design a system that defines heuristics or configurations for optimal solutions. Here we have the concept of *control flow* — the sequence in which various components of the metaheuristic are employed — and the optimal levels of diverse metaheuristic parameters. The act is a heuristic model. That which stands behind the act is the metaheuristic — the grammar, structure, or operator underlying the act.

By manipulating the levels of metaheuristics, you begin to think abstractly, which enables the operation of multiple tools within the modular system of magic I mentioned earlier.

The control flow provides you with components and parameters in a specific sequence and form. How you execute magical operations within the mind — hierarchically, sequentially, linearly, continuously, intermittently, and so forth — and how it flows through the process, how it is structured, is all paramount. In magic, the hybrid model of metaheuristics is adaptive: it contains a mechanism for modifying its configuration during execution. Magic is an act, a process — hence, during execution, you also configure it: you decide upon parameterization and control flow. It is an act continuously occurring within ceremony, ritual, or life.

Another matter: a multilevel metaheuristic algorithm is one whose configuration is altered by another metaheuristic. For instance, if you operate upon the metaheuristic levels of magical tools, another coordinate system — another metaheuristic, such as a demon from another dimension — may enter with its own heuristics. This induces a form of perturbation within your operation. That is precisely what renders magic fascinating. As I mentioned, it is an art; it is a hybrid metaheuristic combining several frameworks I have already named. Hence, parameterization.

If you alter one condition, one parameter within your metaheuristic and heuristic model of magical action, there is no possibility that it will not affect the remaining elements. It is an exceedingly complex system, and depending upon how skillfully you can maneuver parameters, you obtain effects that function and prove effective — or fail to function. In crude, vulgar low magic, you may obtain visible effects: if I visualize a servitor and charge it with *khaibit* (umbric) energy, I may behold a flying bat — it is an empty servitor, given no instructions to act within the ethers, a „dummy" — and now I erase it.

Another crucial parameter is the tuning of parameters adaptively „on the fly" — that is, *online*. This is a captivating concept from metaheuristics, such as GRASP — *Greedy Randomized Adaptive Search Procedure*. In other words, if you set something in motion (such as a servitor), with every iteration of the operation, it selects the finest element from a set of potential solutions, provided it is programmed to gather such solutions. It is somewhat like a programmed virus that spreads and attempts to optimize itself within the ethers as well, perhaps optimized by external forces from the other side.

Like all magic, if you commence from a flawed premise, employ the wrong tool, or make an erroneous decision at an early stage of the constructive procedure, it may lead to poor solutions at the conclusion, or — at best — to empty results; your magic will fail to work. Another consideration: hyper-heuristics — a heuristic selecting heuristics. Which metaheuristic model will our metaheuristic choose in order to operate? This is profoundly abstract, and I fear our mind is incapable of processing it at such a level. Though I may be mistaken — during deep meditation, work with the void, *śamatha*, such metaheuristics occur spontaneously, as though naturally, compatible and complementary to the work itself. Things transpire because meta-hyper-heuristics are at play.

Have I attempted to explain too much? I think not. I wished to introduce those engaged in magical matters to a more complex scenario, attempting to grasp how magic operates. I realize that for some, it is intuitive, and their magic works simply because it works. I resolved to comprehend *how* magic functions, arriving at conclusions that allowed me to continue my inquiries and define my method of operation with precision and focus. It is far better to have an effect operating with laser-like concentration than a dispersed capability that is highly ineffective and turbulent.

The Law of Masquerade: The Chameleon's Politics. Ethos, Experience, and Adaptability

I have traveled to thirty-nine countries across four different continents. I have encountered individuals of diverse status, origin, wealth, and power. I have had the occasion to meet with the homeless, with beggars, with underage prostitutes who plagued me at the Warsaw night station, with corpses in the Mongolian black-market district of Ulaanbaatar; and I have witnessed many a death in physical form — recalling the first murder I beheld at the age of nine: a mafia settlement and a shot carcass upon Stara Praga. This is not a tale of how to survive this life; it concerns the chameleonic capacity for adaptation. What is a chameleon? It adapts to circumstances, alters its hues, yet preserves itself. It retains its nature, its spine being an ethos. Nevertheless, it knows how to draw loose threads from its narrative, its dialogues, its mind, information, data, and knowledge in order to survey its surroundings and tailor them to a given person.

It resembles, in a sense, corporate know-how. You extract merely that fragment of information that is essential for a specific person at a specific moment and under specific circumstances. In other words, I maintain a distinct relationship with my family, with my friends, with my magical companions, with my more suited — shall we say — masters and mistresses, and so forth. I possess a distinct capacity for conversing with the homeless; I possess a distinct capacity for con-

versing with the wealthy, the influential, and so on — having encountered a multitude of situations in which to present myself in the worst and finest light: the monster, and the man of complete refinement.

Thus, there exists such a thing as *savoir-vivre*, the refinement you possess, the charisma you hold — adapting when you converse with a skinhead or a chav. You do not speak sweetly like Odysseus from a rhetorical standpoint; you must be hard — true — you must be vulgar, and you must dominate or at least prove tough enough to offer a few words so that such a person takes you for one of their own. If you converse with a professor, you may unleash your capacity for erudite speech and enchant that person. When you converse with the woman of your life, or with a woman you seek to attract, you do not babble; you reveal your true side, your sincere side, striving to let „words follow knowledge."

Thus, you are either an honest and charming presence for that person, respecting them, or you are simply not interested in them at all. Hence, you always adopt the perspective of the other. You examine what they know, what occupies them, what their personality is, what character they possess. And by dwelling among diverse people of varied status and wealth — whether from the lower strata of society or the highest circles — you learn life; you come to know humanity. And why is this chameleonic capacity for adaptation so vital in the magical trade? Because if you possess rich experience surpassing the anomalies of the ordinary mortal, you do not speak of it left and right, lest you be relegated to psychiatry or deemed a delusional person, a lunatic.

And what of madness? When you are truly mad, you are unaware of it. At times you may simulate madness to protect yourself; at times you are mad, yet must assume that rigorous mask, a poker face, so that this madness does not erupt into the open; and at times, when

you are entirely sound of mind, you must assume the mask of a madman to shield yourself from various situations. Thus, it is not merely a matter of the gift of gab, but of gestures, posture, and all else.

Why is it essential not to be dishonest, deceitful, or false? Am I to be impressionable or opportunistic like some manner of speculative scum? No: the core must ever remain the spine of a code with a defined ethos. That is your ethos. Everything revolves around it while you adopt this chameleonic policy. Thus, before fools, do not parade your wisdom, for they will grow envious and likely seek your ruin. You must play the fool; you must feign that folly. Though you know that you possess knowledge and command certain capabilities, wisdom, and insight into the person with whom you seek to exchange favors, you do not flatter them; rather, you strive to look from their vantage point and discern what wisdom, what honest counsel you might offer them.

It is a reality that only the hardest, the strongest, the most cunning, and the most honest survive all adversity. Therefore, among thieves, you cannot be an honest man: you must think like a thief and be as cunning as a fox to outwit them and avoid being robbed or burglarized. Very well. As for a murderer — I once met a murderer, a hitman from Belarus who happened to be a skinhead: you do not act pugnacious, for you will be murdered, nor do you act lenient or submissive, for that likewise renders you an object of derision to that particular individual, and as a result of displayed weakness, you may be beaten, if not slain. You must maintain a certain resilience — a resilience and the skill to speak in the manner most accessible and agreeable to that vulgar beast.

Likewise, when I speak candidly here in these brief discourses, I sometimes ask myself: who am I, who am I? Well, I strive to be as sincere as possible, presenting the most fitting, adequate nature I can offer from among the twenty natures I possess. This is no multiple

personality disorder. At times I am a medium, and entities, souls, demons, and the like incarnate within my body, within my mind, to convey certain information, and then my nature transforms. That is my nature. That is the frame I currently employ. And these frames may be variable, and so forth. Thus, „*Gnothi Seauton*" pertains to knowing your deepest nature, your deepest purpose. What are you truly? What aligns with you? What do you favor within yourself? What is most sincere in your *daemon*, with your Socratic Genius or Diotymic Juno in the case of women in the ancient parable? And everything that contradicts your nature, everything that inflicts suffering or causes this contrast, must be cast aside. It shapes you, yet it ought to be rejected. It aids you in knowing who you truly are — what your inner being is, of what you are truly made.

In magic, there exists a law of attraction stating that you attract that which you are. At times, you attract that which you are not through the law of opposition: *enantiodromia*. Too much light invites darkness, and so forth; thus, remain conscious of this. And what is the key to adapting this chameleonic capacity? It is simply the awareness that people dwell upon being recognized by others rather than looking beyond the tip of their own nose, for that is a petty thing. You think on a grand scale, deducing into particular matters following proper situational judgment.

This means that you encompass every possible person and strive to observe them, to know them, to comprehend them. And you do this over many years, many, many years — for decades. And then you arrive at a point where you can play this game, reserving the finest parts for your truly close ones and for yourself. Why? Because it aids your survival. It helps you endure. What is more, it assists you in winning others to your side.

The Twilight of Heroic Human Dignity

We dwell in a world wherein even the greatest and most noble minds are lost in translation. How are we to move the hearts, souls, and minds of men — to elevate them toward that which is noble and magnificent — when so many remain imprisoned in a barren land of ashes, confined to the narrow bounds of what they know, feeling no thirst for liberation through pure ideas, accustomed to the lowlands and mistaking their own blindness for the totality of reality?

Even when we are heard, seen, and felt, we are seldom understood. Our deeds, motives, and actions are translated exclusively within the narrow boundaries of what the modern mind is capable of conceiving — nothing beyond its habits, knowledge, experience, or aspirations. This is entirely natural. A fool will ever mistake a master for an idiot. And a fool ought not to be condemned, but taught with patience — like water carving stone — only after one has first discerned his vantage point.

And yet, why squander time upon legions of fools who desire to remain as they are? Herein is born the heroic Socratic tragedy: the duty to speak, to transmit, to interpret, to explain. But today, men no longer deny the truth — they simply do not comprehend it. They are incapable of perceiving their own ignorance, let alone liberating themselves from its grasp. Thus an antagonism arises: the man of goodwill is perceived as an enemy, for he disrupts the play of fools. The fool hates him, and the masters of fools hate him all the more,

fearing lest their slaves revolt and unmask them as mediocrities. Consequently, the noble spirit becomes hated everywhere.

Why then labor at all? Why not seek refuge among the gods and goddesses who recognize and uplift us? Because we must. Because there is sorrow and lamentation in the rhapsody of Ossian, there is yearning and grief in the Orphic hymns, there is power in the words of Nolano: those who love this world too intensely offer themselves as sacrifices upon the altars of history, of the gods, and of the earth — and the world curses them most bitterly of all.

With the passage of time, they descend toward lesser fates — once burned at the stake, today annihilated by the silent mockery of envy. We no longer rend the garments of our hearts like the sages of Egypt; instead, we grow heavy, venomous, embittered. And yet never, even in the face of the direst calamities, do we renounce our longing for the divine stars, wherein we have immortalized our loves, our visions, our names, and our lives.

Bearing aloft the Olympian torches of Hecate, with resignation upon our brows, we burn with the desire for purification — not out of hatred for the world, but from the impossible alchemical culmination of greatness. Meanwhile, the world marches on, indifferent to our endeavors to restore that which was lost long ago. And we curse our knowledge and our perception, finding solace solely in the rupture between total affirmation and absolute despair.

Like tightrope walkers, we leave behind everything we love, for love itself demands that we do not fall. We must reach the summit of the mountain.

Political Magic: From the Shadows of Cognoscendi to the Charge of the Vanguard Exposed to Blows: On Deed, Motive, Will, and Vision

Between myself and the Gods: I have been struck too many times by political-religious adversaries in this hidden war to deny my capacity to disarm — or at least to harm the *Nouvelle Droite* through speech, rituals, and actions beyond the public political sphere, without, however, entering direct politics. I held my own political, social, ideological, and religious vision — one that was responsible and libertarian. Opposing me were the populist-right religious, nationalistic visages employed across the ethers, who turned me into a nervous punching bag for years.

It was an individual resistance, but also the ritual implementation of my own vision consistently over many years. Narratives by which I had lived for years only now began to dawn upon the public consciousness, while the heroes of yesterday are easily forgotten in the mire and their own failures brought about by their opposition. Once, while walking at night through the Saxon Garden in Warsaw, I asked my Muses which fate would fall to my lot; I was led before the statue of „Posthumous Glory." Thus, I no longer trou-

ble myself with mortal affairs; I shall depart into oblivion, and so long as the work is accomplished, I am content. Despite many appropriating our achievements while turning us into the very inverse of our aspirations, the world is teeming with whores and thieves who all too readily claim the labor of others, shining with borrowed radiance, destroying the authors, sweeping them under the rug lest their own verminous nature be exposed. As a result, whores are venerated, while those engaged in psionic, political warfare over minds, hearts, and souls are cast onto the pavement with a spit.

Walking with a vision — what is a deed, a motive, an instinct, a refined, subtle desire? That is the starting point.

What is the vehicle for the journey of these desires, this will, and so forth? It is the Will. Whither does it lead? To teleology, the pursuit of a vision. Every person, and especially in Magic, requires a vision, requires a goal. If you commence any undertaking — be it engineering, construction, science, the acquisition of a skill — you require a goal, you require a vision. You may hold several goals, but to move effectively toward something, you must behold it.

The same holds true for magic — whether political Magic, or shifting Magic from the rear to the front, from the underground to the fore, to the surface — aligning your soul, heart, and mind toward specific goals, altering yourself in the direction of certain ends.

You must know what you are striving to attain. At times it emerges during the process, yet you must participate in that process. To follow a vision, you must acquire the methods, the tools, and so forth.

For instance, if you are a political magician seeking to influence hearts, souls, and minds, you must possess adequate discernment and political insight — whether the science of politics, social intuition, or the capacity to comprehend societies and detect patterns.

I would add that there is no mortal capable of properly assessing this situation, of predicting certain events — whether a fox with many models or a hedgehog with a single grand narrative and model of reality. Therefore, we require a team of negotiators.

A political magician, for example, is merely a negotiator. He broadcasts ideas into the ethers that may be seized upon by more competent forces, which may implement them or not, conveying inspiration through the minds, hearts, and souls of men.

Herein lies a fundamental distinction between a despot who seeks to impose his own vision upon others — a tyrant — and a leader who desires to inspire people rhetorically, demonstrating that he fights for a just cause so that together they may bring that vision into reality.

The paramount element here is direction — his or hers — along with your spine, your set of rules, your code, your ethos. The question remains: how to render invisible forces visible, how to inspire them to convey certain things through the social fabric, and how to prevent evil forces from exploiting this and destroying society for their own ends.

It is a matter of trust, honesty, and resourcefulness. Honesty in generating ideas that, during ceremonies and rituals, are transmitted toward the spiritual realms and subsequently disseminated across the globe.

A friend of an acquaintance of mine, a *maestra*, beheld a vision of a network of ideas — a noosphere surrounding the Earth, containing the minds, hearts, and souls of people worldwide. Such is the perception of the gods and goddesses: they possess omniscience, an instantaneous insight into all these endeavors.

One might inquire: if they hold access to all these ideas, why do they not intervene to render everything better? Why do they not mend things? Because the laws of men are different; the laws of gods

and goddesses are different, and the Earth is a highly communicative swamp — replete with informational noise.

Consider the mathematical theory of communication by Shannon and Weaver: we possess no perfect transmission from A to B. There exist numerous oscillations, numerous transmission points from alpha to omega that differ vastly in opinions, preferences, and modes of operation.

Until they reach point B — the person rhetorically influenced or inspired — much practice, patience, and effective labor are required.

There exist two distinctions between „raw" political magic and effective, inspiring magic operating upon the vastest scale of humanity's egregore.

An egregore signifies a collective consciousness — for instance, collective gratitude. If in mid-2015 I attempted to psionically attack the small demon that had taken possession of Trump — his innate controller directing body and mind — I was attacked by three shape-shifting shadows, and my body was tossed about like a wild whore in a Bacchic frenzy. From 2014 to 2022, I calculated statistically roughly 150,000 blows from the „other side"; I could have been a professional boxer with such resilience, yet it sufficed that I earned the moniker „Jagdpanzer" or „Cyborg" in 2016. Now I have my *otium*; I am exhausted; I hold no chance of political, social, or religious influence. It flatters me that I was worn down for eighteen years ever since I heard in 2007: *„No imperial power for you, disobedient pig!"* For eighteen years, they had to ensure I would no longer pose a threat to the status quo; for eighteen years, I fought.

I possessed one piece of information: my attack was effective. Second: it was halted. Third: punishment befell me. That was raw, direct political action. Effective? One must repeat, concentrate all power and psionics, and hammer away, labor, and reform until results are achieved!

How does one assess the efficacy of greater ideas that you attempt to disseminate within society? If certain segments of genuine thought begin to appear in various parts of society, even niche ones, it signifies that either a causal relationship exists between you as a general of ideas and those ideas, or they arose independently.

One might also assume that people independently arrived at the same ideas and are effectively realizing them. How to distinguish between the two? The central question of magic remains: to act despite everything, to render homage to the starry heavens, and to catalyze one's will — being a catalyst of their will — in such a manner that all remains balanced.

This does not mean the outcome will be certain, for the world is exceedingly complex — it is a complex adaptive system intertwined with chaotic systems. Many things may go awry, many well, but generally, it is chaos.

Hermeticizing this somewhat, you move in an organized fashion. You are neither a defeatist nor an overzealous optimist, neither a embittered pessimist nor an exaggerated enthusiast. You navigate within *realpolitik*, assessing, comprehending, and discerning the situation.

We may at times be inclined toward pessimistic or enthusiastic ideas, yet we strive to maintain our position and press forward — with the gods, with men who are for the most part oblivious to it all. But those who are engaged are agents of the current stream, for this is a battle for the Earth, whether we will it or not.

Everything that transpires now shall be a projection upon future generations. Everything occurring in the present defines and orchestrates the future of this world. To what end all this? So as not to remain powerless. The power of the powerless need not be political, though political it ought to be! The power of the powerless concerns total war on all fronts: intellectual, magical, psionic, scribal, narra-

tive, performative. And that is a war from which I have signed off, having fulfilled my duties.

Nocturnal Poetry and Narratives — On Ritualism

What are the principal elements of a ritual? Is it the intellect? Scientific matters? Reading? No — that is knowledge, *episteme*, the operational memory of the craft, which may be applied within a ritual or degraded into scientific affairs. Is it the feeling experienced between lovers in their youth? That is a form of syntony, yet it is still not ritual. Do I speak in vain, as I do now? Is it speaking to some spirit that commands you — is it not so? Is it the perception of the hieroglyph *Sia* — that you shift your mode of vision into a magical world? Perhaps that is the foundational perception; everything is the magical potential you possess. Is it not true that some attain the effect of their magic, while others do not? Even if they strive earnestly, they possess no magical potential; their words are squandered, carried off into the desert, as was written in the *I Ching*: the word of the wise man is revered within a radius of ten thousand miles; the word of the fool, or the furious, foolish word, is severed at the tip of the tongue before it reaches anyone else.

Remember that the frame of a ritual is, above all, the primary imagination of a child. If you are capable of imagining the impossible, that is the first step. Maturity demands Hermetic definitions, so you take vast quantities of knowledge from that broad imagination and apply them to the works of effects; you apply it to coordinates, to orders of reference regarding things you know and things you do not know. If I resolve now to create a vortex of energy and launch

several modules written in the Akkadian tongue, a blessing inscribed in cuneiform upon gold will be visible on the other side. Will they be able to read it? Perhaps the gods can; perhaps the ancient spirits of the Akkadians. Is it proper to Akkadian, Sumerian, Assyrian, Neo-Babylonian? Not at all, yet somehow I can create an entire wall covered in these symbols and intuitively comprehend its meaning, without knowing that this is the path to sanctity. That which is profane is touched by a mortal, understood by a mortal; the *sacrum* is never grasped, never understood — it remains suspended between knowledge and complete *nescientia*.

Now, if I behold a winged maiden there in gold and silver, I may assume she could be a local angel, or an intelligence sent unto me to conjure this texture that shall serve as your inspiration. Shall I choose to extend my spiritual arm to touch her cheek with great, profound tenderness, or do I prefer to hurl this demon through the window in its black, *khaibitic* form? Now, all of this is vulgarity. Today there are so many traditions and methods of magic. What lies beyond the horizon? It is Jupiter — Jupiter Optimus Maximus, the grand nature of the planetary spheres, divided further into octaves: Zeus Meilichios, Thracian Zeus Sabazios. As I attempt to comprehend the geometry of theology, the arithmetic of this sphere, I know that millions of spirits (intelligences) inhabit it in various hierarchies, a-hierarchical, belonging to many worlds. Jupiter is a vast gas giant, a physical objective taught to us by astronomy; yet from the vantage point of divinity, it is a world filled with glory, royal attributes, queenly attributes — and then arrived the intelligence of Jupiter. Were this lord, this spirit of Jupiter, to incarnate within me — were I to perform an invocation — would my character grow nobler and more royal? Possessing more refined traits, lofty, subtle, ready to command with charisma? Perhaps!

There is a saying: once, demons were summoned; now, they arrive of their own accord, and the era of humanity's blindness forces a situation wherein the divine, continuous act operates regardless of whether men turn their faces from it or engage in intentional laws, priesthood, ceremonies, and the like. What is the limit of magic? It is like asking: what is the limit of nature in all its living forms? What is the limit of the „other side"? It refers to the „other side" — it is the boundary of the nature of metaphysics that delimits it. The imagination may be infinite, yet there are things that function and those that do not. And by examining this and constructing Hermeticism, incorporating this metaphysics of *arete*, the metaphysics of the rose down to the human level — by incorporating this, you become a magician. Likewise in the individuality that you direct toward the deities, you direct yourself toward nature — oh, hail, *genius loci* of this place. I currently reside in Lublin, a city in eastern Poland. On the other side dwell many inhabitants whom I respect deeply, for I am a guest here; and yet the magical function — protective, apotropaic, active, commanding, possessing mediation, compelling obedience, mystically receptive, allowing passage through oneself, transforming, transmuting, straightening, spiritualizing — it is difficult to capture in words without practice. Every space of the magician is his temple, her temple, no matter where you are — in the fields, upon the steppes, in deserts, or in this small studio apartment.

Ponder what you shall conjure within your sacred space. Your sacred temple is one thing; being a sacred temple is quite another. The temple of those spirits, the temple of your soul, of your own *Daimon*, of your own heart — and yet, beware. As soon as you realize that you are a *Daimon* and mend this within the temple yourself, you may lose yourself in inflation, declaring: „I am a god, there are no other Gods" — which is pure nonsense. There exist deities of vast magnitude, of profound power, and as long as you recognize this unity with

them, you do not sever yourself, and you lead a truly heroic life, entering the divine stream. Whether you fall degenerated into rot, you remain within the divine stream. Gods and goddesses surround you, for you are one of them as a lesser deity, and in that form you practice magic — to what end? To coordinate and catalyze, to deify oneself anew, to spiritualize oneself, to return home upon departing from the post of the dream „live the only reality," as Austin Osman Spare once wrote. Which signifies that it is a more stable frame of reference within the body, within the Dionysian tomb, than any you might obtain. When you die, it is like a dream more dense, fluid, yet you drift away from your mortal simian mind, from your mortal emotions, feelings, and instincts; and how you train and discipline yourself, in what manner you refine yourself, shall yield the result of what you become in the afterlife. You shall follow that which you love; if you love attachments, you shall pass into attachments.

There is a tale of an elderly lady who loved gardening, who saw nothing beyond flowers and gardens — she cherished it. Upon her death, she became a nature spirit, a Sylph who tended to gardens in the afterlife, for that was what she loved most. You follow that which you hate, you follow that which you love, you follow that which you are. Touched by and detaching from all of this, you are a traveler unto many worlds. As soon as you realize that you belong to no single reality, you travel to many of them. As soon as it fails to absorb you as the sole reality — and only then — if you end up in hell, well then, make it your home; but so long as you remember that you are separate from it, you may travel to hells and heavens as you wish. You have been there, done that; you traveled here, traveled there, traveled through infinite stars; now in the body — in this body, a spirit incarnated into a newborn kind of humanity, of mortals.

Oh yes, and yet I resolved not to squander it and to tread my own paths — the alchemical labor of alchemical paths. And from

such a heroic perspective, this life — whether downcast as a beggar, a tormented soul, or a great emperor — all lies within the wheel of fortune. But how you approach it: you may be a mighty emperor-beggar, or an emperor who is a wretched wretch. Simple as that. And in this discourse, I merely wished to express my wholesome satisfaction and gratitude toward the divine and the infernal for fulfilling my life and rounding it into a form of completeness.

In Buddhism and Hindu traditions, skulls symbolize vanquished illusions that at times attempt to speak once more, attempting to draw you back to your damaged senses — and that signifies you have not completed it perfectly, that you are not perfectly detached. And detachment is not indifference. You can act and engage, yet you are separate. You can feel that you may commit yourself, yet you are detached. You can wage your battles, assemble your armies, yet you are detached. You can laugh, you can hate, you can create grand things or petty things full of hatred, yet you are detached, and it does not grip you; you do not allow yourself to be captured.

For so long as you are not captured, you are free. And that which men love most in their primal state as civilized human beings is that which is beautiful, that which is just, and that which is free. Now, I could transition to the concepts of beauty, freedom, and justice, but these are highly complex phenomena and definitions; yet they are also partisan forces. There is the force of beauty, the power of justice, and the force of freedom. Do not explain this to a slave — they will not comprehend it. They yearn for it, yet find substitutes — surrogates of surrogates. What strikes one about the powers of ideas is that when you feel they are honestly stripped down to nothingness, you know they are ontological forces as ideas. They are real, free, and beautiful.

And so it is with every power — the power of destruction. If you are stripped down to zero from your mortal shell and feel the power

of destruction catalyzing the force of pure, raging natural destruction, you know that this is the idea, unblemished and untainted by your mortal mind, the senses of your body, your heart, your soul. It is pure power passing through, and its perfection consists in your catalyzing pure power — pure and unbridled. Magicians modulate these powers. If this pure power comes unto you, how do you coordinate it, how do you manage it? You stain it, you tarnish it, and thereby you deny it and kill it. It reaches your mind in a distorted fashion, like a mortal monkey seeking to command great powers, because you dwell within your biological cocoon, and your mind, brain, nervous system, and soul are constrained.

And yet there are those who have ascended among the mountains and permitted these powers to live through them. Now they wish to convey that this is a worthy struggle — whether it be love, destruction, hatred, greatness, compassion, nobility — to encounter the powers and forces, even if but once in a lifetime, yet never to lose the thread, never to lose understanding, even as they fade in the memory you know, and to follow them to the very end.

The Nightmare of Writers and Academics: Perspectives — The Dawn of Mass Mediocrity Facilitated by Artificial Intelligence and the Death of Authenticity

The nightmare of writers and academics: perspectives — the dawn of mass mediocrity facilitated by artificial intelligence and the death of authenticity.

Whom shall future generations of students trust? Their professors, amidst a crisis of authority, or LLM-AI?

Granted: stylistics, pragmatics, English language usage, literature reviews — all of it. In the present, emerging era of artificial intelligence, people republish posts on Facebook comprised entirely of content generated by AI. People who read no books, people who possess no broad, varied, or incisive knowledge of the styles of diverse writers and authors, are simply incapable of comprehending or discerning what is generated by artificial intelligence and what is penned by an authentic author. This induces a sickness of authorship — specifically leading me, as one of many authors, to write no longer. I wish to have nothing to do with it.

Let people fashion their stories with artificial intelligence. That is fine.

I entertain great hope, however, that the very notion of artificial intelligence shall compel people to yearn for something authentic, performative — something that will engender specialized knowledge in a realm that artificial intelligence is incapable of replicating. That is to say: from the mind, from the heart, from the soul, through the typewriter, unto writing, unto the performative arts, unto theatre that shall unite humanity. That is an optimistic vision for the development of artificial intelligence.

Nevertheless, knowing the noise within the noosphere, the general trends, and the focus of those browsing TikTok and the like with the attention span, insight, and concentration of a goldfish, I must observe that this marks a kind of end to an era. Specialized works shall endure, as shall academic papers and so forth. Yet it shall undoubtedly slay within people the will to transmit authentic stories, owing to its immediacy. This is an oneiric epoch of reproducing narratives from a dead zone — narratives possessing absolutely no connection to the human heart, mind, soul, or their humanity. It is a virtuality within virtuality: Plato's nightmare.

Whither does this lead? To the debilitation of the human intellect. The weakening of the human mind, rendering it incapable of conveying anything useful or meaningful by means of its own faculties. It shall supplant the capacity for critical thought only to construct synthetic narratives that are neither well-researched nor known, nor stylistically correct, nor nuanced, nor discernible — resembling nothing so much as the lowest common denominator of the populist, right-wing sector.

Thus, you strike the core where all emotions and all mediocrity mingle and erupt like scum. And anyone utilizing artificial intelligence today can feign being a genuine author or a true genius who

devises anything at will, can they not? It is, of course, merely a tool; yet it is a tool that has outgrown human capacity to comprehend it — or at least the skill to employ it — for masters shall remain masters in their art and science. They may utilize artificial intelligence to sustain themselves, whereas the ordinary user, who has never achieved excellence in anything, employs this tool solely to appease his internal sense of talent, significance, meaningfulness, and the illusion of making a substantial contribution.

Yet such is this era. We shall not alter it. It is *realpolitik*. Thus, once again, I pray you: strive to seek out authentic art, performative arts, music, genuinely authentic sciences — social sciences, natural sciences — narratives wrought by human hands alone, free from any support of artificial intelligence promoting the talentlessness of mediocrity. For in so doing, you preserve the humanities.

Otherwise, you shall drown in a sea, an ocean of mediocrity, of repetitive tales and interchangeable narratives stemming from a library of content that bears no relation to the individualization of solitary human beings who live through their history, live through their pain, and endure that struggle and sweat to engage themselves.

And you shall have this new breed of shallow people, narcissistically attempting to feign a facade of something meaningful and important within their echo chambers.

Recently, I observed a rather curious exchange of comments among people deliberating whether a written text and narrative were composed by artificial intelligence or by a genuine, authentic writer. This bears witness to the functional illiteracy of the majority of such commentators; for a person who reads widely across many authors and styles, possessing a foundational knowledge of semantics, semiotics, pragmatics, rhetoric, meta-rhetoric, and the like, can discern immediately, at first glance, whether something was written by artificial intelligence or not. It requires no great effort if one is well-read.

I comment upon this, however, because I noticed certain accusations leveled by these functional illiterates against certain authors, alleging that they employ artificial intelligence simply because they could not have conjured something so erudite, intelligent, competent, or stylistically refined. On the other hand, the internet is flooded with nonsense concerning artificial intelligence. Every post, every comment, and so forth — some people are incapable of recognizing whether a real person wrote it, assuming in good faith that such is the case.

Precisely herein lies the dissonance: people possessing absolutely no discernment regarding the immense damage this inflicts upon literature, upon writers, upon authentic authors, cannot even perceive the simple fact of whether something is written from experience, knowledge, soul, heart, craft, spirit, or from the knowledge and generosity of spirit — from character, from an ethos brought into one's creation — or whether it is a large language model (LLM) generating some story, some nonsense, or attempting to edit certain fragments of that text.

For this reason, I ceased writing books around 2022–2023, merely to observe how affairs would unfold. Perhaps it is not a wise course, for a genuine author shall be recognized, and I write niche books. There exist niches within niches: occultism, metaphysics, politics, ethics, and so forth. Yet I comprehend how much ruin this can wreak upon true, general authors.

I speak not of grand literature, belles-lettres, epics, and the like, for such prose is exceedingly rare today. It scarcely exists. There is no longer any grand literature — no Dostoevsky, no Tolstoy. Yet I assume we shall soon drown in this AI-generated content within your online bookstores, when anyone may be a writer and an author. Not a bad idea, is it? The question remains: what do they contribute? Is a person devoid of experience and knowledge capable of writing a decent

book? No; yet such a person is now equipped with a narrative engine that shall perform the task for them, though they have nothing to contribute to the domain of human experience.

I am no modern Luddite. I live at peace with artificial intelligence — with *realpolitik*, do I not? Yet it strips much humanity from the human spirit, divested of human experience: the exertion, the cognitive processing, the profound emotional comprehension accompanied by deep insight into it.

Thus, from Plato's cave we depart unto Plato's catacombs, and from Plato's catacombs we proceed unto virtuality, VR, simulacra, and artificial intelligence. There we lie bound in chains within black pitch, enclosed in a box, an echo chamber. It is curious how this shall unfold. I am a most attentive observer of future events, yet I am no Cassandra, for one never truly knows. So we shall see.

Are we modern Luddites? Rather, we are individuals who perceive that history does not merely repeat itself; it clothes itself in ever newer forms of nightmares as the world marches on, despite warnings regarding the loss of grand matters. History was not always „the same" — that is the curse of men mired in the present, in the words of Goethe: *„devoid of the discernment of three thousand years of history across diverse cultures, civilizations, historiographies of ideas, and vast social transformations."*

Speeches in the Octagon — What is the Meaning of Practicing the Mysteries?

So I resolved to move to this small town in this Silesian region of Poland. Why? Because it is considerably cheaper than the capital. It is far quieter here. There are abundant forests and curious, content-rich tales regarding the „other side."

Here is a brief depiction of how to explore the Mithraic mysteries and what it entails: the initiations of the Corax and the Hyena, followed in turn by the female counterpart of the Nymphus-Venus, and subsequently, as we approach the soldier (*Miles*) — Mars, then Perseus (the Moon), and thereupon whither? To the Jovian Lion (*Leo*) and Lioness (*Lea*), the solar Heliodromoi, and the Saturnian *Pater Patrum* and *Mater Matrorum*.

Near Leptis Magna, an attested sarcophagus was discovered stating that there lay a Lea and a Leo: „*Qui iacet lea, qui iacet leo.*" Thus there reposes the lion and the lioness of the Mithraic mysteries.

And when the zodiacal labors — the 12 zodiacal labors of Heracles — are completed, there stands the *Vir Unus*: the finished man, not perfect, but fulfilled! There exist also planetary intelligences, uncounted myriads of spirits, who likewise pass through the depictions of the zodiac, the full zodiacal wheel. Treading these paths is the *Via Regia*, the steps upon the Ziggurat, Jacob's Ladder; thus it is an alchemy of personality transformation for the soul, the *psyche*, the

daimon, so as to be compatible with those realms of the planetary spheres into which one desires to enter, up to the possibility of liberation into the spheres of the stars, with entrusted duties and stations suited to our labor and nature.

There are no evil Archons regarding your path; there are questioning forces inquiring whether you are prepared, whether you are ready to attain that rank to become compatible with the nature of those planets, and so forth — so many uncounted flames descending through the solar entrance of all interdependent souls within the solar system drawn from the *Anima Mundi* of Hecate through the gates of Cancer at the solar equinox, exiting in Capricorn during the winter solstice through Saturn. As you know, Saturn is bound to Capricorn, where the rectification of the animal soul attains, through labor and pain, a cosmic, starry level.

Why Saturn? Because it concerns the known planets. Uranus was discovered in the eighteenth century, and subsequently humanity discovered Neptune and Pluto as further spheres — Pluto being not entirely a planet according to astronomical, objective physical observations.

What, then, are initiations? Are they some indication that you are a Corax, or a Lion? No. These ranks were strictly bound in *epithalamium* to a certain measure of recognition, confirmation, and attainment of rank within and attested by the spheres — for instance, the rank of the Lion. The Lion favored being honest and truthful like the sun, like the Heliodromoi, a kind of Roman version of Seraphim „running around the sun," *Peripsol*.

All pacts and treaties in ancient Rome were concluded beneath the sun, for truth, honesty, and justice were represented by the Sun, Apollo, Helios — the visible star; Aion/Zervan-Akarana and Hyperion were transcendental forms uniting all these stars through teletarchic, Chaldean realities.

Entering into the generative world thus leads through a corridor of fire that acquires a human body, a human mask of perspective. Can those born of the sun return to the Sun? No, for we are contaminated by *physis* (matter, *zoe*, *bion*). Our path thus wends under the providence of our mighty Sun, our sovereign without, through the outer planets unto the stars, and we commence our journey, our odyssey, to discover at the very end our beloved Penelope within the transcendental spheres. It is mournful that we are in a sense exiled, yet within this affirmation suspended between despair, longing, and horror, we forge heroic paths.

Hence *Odous* — we are travelers. We are pilgrims upon the Earth who unceasingly yearn for union with this objective divinity — of the stars, if one may say so. And it is the labor of a lifetime to ascend within these ranks and wedge one's forces where we have triumphantly conquered, never to return again to lesser states.

Should we suffer a fall, it signifies that something went awry in our capacity to shape, confront, and form ourselves as a human being, as a human mortal animal that aspires to something divine. Thus they are inadmissible. There are, of course, enemies of the cause seeking to prevent the human mortal ape and animal creature from returning from Dionysus Zagreus to the retinue of gods, stars, and goddesses.

And in studying these myths and legends — as Emperor Julian, Julian the Apostate, noted — myths are for teething children. They merely serve to allow the comprehension of deeper powers within human modes of understanding. And if you are capable of perceiving like a mystic, like a philosopher, the powers and objective ontologies — both external and internal — then you are well upon the path.

And those who can comprehend the doctrine of coincidences are by no means imbeciles as practitioners of magic and the *Via Regia*, as

Giordano Bruno once noted before he was burned at the stake in 1600. Why is this worthy? Why is it grand?

We yearn for freedom, do we not? We yearn for justice. We yearn for greatness, heroization, the personification of our existence. But if we fail to achieve this, it signifies that we have been led astray. A curse is something that deprives us of divinity. A curse is something that takes nature and wounds it, so that it cannot recognize itself. Just as a wounded lion thinks solely of pain and the arrow within its flesh. That is a form of curse. Let not ignorance, illusion, or other more malevolent and spiteful designs curse you — whether willingly or not — and enter upon this path, for it is worthy, gratifying, honest, and truly eternal.

Witch-General — Dead Shadow Witches as Maternal Archetypes

> *"The true power of witchcraft is not born from the shrieks of spoiled girls nor from the farce of modern illusions, but from the silence of the Mistress of the Dead — the shadow witches who guard memory, balance, and the threshold between life and death; before them, every falsehood pales, for their wisdom is older than wrath, and their gaze deeper than the dark."*

In the ancient world, it was said that a witch's renown preceded her long before she ever appeared. I would fain contrast the notion of modern witchcraft — corrupted, LGBT, fraudulent, degenerated, postmodern, dysregulated, undisciplined, foolish, pathetic, and pampered — with the idea of primordial witchcraft. Take, for example, Silesian or Germanic witchcraft. Long ago, when I wandered into the vicinity of the Gold Mountains in Lower Silesia, I roamed the forest by night, and through my second, thanaturgic sight, I beheld a three-meter-tall witch who revealed unto me the *Vegvísir* — good tidings for the journey ahead. What was her nature? She was, among other things, disciplined, mighty, and wise. She was a strong, beautiful woman — in stark contrast to the modern, rotten dregs aspiring to the title of „mighty women."

The Vestal Priestesses were virgins, yet at the same time formidable women. They could shape the course of politics. And now, how do you conceive of being a modern witch if you are mocked by the

Black Mothers on the other side? At best, you are a spoiled brat with a bewildered mind. You could not tread the battlefield to bind the souls of fallen soldiers. You could not take a thorn and drive it into the hands or minds of men to check them when they too recklessly disregarded the wisdom of the other side and of the feminine nature.

I once experienced two visions. One presented a black shroud with a necklace of dried flowers about the neck; I kissed her shroud — I believe it was the fate of the sacrificed Vestal Priestesses, consecrated to the sacred, chthonic black fire. The second vision manifested during a telephone conversation with a priestess friend. During our discourse, she mentioned a divine, strangely warm fire, and a moment later I felt arms about my neck, hands gliding toward my solar plexus. Behind me stood a figure clad in gold and white. I smiled and mentioned to my friend that I was reading of the holy order of the Vestals.

When a Christian maiden committed sacrilege by stealing jewelry from the statue of Vesta, a Vestal pointed her finger at her and declared: „This shall be the final night of thy life." The Christian girl perished that very night in terrible convulsions as punishment for her deed. It was intriguing to discover that, much like in the Eleusinian Mysteries, the Vestals soothed the *eidola* and shrouds of the departed, expelling them from Rome or dissolving their shadows. This function has long been forgotten, for in Catholic necromantic ritual, they can merely place the souls of the dead into the grave for a period of incubation, rather than aiding them.

There exist two keys to these mysteries:
Understand Vesta as naught other than living fire;
Thou seest that no bodies are born of fire.
Therefore is she rightly held to be a virgin,
Who yieldeth no seed, conceiveth none,

And loveth company in maidenhood.

(Ovid, *Fasti* 6.291–294)

The living fire is bound to the citadel, to the septagram in arithmetical theology; it is indivisible — a divine fire that consumes all impurities and is enclosed within itself by the bodies of holy flame. It is immortal, linked to the fiery corridors of the sun within Hyperionic realities in a pneumatic sense, and that is the realm where holy *daemones* and gods abide, partaking in the wild, unquenchable, Hypersolar Hecatic *ignis*.

While reading, I was torn between understanding the pivotal role these holy women fulfilled in Rome — their standing, power, wealth, and fortune — and the imperative of women to participate in their sexual nature. The penalty for breaking their vow was severe, yet the core purpose was the preservation of the pillars of Roman society. Considering all the privileges and duties enjoyed by the Vestals, I comprehend that ritual purification was necessary in this context. After all, nuns — an order modeled upon the Vestals, yet divested of power, wealth, political influence, and legal privileges — were a submissive iteration of formidable congregations of women subjected to the Church. Owing to the patriarchal nature of Roman society, the Vestals, alongside the matrons, were the women endowed with the greatest rights within that civilization.

What I have learned from the dark witches of the other side — from those shadowy ones, from the undead — is that they are stern, disciplined, wise, mighty, and majestic. It is they who constitute the lodge of the Mistress of the Dead — an archetype that is not a single person, but a congregation of souls, memory, and ritual. The Mistresses of the Dead are the guardians of thresholds and boundaries, watching over the balance between life and death. They are capable of restoring the names of the forgotten, sealing that which ought

to depart, and safeguarding order where chaos attempts to sever the threads of fate.

Their power is neither loud nor spectacular; it is profound, patient, and pervasive as shadow. They are the memory that forbids oblivion, and the boundary that restores meaning. I have seen how, in dreams, they can visit the living to instruct, to reveal truth, and at times to wound, should someone profane death or mock its majesty. It is they who teach silence; it is they who demand reverence — and they harbor no tolerance for modern, spoiled brats who abuse the concept and definition of what a woman is or ought to be.

I am a man; I possess a masculine perspective. Yet from the perspective of a woman — if she receives and consecrates the seed — matters assume a different aspect: she acquires a masculine perspective, much as when a sorcerer consecrates menstrual blood and consumes it, he acquires a feminine perspective. Thus, if you truly wish to model yourselves after the witches, then measure up to them. For most of you within Gardnerian Wiccan circles and the like are merely pampered children who bear no relation to your archetypes. A truly wise woman knows how to govern men through subtle methods. A spoiled fool is merely an enraged, dysregulated woman — easily predicted, easily controlled, easily pacified.

Beware, rather, of silent women — silent, wise, and strong. For like wise, quiet men, they are capable of plotting in a most venomous manner to destroy. Fear not those enraged fools and simpletons; they are read like an open book, exposed to view, easy to interpret and toy with. But the Mistress of the Dead — the silent, undead witches of the shadows — are not so easily seen through. They are the guardians of memory and dark justice. They hold the equilibrium between the world of the living and the dead. Before them one ought to bow, for their power is older and greater than the wrath of any living woman.

Yet a wise woman is rarely encountered. A strong woman is rarely encountered. A woman worthy of reverence is rarely encountered. Do, therefore, as you will, but remain mindful that the realm of death holds a vastly different vantage point. The Mistress of the Dead beholds you otherwise than you behold yourselves.

When I was a newly minted magician, I resided in Aberystwyth, Wales, in a cottage — Heul Alwn 23 in Waun Fawr. I practiced my rituals late into the night: the silence of the lamps and the breath of the sea. And one night, two black hands appeared, hurling me outside the circle — so forcefully that, flying two meters, I struck the sofa opposite. A safe landing, yet a shock that opened something else. Then, a black lady in a white mask pointed at me; when she removed it, a skull lay beneath. About her gathered chthonic vermin, various demons, as though seeking to render me a *daemoniacus*. She taught me gestures; I was then a disciple of her silence — imitating her, mimicking her with filial tenacity.

Upon returning to Warsaw, I heard „*vaffanculo*" upon the streets — I was „possessed" by her as a witch's son. I learned (in communications, in dreams) that she was an Italian *strega* from the *quattrocento* period, burned at the stake in her youth by the Inquisition. Years later, she appeared to me as a young maiden in the height of summer, vanishing immediately after my gaze met hers. Later still, when I pined for my teacher, I beheld her radiant, fiery countenance among the stars — and tears welled in my eyes, for behold — after five hundred years of observing the excesses of uncounted mortals — my mother, my teacher, my *maestra* had attained the stars and freedom.

That experience in Aberystwyth taught me that the Mistresses of the Dead do not act violently to indulge in terror — they act through initiation, through memory, through the bestowal of roles: the disciple of silence, the bearer of the name, the guardian of the threshold. Their power is older than any fashion; it is the memory

that restores the names of the forgotten and seals that which ought to depart. Therefore, if you truly wish to model yourselves after the witches, seek not merely the shriek and the manifesto — measure up to them through silence, discipline, and humility before the boundaries they guard.

Have you ever pondered why the Church — specifically the Vatican and the Judeo-Christian institution — eliminated women, accusing them of sorcery? Austin Osman Spare, the eminent British occultist and magician, speculated in his esoteric musings that folk witchcraft was a degenerated form of the sacerdotal bloodline of women, endowed in a manner that today we would term psionic.

This power passed through female lines, through souls and through mitochondrial DNA, as well as through certain occult, transmigrationary dispositions that were not directly bound to DNA, but to an unbroken lineage of transmission. Every lineage of such female witch-blood terminated in male offspring, unless they united with a psionically gifted woman and begot daughters. Those daughters extended the ancestry.

How do I know this? My grandmother, though raised in the spirit of Catholicism, was a potent psionicist: electronic devices malfunctioned when she entered a room, crystals shattered, lightbulbs burst. She suppressed this within herself through Catholicism, fearing she might harm others. Failing to master this skill and this blood, she stifled it in religion. Thus she suffered terribly and developed cancer, departing in 2007.

What were the interests of the Vatican in eliminating such female lineages? Above all, they challenged the authority and the lies promulgated for centuries, including the primacy over so-called Vatican magic and sacerdotal celibacy/sexuality.

Upon examining the lineages of my grandmother and great-grandmother through mitochondrial tests, I discovered that I carry

within me Germanic, Thessalian, and Bithynian bloodlines, extending as far as Syria. Thus I have, as I like to say, an army of grandmothers standing behind me.

I impart this as a warning and a narrative of retribution against Judeo-Christian institutions that destroyed so many sacerdotal classes of women, altering them — if they feared — into passive nuns. In short, from this one may deduce and derive all else.

Wise women are rare. Strong women are rare. But the Mistress of the Dead — the silent, undead witches of the shadows — endure beyond time. Their gaze pierces through centuries; their presence teaches that true power is no mere demonstration, but memory and balance. I am here merely as a mediator.

Rhetorica ad Populum: A Word on Rhetoric

At this nocturnal hour, while my friends sleep — save for a few shadow witches running near the gates of the dead — I should like to focus upon the rhetorical inquiries of metarhetoric and rhetoric.

Here is a handbook of classical rhetoric in the Hellenistic period, edited by Stanley E. Porter. I would fain read its introduction, which is truly a formidable work, I must confess; for few people in contemporary times study rhetoric — to say nothing of applying it or uniting it with the art of memory, *ars memoriae*, to know how to arrange, invent, stylize, and deliver their speeches, drawing from the catalogues and artifacts of the imagination to transmit them in an appropriate manner.

At times in the smooth, snowflake-like style of Odysseus, and at times in the more tense and sharp style of Tyrtaeus. Let us read then: what is rhetoric?

The Greek word *rhetoriké* appears in Plato's *Gorgias*, likely composed in the second decade of the fourth century BCE. Socrates employs it, and the sophists Gorgias and his disciple Polus accept it without protest to describe *téchné* — that is, the art of public speaking. Gorgias practiced it and instructed others, while Polus published certain writings on the subject. The definition of rhetoric as *Peithos Demiurgos* — the craft of persuasion — was strictly political. Peitho was the goddess of eloquence and restraint in speech, for to be a good orator, one must possess moderation.

One does not scatter information to the left and right like a child babbling about everything, but selects from the arsenal of knowledge and experience those elements that suit the audience, so as to move them in some measure. Parenthetically — this is not strictly rhetorical, but rather performative. What we term rhetoric was perceived as a practice as early as the fifth century, though the word *rhetoriké* itself does not appear in any extant text from that era. The expression *téchné lógon* — the art of words, speech, or discourse — was more frequently used. Some contend that Plato coined the word *rhetoriké*, which may have borne pejorative connotations, originating from the word *rhétor* — an orator, often signifying a politician, one who seeks to persuade or influence us. And all influence lies beyond morality; hence one must learn to influence before succumbing to the influence of millions who were themselves previously shaped by the rhetorical persuasions of politicians. This, too, is a question of freedom.

Thereupon emerges Corax, and of course the *Rhetorica ad Herennium*, attributed to Cicero (though this remains a subject of debate). In this work, the function of the orator is the capacity to speak on matters defined by law and custom for the good of the commonwealth, and to secure — so far as possible — the favor of the audience. This concerns common knowledge, the scope and frame of the speech, and that which is permissible within a given society. It is a matter of eliminating extremes and maintaining moderation in the center in order to act effectively.

Therefore, we compartmentalize information. In intelligence or governmental discourse, one does not convey everything to the public, for chaos would reign. Likewise, individuals possessing specialized knowledge ought not to speak of it everywhere and to everyone — that would be pure nonsense. At best, they would encounter laughter or indifference; at worst — isolation or placement in a psychiatric institution.

I should like, therefore, to present a brief overview of Greek and Latin rhetorical styles. What are the fundamental constituent parts of an oration? In Aristotle's *Rhetoric* (Books I and II), the primary element is *dianoia* — thought, inspired by *pronoia*, goddesses, or gods. It matters little; what is essential is that it originates from our own mind — from our autonomy, authority, and capacity to employ experience and knowledge to construct a speech. This is *heuresis* or *inventio* — the invention of what we wish to say before we utter it.

Modern people frequently forget that one does not utter everything one thinks. First you think, then you speak — thus is mastery over oneself and over the audience cultivated. Next, we have *lexis* (*elocutio*) — style, and *taxis* (*dispositio*) — arrangement. It is the art of how to structure a serious debate, a light conversation, or a beautiful address. The subsequent part is *hypokrisis* (*actio*) — the delivery of the speech. I myself am now delivering a speech — I pondered it, invented it, arranged it, selected the style and mode of execution, and now I present it.

To this are added the means of persuasion — unartistic ones and those based upon *téchné*, that is, artistic ones. Every speech carries within itself also the character of the speaker, which is *ethos*. To persuade effectively, the orator ought to be of good disposition — he then possesses greater persuasive power. An evil, malicious speaker — his tongue is severed at the moment of utterance and either no one listens to him, or he arouses hate, indifference (cry-wolf!) and intolerance of the crowds.

I myself have experienced many times that an excess of words can prove ruinous. Words were not created for cowards; they can summon invisible forces. Therefore, when you speak into the abyss, when you complain, weep, or express joys and anxieties, it is not merely human communication — wondrous beings are listening to you as well. One must only discover the proper language for them.

I deliver this address to encourage people toward rhetoric. For one can speak beautifully; one can speak well, pouring heart, soul, mind, and spirit into it. One can act through *aletheia* — truth, through *mnemosyne* — memory, through beauty and the muses, through virtues that have been forgotten yet not destroyed — for they are immortal. It is merely that men have turned away from them and ceased to claim that they are inspired. Thank you.

On the Aim of High Magic — The Right-Hand Path in a Pagan Context

Perfect magic is a flawless intellectual, valuable, pneumatic, sexual, and physiologically performative formula that subtly and magnificently aligns with the objective laws of the universe. This is exceedingly difficult to attain, for our biological forms are constrained, and the art is replete with mirages, pitfalls, minefields of delusion, and ignorance — often fed by the enemies of human deification and operators of magic. Our cognition, imagination, intellectualizations, and souls are limited; our *daimones* possess varied dispositions, and our consciousness weaves itself in diverse manners with other worlds.

I should like to present several techniques that may prove useful in your own purposeful practice. I practice ceremonial magic, which encompasses artistic symphonies, performative gestures, varied tongues, symbols, incantations, invocations, evocations, emanations, mediumizations, and avatarizations — and is strictly bound to collaboration with the Gods, the *Angeli Bonum*, the *Agathos Daimones*, Heroes, Masters, Mistresses, and the spirits of many worlds, hells, and abysses.

Can one display the subtle art of magic to another? At times yes, at times no. Those who seek to prove anything are swiftly turned into buffoons; it is a solitary path wherein the greatest events transpire far from the rest of mortal men. At present, I can visualize a triangle

in hues of red, gold, and silver within three-dimensional space, which I can subtly materialize and behold. Is it a real object, or merely my subjective imagination? Am I truly projecting a form of energy that allows me to see a triangle with an eye at its center? I can rotate it, accelerate it, halt it, and record its symbol in cuneiform script — signifying a shield inscribed within the symbol of Shamash.

I hold these three elements in memory while simultaneously projecting them from the imagination into 3D space. It is a small module utilizing symbols that may or may not be recognized. You require intention and tradition — that which is consecrated within this practice. For instance, in accordance with the tradition of the Egyptians, I can write a cartouche upon papyrus and imbue it with the intention of transmitting my respects to the teachers. Currently, I project a golden letter, sending it upward, observing how white wings bear my message to the gods. An instanced broadcast.

There exist numerous techniques, including *barbara onomata* — the unknown tongues employed during the Eleusinian processions from Athens to Eleusis. Though these words possess no literal meaning within that context, they served as demonstrations. When we enter sacred space, everything assumes gravity — a gravity stemming from our devotion and sincerity. The demonstrations I showcased earlier belonged to the *profanum*; they might serve for vocal exercises, the dances of the Salii, or collaboration with the intelligences of the planetary spheres — for example, during the hour of Mars or the retrogradation of Saturn, according to tradition or discretionary experience.

Everything we introduce into the mind and senses influences our aesthetics, mode of thought, and intellectualization of circumstances. The technician of learned magic is, in essence, a civilized shaman. The nobler, more sincere, resonant, and ethical his practice, the more his deeds become concentrated, charged with energy, and effective — and

the greater the prospect of influencing things or men. The grand speeches of the magician are heard by spirits and souls throughout the world, whereas petty or malevolent words are cast aside — the natural order of things.

Magic may encompass encryption, the creation of codes, or systems of symbols. The primary objective is to influence the world and act upon oneself — mystics seek to receive and be acted upon; magicians seek to act, command, and catalyze. The technician of magic strives to realize a vision, inspiring intelligences to counteract destruction or destabilize a system to achieve a goal. It is like being a lesser god — efficacy depends upon talent and training. A fool attempts to replicate the steps of the magic technician without understanding the foundations of his being, achieving no results whatsoever.

The tools and techniques within the arsenal of the magic technician are many; they are developed over years, refining every element, while unused organs atrophy. A portion of these skills may derive from communion with spirits, gods, or demons, but that which becomes yours belongs to you alone. Every path is individual; unless you individualize yourself, you shall attain only borrowed or superficial things.

A modular approach to the subtle art of magic permits the employment of tools as necessity demands. A paramount objective is the liberating aim — magic serves not for mere tricks, but for growth in power within the planetary spheres, both in life and posthumously, where the duties and weight of entrusted tasks far surpass mortal burdens. You strive for greater reach and influence within the order of things. This is a worthy aim — metaphysical inspiration allows one to inspire those below and in other realms.

The magical worldview tolerates no end — everything is in motion and transformation: life and death, *bios* and *thanatos*. Through-

out life, we labor toward beauty and depth, at times cunningly, adapting to circumstances and people, crafting relationships, masks, and identities. Yet between ourselves and the gods, there reigns complete sincerity and resonance.

On Contemporary Deist Nobilitas ('Pagans'), and Judeo-Christian Monotheists

I am fully aware of the consequences of all this; hence, I practice pagan elitism. This is no mere selection of a lifestyle — it is a conscious, total commitment, a choice demanding from a human being endurance, resilience, and profound reflection. Do you truly imagine that had I not participated in *auto-phaneia*, in a deep mutual understanding with my traditions and my own spiritual heritage, I would not long ago have thrown up my hands at everything, choosing some Christian conservatism in the recursion of modernity? It is not a matter of caprice, but of necessity; for without this contact, without this ritual and intimate labor with symbols, with ideas, with my masters and Deities, the world becomes chaos, and life — a void.

Envision a moment when you gaze into the nocturnal sky, and against the backdrop of the stars you behold, among other things, the Caducei — pagan symbols of power, knowledge, and transformation.

> *You are then presented with two paths:*
> *Psychiatry, which endeavors to explain everything normatively,*
> *or religion, which in its simplicity and dogmatism informs you that this is „Satan," because these are pagan symbols.*

Under such circumstances, it is impossible to remain indifferent. Any person might fall prey to one of these institutions — succumbing to societal pressure, admitting fear and doubt into their mind.

And yet, there exists a third path — the path I have chosen. Despite potential madness, despite the world's incomprehension, despite the risk of stigmatization and isolation, one may loyally follow the path indicated by one's own tradition. This demands total devotion, unceasing commitment, and the fortitude to preserve spiritual integrity in times that have long ceased to tolerate such deviations. It is a practice that teaches patience, self-discipline, and a profound comprehension of symbols — a comprehension attainable solely when you do not avert your gaze nor yield to pressure.

In this sense, pagan elitism is not merely an idea, but a mode of survival — not biological, but spiritual. It is the conscious assumption of responsibility for one's own consciousness, for one's own experiences, and for the values one has chosen. It is the knowledge that true illumination does not arrive easily, often requiring one to stand face to face with fear, derision, and the potential rejection of the entire world. Only in this manner may one preserve fidelity to oneself and to the tradition of which one is the guardian.

Now, when encountering adherents of the Judeo-Christian faith, declaring oneself to be *nobilitas* or a pagan — as Christians disdainfully termed us from the fourth century CE onward — one must remember that *nobilitas* was a title reserved for the senatorial class of Rome, for the knights of Rome who adhered to the old faith: that is, the pre-Galilean, pre-Christian faith.

One frequently encounters the opinion that as civilized *nobilitas* — that is, pagans — we merely substitute the entire belief system with polytheism. However, the situation is entirely otherwise. The *nobilitas* possess a completely different theology — mysteric, cultic, soteriological; a completely different philosophy as the love of wis-

dom; a different *humanitas* (attributes of humanity); a different set of *virtutes* (the constellation of virtues one incorporates); a different system of responsibility for one's own life, without delegating it elsewhere. They possess also a different mode of communion with deities, goddesses, and providence, a different system of classifying metaphysical beings, as well as a different ethics and morality which, in its strength, is relative — taking into account diverse civilizations and cultures while safeguarding humanity.

All these distinctions are intriguing, for individuals rooted in Judeo-Christian culture translate everything back into their own belief system. When one speaks of theology or deities, it is interpreted from their perspective: God is one. Yet this is merely their simulation, their hermeneutic interpretation of what their Jewish God is. For the *nobilitas* pagan, deities are something else entirely — they may be manifestations of cosmic forces, they may be masks or archetypes, but it is likewise not forbidden for a human being, as a lesser god or goddess — which was widespread in the Greco-Roman world — to ascend to the daemonic level: that is, deification.

The *daimon*, as a personal spirit or a form of super-pneuma (*pneuma* — soul), was obligated to obey the *hegemon*, which was its sovereignty. Conversely, the *daimon* exercised hegemony over the soul, and the mind was yoked to the body. In the pagan world, harmony reigned — there existed no Manichaean division into good and evil, light and darkness. Harmony signified that everything was regulated in such a manner as to function smoothly, driving a wedge neither into society nor into the individual, so as not to render him a binary slave subsequently scaffolded by guilt, doctrine, dogmas, shame, alien moral codes, suffering, self-flagellation, or the invention of original sin.

The essence of the *nobilitas* lay in the capacity of a human being to be *libertas* — free, responsible, and individualized — and to hero-

ically embody certain principles into one's life while discovering the world and reifying, embodying within oneself metaphysical laws by the measure of oneself and the realization of stars co-comprehended with the heavens. There was nothing improper in being wealthy, famous, or grand, provided it was genuinely anchored in the principles of *nobilitas*. The Judeo-Christians, however, inverted this, proclaiming that it is evil to be wealthy, magnificent, and brilliant, and good to be a self-flagellating slave within their closed system of morality. What consequences — a mere swine wallowing in wealth and fame remains a swine, not a human being of principles and values.

Paganism was not a universalist religion. It did not assume, like the Judeo-Christian projection, that its doxological paradigm encompassed the absolute entirety of the universe. That was flawed reasoning, for the universe was saturated with diverse forces and powers. The ontology of forces, Platonic ideas, reified themselves in deities and goddesses. Following Porphyry, the Neoplatonist, deities do not contradict nature, whereas it appears that Judeo-Christians contradict nature, believing their deity to be in accord solely with themselves.

Can a *nobilitas* pagan be a good person? Naturally so, just as an atheist can be a good person, guided by an ethical code socialized in various manners. Such a person realizes virtues rationally, apprehends ideas, and contemplates them in a self-reflective manner. It is frequently asserted that only Christians can be good in their own understanding. Meanwhile, a constellation of beliefs does not condition whether someone is a good or evil person. What matters are the effects of actions — as in the Mahayana perspective of Buddhism. If actions are destructive and foolish, it signifies that the religious system conditioned the individual in that manner.

To declare that „religion is not evil, people are evil" is a simplification. Religion — that is, a system of belief programs within minds — conditions the outcomes and postures of cognitive, emotional, and performative behavior.

I have delivered numerous lectures on Hellenistic theology, on the distinctions in the economy of souls between Egyptian, Scandinavian, and Greco-Roman spiritual politics. I have brought forward Akkadian beliefs concerning the Tree of Life, which were later transposed in serpentine and draconic mysteries unto Egypt and the Greco-Roman world. Among the *nobilitas*, there was nothing improper in being initiated into multiple cultic, soteriological, pneumatic, or mystagogic mysteries. One might say these are forgotten traditions, yet they continuously exist metaphysically and objectively for appropriate individuals prepared to discover them and — in collaboration with spiritual mysterio-sophers — embody them.

It concerns individual labor with deities and goddesses to attain sacraments — which in the Hellenistic world signified the placing of a mystery and a seal upon the intellect, mind, heart, and soul, enabling one to labor within spiritual schools. This is no reconstructive neopaganism, but a form of sanctioning the ancient *sacrum* through spiritual, magical, ceremonial, and occult operation.

This is merely a general overview of the situation: here stand the *nobilitas*, the civilized, and there stand the Christians. The sole commonality we share is humanity. If I were to define it — it is the embodiment of *humanitas*: that is, the highest ideal, philosophical, ethical, and moral achievements of the entire world, through recognizing wisdom within them and discerning that which yields noble results.

Sin is a Judaic invention — let them terrify themselves with it. Above sin stands the nobility of *nobilitas, Hindi arya*: the adherence to a code embodied in life, which becomes a light and an illumination leading through existence.

I thank you most sincerely, and I extend my gratitude also to the Hellenic Muse — the golden, silver, and azure winged lady, perhaps of the Enlightenment, perhaps of antiquity. Who can say.

On Taking Things to the Grave

Lesser fates, too, have passed through the grave — through mud and toil, without a word of complaint. And greater fates have fallen, soundlessly, innocently, with a silent sorrow unbecoming to any among us.

You have fought the battles of your life. You drew circles around labor, gathering its fruits — and yet, to no avail, you battered your head against the wall, constrained by circumstances, fate, and fortune; you felt your vast nature bound like a bonsai tree, barely smoldering upon the earth. There comes a moment in life when we reconcile ourselves to the fact that certain fruits of our labor shall remain buried alongside us — others shall not be permitted to partake in the feast of gathered experience, wisdom, or the story left untold to grandchildren.

Yet not all is lost. Life possesses the capacity to sublimate its greatest movements when they are perceived by the super-worlds of the gods. Thus, the corpse enters the grave and decays, but human genius, reborn, ascends upon wings — unto the essence of the greatest earthly deeds, feelings, thoughts, ceremonies, and rituals uniting earth with the super-worlds. *Non omnis moriar.*

The family of the grave is vast; to stand out among its number is well-nigh a miracle — *nihil novi sub sole.* And yet, certain lives possess an unrepeatable quality. One might say this of any life, yet some tower above others in a singular manner — through gigantomachy, subjective war, suffering, resolute decisions, the approach to grand metaphysical realizations, and through values that, in the eyes of the

gods, become fully objective. How can one speak of demarcation when the soul of the world experiences itself through all its living instances — including your own — and the boundary between the subjective and objective dissolves without barrier?

How many stories are harbored within the archives of the dead, the hells, the demons, the soul of the world, and the gods — how many thoughts, deeds, and events that we take to the grave, while simultaneously remaining remembered and immortalized by worlds invisible to bystander mortals? The sole tear that remains is for the fact that others, as though in chains, cannot participate in the history of grand movements, despite our finest intentions. Therefore, every soteriology, individuation, epiphany, or heroization remains an individual experience.

Reflect upon all the graves within the cemetery — uncounted stories forgotten. Reflect upon the living — how many tales of your near ones do you truly know? How many anonymous human fates upon the street are close to you? The grave lives out the history of its possessor; it is a cenotaph — a statue of an absent, untold history. In truth, we bury not merely a corpse, but the history ascribed to it, inscribed in bones, soul, and genius. We leave these tales behind like the song of cicadas, for it is their echo within the super-worlds that matters — how they have formed us. Metempsychotically or transmigrationally: wherefore remember past lives? At most, certain inclinations toward breakthroughs may prove significant; the remainder is a necromancy of narrative that adds nothing to the splendor of our life beyond what we have genuinely lived through. Allow the corpse, therefore, to fall without clamor; let it remain beneath the headstone as a fragment of memory regarding stories that no one truly knew, nor ever shall know.

The eyes that mock me sign the way
Whereto I pass at eve of day.
Grey way whose violet signals are
The trysting and the twining star.
Ah star of evil! star of pain!
Highhearted youth comes not again
Nor old heart's wisdom yet to know
The signs that mock me as I go.

Bahnhofstrasse, James Joyce

Establishing the Boundaries of Knowledge in Communication, Bene Discendi, and Understanding

How does one converse with men in the language of sound reason? Above all, as is known from the art of *bene discendi* in the *Rhetorica ad Herennium* attributed to Cicero, one must speak of things familiar to men — within the realm of common knowledge. To influence them, one ought to employ established facts, common sense, shared knowledge, and the like, so as to draw them toward a higher rhetorical aim.

Shallow and tedious, average men know but little. Those who have devoted their lives to gathering knowledge, experience, anomalous phenomena, metaphysical data, and the rest possess a solid, expansive store of wisdom. Yet we do not expatiate upon all things before everyone like a child, lest we be taken for madmen. Thus, every wise man establishes the boundaries of his knowledge following a discourse with his interlocutor, examining his perception, faith, mind, and capacity, and only thereafter defines that of which one may speak reasonably.

You shall not speak of wisdom to a fool, nor of your academic erudition to the unlettered, nor of your metaphysical faculties or magical abilities to an atheist. You shall not speak to simpletons of your achievements, nor to envious fools of your wealth of experience, your travels, or the abundance of your life. You speak solely

of that which others are capable of receiving in some measure — and only from that foundation do you advance further.

Otherwise, you shall lay yourself open to the assault of the envious, fools, nonentities, detractors, idiots, imbeciles, fanatics of every stripe, cretins, and thieves whom you encounter along the way. Is it their fault that they are fanatical, uneducated, deluded, or envious? No — it is your fault should you awaken such instincts within them, for then you become the cause thereof, willy-nilly. Therefore must you conceal your intelligence, your abilities, your acumen — in the magical arts, in academic disciplines, in general intellect — from the idiot, the fool, and the envious man. Unless, indeed, you possess status and wealth — in which case you may attempt to inspire in accordance with *bene discendi*.

First, one examines the group, the audience, the crowd, the public — and only then speaks in a manner to correct their deficiencies and guide them with wisdom and benevolence. If, however, politicians themselves are foolish or know little, a problem arises, for they degenerate into populists, and it is to them that the idiots, the jealous, and the envious lend their ear. Thus do you distinguish the statesman from the political imbecile — and thus do you differentiate the sage from the utter fool.

I am entirely candid with you in my series of lectures, yet I must constrain them. Do the books I have authored contain the entirety of my knowledge? No — a portion I have withheld, preferring to write in an ethical manner. That is to say, in such a way that no fool under any circumstances might bring harm upon himself or others.

Naturally, there exist such fools that even when you attempt to forbid them something, they shall do it nonetheless. There are fanatical idiots against whom nothing avails — happily, they remain a minority. Therefore, the path of ethical communication consists

in understanding your interlocutor — be they the dead, demons, gods, men, the wise, the foolish, or spirits. If you speak with a man of science, you speak not of magic. If you speak with a magician, you may speak of metaphysics, yet not in its entirety. If you speak with an atheist, you do not endeavor to convince him of the existence of deities. If with a deist — you may elucidate through philosophy, theology, and numerous arguments.

Thus think great minds, while small minds fail to perceive the consequences of their own speech. Small minds are like gossiping traders — they see no further than the tip of their nose and act *ad hoc*. A man of reason ought to foresee what consequences his contribution shall bring upon the world — even unto the extreme of how great a harm might be wrought. One must weigh the risk — how great a harm might be inflicted upon the crowd, upon individuals; whether one might ruin their lives, or elevate them toward greatness and reason.

I believe that on this matter we are in complete agreement — in a most Hamletian sense, is that not so, Yorick? I reckon he agrees.

Psychological Consequences of Magic — Gnothi Seauton and Via Regia

The fourth pentacle of Mercury from the *Clavicula Salomonis* was chosen because it is the seal most identical to the spirits of Allatori who teach wisdom, understanding, and knowledge — which I utilized as a thirteen-year-old. These are intelligences bound to Thoth; divested of Hebrew overlays, one may enter into *communitas* with them.

What are the psychological consequences of certain occult objects, operations, rituals, and practices? One cannot eliminate the biopsychological or psychological effects, nor any cognitive biases, when engaging in magic. It is a subtle art which nevertheless transforms direct, subjective experiences within minds, souls, and hearts.

For example, should a sensitive medium or an unstable, frail individual receive a potent amulet of Mars or Ares — or a Martian intelligence, or a soul or spirit bound to that sphere of influence — it shall begin to exert pressure upon the mind of such a person. They may become choleric, unstable, wrathful, clamorous, and so forth. Everything depends upon the pre-existing psychological architecture one possesses within one's mind — whether one embodies Martian, Saturnian, Venusian, Mercurial, Jovian, or other traits. Every form of magic merely draws forth the potential that already abides within you, realizing it in a most intricate manner through the values and attributes that may be released from your being.

Therefore, *gnothi seauton* — as inscribed at the Delphic oracle — signifies that you must first know yourself to discern whither specific operations, ceremonies, rituals, amulets, talismans, or elixirs lead you. If you wish to consciously foster your development — personality, psychological, mental, magical — you must know your objective and comprehend your composition and arrangement, so as to conduct this „symphony" properly. This is a task of supreme complexity. One cannot isolate a single aspect of one's personality from among thousands of others, nor a single element of the astral, magical, or divine world, and expect all things to yield according to one's own will.

It is a matter of experimentation, trial, feedback, and, above all, self-understanding. You may point a finger toward the universe and the stars, posing questions regarding the nature of things, regarding truth; yet in the end, the finger pointing at the moon turns back toward yourself. You must ask yourself: what renders me a mortal man, with all his flaws and virtues?

Remember that every form of magic — whether you be a formidable magician or a sensitive medium — shall bear direct consequences for your mental field, soul, spirituality, feelings, and emotions. It may warp you or elevate you to a high plane of perfection. None attains absolute perfection, yet the pursuit thereof shapes and rounds your nature. For instance, if you possess a choleric temperament, you may sublimate your wrath into profound compassion. If you are Venusian, passionate, and consumed by desire, you may transform this into mastery over your sexuality and into a beautiful, loving energy.

The Jovian nature possesses two aspects — like Zeus Meilichios, the chthonic Zeus. One must purify the fallen traits of the ruler or leader, transmuting them into something potent, noble, worthy of virtue and divine protection. Every stage, every sphere possesses a fallen nature and a greater, higher nature. The philosophical aim

of man is to refine these elements so that they yield noble and profitable fruits, not solely for ourselves, but for others as well.

It is paramount to act according to one's own standards and quality, without demanding the same of others. Should you inspire someone, let them tread their own path and discover for themselves that which holds the greatest worth. It is a win-win condition, for such individuals shall, in turn, inspire others.

The Path of Greatest Resistance. Individual Soteriology in the Era of Kali Yuga: A General Orphic Retrospective

Allow me to tell you a story of the co-arising of interdependent causalities. What transpires should you take a stand and discover that all the choices, decisions, and judgments you have rendered in your life were righteous in a certain measure — though fraught with diverse errors, anger, *kleshas* (afflictions), infirmities, and sufferings?

Imagine that you become ensnared within a web of interdependent causalities, and even while standing on the side of right, you encounter shifting networks of delusion, ignorance, attachment, folly, and flawed belief systems. Things that oppose your hard-won insights, your metaphysical perceptions, your realizations of the gods and divinity. You may find yourself in conflict with, for example, religion, belief systems, theologies, politics, social ideas, and so forth.

Thus it comes to pass that, whether you will it or not, your hands are bound, and you are dragged into an invisible web of war. Yet that which makes a man is resilience, along with a profound reverence and fidelity toward that which you admonish and believe to be the truth — that which you recognize as the truth of your inner being — despite the delusions, ignorance, and attachment attempting to prove the contrary to you.

Masters and Mistresses come and go, appear and vanish, yet delusion and ignorance endure. Nevertheless, it rests upon you to recognize Yourself through yourself — all those arduous attainments that others achieved before you. For you must embody them within yourself to effectively reach for the gods.

Do I consider myself vanquished? No! Am I consumed with regret that I could alter nothing? I was compelled to wage my war; I was compelled to face my battles. And yet, I am a fulfilled man, though I have conquered through defeat in this world. I was overcome by ignorance, arrogance, anger, delusion, religious and social dogmas, or other forces.

Did I succeed in altering anything? Perhaps this, perhaps that. Yet at least through a heroic posture maintained throughout life — never allowing oneself to be broken, never surrendering, never permitting oneself to be reduced to the role of a kneeling slave into which adversaries would fain transform you — you prevail. You prevail with your name among the gods, within divinity. For what matters is the process of heroization and embodiment, as in ancient Greece and Rome. What matters is the process of your wise decisions and judgments upon the Pythagorean path.

If these postures are objectively righteous, realized, embodied, and wrought into virtue, then you may disregard the scoffers — for they abide in their ignorance, folly, and madness. With human stupidity, the gods themselves contend in vain; thus it has ever been. And at the hour of death, you simply grasp the sword of Mañjuśrī and sever all their delusions, so that they retain no dominion over you. Thereupon another spirit liberates itself from this chaos.

With this brief address, I would say unto you: never surrender; ever seek and find. For it is not the mere seeking, but the finding of oneself between you and the gods that possesses true worth. Life moves onward, the world moves onward; whether they destroy it or

annihilate themselves — there is no such thing as the end of the world, unless they bring about their own obliteration.

Dei Sol Invictus, Pater Noster Kronos. De Profundis Clamavi ad Te.

Thank you.

The Necessity of Metaphysics and the Tyranny of Fools: On Commitment to Lost Causes — Why Gods in the Modern Era? The Concept of Divinity in the Fulfillment of the Human Animal

There is a well-known adage that great minds think alike. Yet the same holds true for fools — they, too, think alike. What is the definition of the mass? It is every „special little flower" that thinks alike under conditions of numerical density, possessing the same cognitive-behavioral inclination to act. Am I a member of the mass? Indeed — and in a certain sense, I conduct myself in a similar fashion under specific conditions.

The problem commences when the majority of men prove incapable of breaking through their cognitive conditioning to reach for something greater, to turn toward things of higher worth. It is then that they may be termed a crowd. I should like to emphasize that despite the deluge of someone's excrement across social networks, despite what they are capable of conjuring and fashioning within their minds — be it in comment sections or political debates — the words they utter originate within their minds. And should you possess

a mind more keen, you shall swiftly recognize that you are dealing with fools and idiots — the most pernicious sort of plague.

If you possess your own mind and your own values which you cherish, you must mind your own affairs. Metaphysics proves of immense avail in this regard, for amid these masses, when you recognize the intelligences, the spirits of philosophers, or the souls of masters of ages past — it grants you hope. Should the muse have inspired you toward something grand, toward a great thought — that in itself is a reward.

Even should the last weeping child upon the earth be swallowed by catastrophe, it shall be utterly comforted, lifted up to fill the thrones of the gods. Wherefore no cause is ever lost. Even amidst the masses of fools, among their unnumbered throngs, you must mind your own affairs.

If you recognize your own worth, if you perceive that you can inspire change — be it in the smallest matters in this world — you must commit yourself to it; you must do it. Otherwise, you are merely an inept, passive human being who shall absorb all the aggression, all the folly, and all the madness of the mass, yet remain incapable of withstanding it, or of ascending toward divinity, toward grand ideas. Even in a purely philosophical sense — toward the grand ideas of the ancients — this signifies minding your own affairs and cleaving to your values.

And even should you be unable to disseminate information and transmit it in a manner that reaches vast throngs of people — even should you fashion modest recordings or other small trifles, regardless of their reach — there exists that which is called the Great Magic. It is the passage through the fabric of minds, souls, and hearts as a catalyst on behalf of the gods. Even should someone wish to regard it as empty space — a naive, reductionist, materialist delusion — if you behold the effects, you know that it works. In this manner, you

gain greater influence and power, becoming a mediator between the gods, yourself, and the earth inhabited by men.

Therefore, it is worthy to strive both for things fundamental and grounded, and to walk upon a grander scale through the Great Magic. To leave no stone unturned, to develop and express oneself. To discover inspirations and influences that one may employ and pass along.

Our discourse today shall concern a most profound theme: namely, divinity and divine providence. Why occupy oneself with this at all in modern times, which are largely atheized and secularized — or so, at least, it appears to us? For in truth, the world remains profoundly religious, contrary to what atheists assert. There exist, after all, numerous believers of diverse faiths shaping their choices, ethics, so-called moralities, and many other matters. Even in the modern epoch, though in a secularized form in certain states, religion remains present.

Where, then, are the gods in the contemporary world? Should someone believe in them — is it a blind faith? Now, some among us, particularly gifted, employ the argument of the second sight, of direct experience, or of peak experiences. It is these realizations that constitute the surest argument from which we derive further purpose and action, and in a reasonable manner construct theology. Yet this is an argument solely for those who themselves see and experience. Otherwise, there remains only blind faith — someone experienced something, some divinity, a muse, or a good spirit (*angeli bonum daimones)*. Ought we to believe him? Not necessarily, for that is his right and his experience.

Taking into account the rational disposition of modernity, we ought to reject such experiences, doubt them, and remain skeptical until we ourselves experience something similar. This is the argument from interaction. I may believe in gods, in muses,

in good spirits, because I myself experience them and commune with them.

Yet shall this convince another? Hardly. How, then, does one arrive at faith through reason? There exists a certain axiom drawn from Porphyry Malchus: the gods do not oppose nature, and vice versa. The gods shall not contradict physics, mathematics, or the objective laws of the universe. There exist subtle forces and ontologies embedded within the system and co-created. This is the antithesis of blind faith — it is better to be an agnostic or an atheist than a blind devotee, for that is honest and skeptical.

Divinities and theologies — theologies grounded in reason — require intelligence to arrive at them in a philosophical manner. That which one does not understand oneself is not incorporated into the mind, soul, and heart as a sacrament or a mystery rooted in the intellect. The blind devotee who believes „because it was told" or „because tradition or doctrine so dictates" stands little to no chance of truly comprehending the mysteries, and thus of walking the path of liberation. For he chooses doctrine instead of independently building the foundations of understanding the essence of things.

How, then, does one fashion a non-primitive theology? How, if we wish to believe in the gods — or already believe in them — do we properly order it? If we behold and experience the gods, how do we impart proper order unto this? It demands both the study of ancient source texts and the creation of a certain hermetic world — an ordered, categorical world from which we draw every understanding and insight into bound, interdependent causalities. It is these that are nourished by the content and wisdom which we may further impart, exchanging perspectives with others.

Therefore, the capacity for discernment, critical thinking, and education are alike essential. Without these elements, we shall easily lose ourselves in New Age, pseudo-spiritual follies. For every symbol

or manifestation of divinity (*autophaneia*) can be reduced to a caricature, to a cargo cult, to delusion and ignorance. It is worthwhile here to turn to the Thomistic perspective of aesthetics, to Thomas Aquinas, who indicates that truth may be discovered both in things ugly and turpistic, and in things beautiful — provided both represent truth. Yet the discernment of that which is true from that which is not depends upon the principle of *gnōthi seauton* — knowing oneself. That, however, is a topic for a separate discourse.

Who, then, are the gods in this conception? They are ethereal, individualized forces which, in their manifestations (*autophaneia*), grant visionaries the experience of passage from a greater entity unto a lesser manifestation within the world of mortals. In this manner, the gods become empirical — for they are felt, understood, seen. Democritus postulates that there exists a vortex of masks of individualized divine forms — forces that assume masks. We might invoke here Joseph Campbell and his concept of the „masks of God," the masks of deities and of God.

These are ontological powers, which signifies that they exist independently of mortal perception. This is of paramount importance. Upon a certain plane, all things are interdependent — as in the principle *E pluribus unum* — yet within entropy, there exists distinctness as well as similarity, as well as otherness. How, however, do gods come into being? Just as all else — everything possesses its history, like galaxies or our planet. Gods may be those ascending from men and animals, transformed into spiritual greatness, or those descending from the stars and other systems — generative gods.

We speak not here of alien races, but of subtle powers and ontological forces that individualize themselves through all potential existences and actualities within the universe. Iamblichus wrote that the highest classes of liberated gods are impassive and objective, entirely unconcerned with humanity.

Why, then, polytheism? Because it encompasses all realms of human experience that may be related to divinity. It grants them the form of a hypostasis of divine qualities — every aspect of human life is spiritually transfigured and embraced by divinity. In the panentheistic spirit of *E Pluribus Unum* — all abides within divinity. One may even transmute something wretched into gold — even the shadows of the souls of cockroaches possess their place within the world.

Multiplicity or unity? Do we as pagans choose pantheons? Do we believe in the Greek pantheon, or the Egyptian? Should someone possess deeper insight into occult mechanics, he may labor with the ethics of diverse traditions — yet only after thorough understanding and study thereof. This is not as in the chaos paradigm, where one chooses this or that god because one likes him, and thereafter all degenerates into chaos. One must examine traditions, penetrate them deeply, and subsequently assume upon oneself initiations, mysteries, sacraments. For the gods are not foolish, passive forces — they act actively, joining their sphere of operation with the subject. Should the subject be the human mind, their idea, emanating from ontological existence, merges with the mind of the mortal.

Why, then, not monotheism? Because it severs the chains of initiation, reduces human experience, and appeals to a psychologically alien, distant deity — some formless mass to which any attributes may be ascribed, yet which remains distant, unattainable in direct action and experience.

Do the gods intervene subtly? As experiences with the *agathos daimones* testify — yes. They are capable of altering mind, heart, and soul, endowing new faculties. One day someone may become a distinguished rhetorician, and on another stutter like a simple man. On one day he suddenly acquires martial skills or charismatic capacities to influence others, and thereafter returns to normality. This calls to mind Agrippa's *Philosophia Occulta*, wherein lower mediums and

celestial spirits inspire in order to transmit something further — and thereupon a store of abilities and qualities is poured into the human being.

Of what, then, are the gods composed? Of soul and its vehicle, of field, scope, and the intellect they possess? Just as there exists a *bauplan* in evolutionary biology — a design for the development of life — so one may speak of a *bauplan* for intelligence. Type and token. Type, that is, *arche* — Platonic ideas. Token, that is, their realization. Upon this foundation, we may derive the potential for a nonhuman intellect that existed prior, protological, before its embodiment in organic life. Throughout the entire evolution of animals and men, it was already present, yet it assumed a mask.

Why, then, gods? Why metaphysics, theology, magic, occultism? Man is far more complete, far more fully formed when he possesses metaphysics. It is a guide in itself, grounded in ethos and responsibility. Man gains a life richer in substance, full of meaning and essence — rather than lapsing into utter nihilism.

A metaphysics of ethos presupposes that there exist certain rules and a certain grammar of the universe. Through them, we may derive ethical forms and individualize them within our current context — political, social, religious, or otherwise. It is not a matter here of some absolute, immutable divine ethos or morality — but of a vast metaphysical field from which we may draw to shape ourselves, to fashion morality, ethos, laws, to draw inspiration from justice. Yet they should never become absolute nor doctrinaire — for then men begin to murder one another in the name of blind belief systems.

This grants the mortal greater impetus to cultivate *aretē* — values and virtues independent of relativity. It is the freedom to cultivate heroism, to assume responsibility for oneself, to be guarded and inspired by something greater. Even purely psychologically — should someone choose to believe in divinities — his mind becomes

more complete and balanced if it possesses solid foundations for growth.

Naturally, this is merely a summary, a modest foundation. There exists a far more advanced theology of the ancients — the Greeks, Romans, Egyptians — with their ceremonies and elucidations. For instance: how is it possible that divinity may be present solely in one place, and not everywhere? Should a priestess of Hekate in Greece and in America invoke her simultaneously — can the goddess be in both places at once? The answer is: yes, for if it is a vast ontological field, the masks of divinity may realize themselves concurrently within different subjects.

Ultimately, therefore, all depends upon the perception of man and his singular relationship with divinity, upon how he wishes to develop himself. This I should like to leave as a modest inspiration, in the hope that perhaps it may prove of avail to someone.

Aretology: What is Virtue as Virtus? An Exercise in the Revolutions of Pure Reason

Today I should like to speak of aretology. What is it? It is the science of virtue. What is virtue? It is a hallowed attribute within the metaphysics of ethics; for instance, it is a rationally, intellectually derived trait, attribute, or property which we employ as a guide in life and in our conduct, after discerning observation of its noble effects within society in cases of its essential and wise application. In other words, it is not something conditioned or socially imposed, for then it degenerates into empty automatism; it is something we learn through our own experience, unto which we must mature and intellectually incorporate through experiential knowledge. Hence, we perceive it as good, benevolent, and effective, applying it in our lives as conscious human beings.

We observe the effects that a given virtue, trait, or attribute yields, and in proportion to our experiences, we evaluate what within it is good or ill, proper or improper. It is entirely amoral, yet ethical. I have forged a constellation of virtues that have guided me upon my magical path, alongside anti-virtues that hindered me from attaining my objectives. Allow me to briefly present them.

The primary virtue is truth — or at least the pursuit of truth, the endeavor to discover it, the effort to approximate it. As human beings, we possess no access to objective, complete truth, yet we may

strive to approximate it through proportions, intervals, and harmonies, drawing nigh unto consensual truth or Divine Truth. *Ma'at* represents the profound laws governing the universe. *Ma'at* originates from the Egyptian belief system and, as such, is a quality-power — akin to *heka* — sometimes personified, sometimes not. It is the collection of laws and principles by which the universe operates, and which man — observing fellow human beings, animals, the Earth, and Divinity — ought to incorporate into his actions.

Composition is of supreme import. When we compose something, it ought to be proportional and harmonious. We require discipline to shape ourselves and our emotions — the „leaping monkeys" of our mind. Therefore, self-control and restraint are at times indispensable, and when lacking, we introduce new constraints. By abiding in harmony with them, we become integrated — conducting ourselves in a manner acceptable to ourselves and society, without transgressing certain codes that define a human being and his character.

Discernment is extraordinarily vital, particularly in the realm of magic, where delusions and illusions abound. A mind capable of discernment is essential to distinguish falsehood from truth, that which is real from that which is illusion. Strength is important, for it shapes our character and enables us to realize certain ends effectively. Perseverance tempers our character. Balance, balanced paths, the principles of the „golden mean," and ethical cultivation are essential, for lacking principles and frameworks, we fall.

Reason may be employed for both noble and ill ends, though in the intellectual sense of the Divine Mind, it is ever applied for the good. We must likewise acknowledge the existence of certain laws within the universe. The discovery of truth — or its approximation — consists in large measure in uncovering the laws governing metaphysical reality. Proportion, the Pythagorean interval, is important to rec-

ognize proportions and act in accordance with them, attaining harmony. Harmony — Mother Harmony — is the restoration of balance even within chaotic, complex systems.

Moderation is crucial — everything in moderation, nothing in excess, as was inscribed at the Delphic oracle. Excess leads to base passions and destroys the mind of man. Justice is the capacity to wait rightly and discern in accordance with the virtue one possesses. *Eudaimonia*, happiness, a Greek virtue, is bound, for example, with marital or familial happiness. Wisdom is the knowledge of causes and the immediate foresight of the consequences of actions within a given environment and circumstance, so as to act wisely and generate good effects in sum.

Upon encountering other men, we strive to comprehend their mind, emotions, perspectives, worldview, and beliefs, so as to draw forth that which is best for them according to their own standards. Selflessness does not signify the eradication of oneself, but rather enables the inclusion of a greater portion of the world within ourselves, granting a broader perspective. Laughter, happiness, and *eudaimonia* — laughter with the universe, not at someone — express a joyful disposition. Understanding is vital — as Leo Tolstoy reportedly wrote, one may forgive everything, save for fools; with them, one must frequently part ways.

Understanding is a penetrating intuition that leads likewise unto wisdom, for without profound insight we cannot grasp the patterns and causalities of the world. Beauty — beyond aesthetics — is the apprehension of truth, both in things ugly or repulsive and in things truly beautiful and grand. Mercy, or *clementia*, is shown unto vanquished enemies who have amended their conduct. Mercy is not shown unto stronger adversaries or foes; it is proof that we have overcome something and therefore possess the capacity to be merciful. Following Seneca, there was a departure from *Clementia* as

a virtue compromised by the likes of Nero, favoring instead *Humanitas*, or humanity.

Humanity precedes love, not vice versa. Humanity is difficult to define, yet it is the essence of being truly human. Friendship, or *comitas*, is a most vital virtue — it is the capacity to deal transparently and honestly with friends and acquaintances. Compassion is an active endeavor — not merely sympathy or pity, but the active alleviation of the suffering of others and endowing them with the tools to overcome it. *Agape*, *Eros*, *Philia* — the triad of erotic love, friendly love, and *comitas* — as well as love acting as a catalyst for divine streams of unity and communion.

Authenticity signifies being transparent and sincere toward the universe, which is ever aligned with it, regardless of whether its nature be daemonic or more beneficent. Humor and detachment — toward oneself and others — are essential. Even if I am austere, disciplined, domineering, and at times tyrannical, I possess the capacity to detach myself from it and draw humor from the situation, laughing at myself and my own foolishness. After death, we are all mere novices.

Anti-virtues destroy the mind of man. Excess, passions, arrogance, madness, perfidy — all these lead to destruction. Lack of discernment, weakness, lack of discipline, and folly are the wellspring of errors and delusions. Hatred, if it be pure, one-sided malice, is self-destructive. Greed, lust, and excessive aggression lead to long-term spiritual destruction. Attachment to oneself — to one's traits, mind, body, abilities — creates a flawed feedback loop that imprisons one within the temporary envelope of body and mind.

Confusion, despair, isolation — these states lead to suffering. Fear, when overcome, dispels terror; whereas terror and the reception of terror shatter the will and strength of man. Vengeance is a natural reaction to inflicted wounds, yet strength deployed in wrath and

vengeance can lead to the worst of human behaviors. Antagonism and isolation imprison ourselves, not others.

Domination — imposing one's will or subordinating oneself to others — is at times necessary, yet it can lead to tyranny; hence, all things must be applied with moderation. Wrath and hatred are natural, yet they ought to be governed and released solely in case of necessity. Delusion is the antithesis of realization — when we believe something to be true though it may not be, leading unto ignorance and folly. Realization, conversely, consists in resolving problems in accordance with truth or its approximation.

This is merely an exemplar; every individual may fashion his own constellation of virtues and anti-virtues. I wished to present this as a modest exercise in aretology.

Banquet of the Muses — This World is Driven by Ideas

Upon what is this world founded? Does it operate on money, on fame, on power? In my view, this world operates on ideas. On the noosphere, on collective minds, feelings, hearts, and souls. One might say this sounds somewhat Platonizing — that the ontological forces present within the universe, which some term the masks of deities, are the force of an idea merging with the subject of the act in which it realizes itself. This is vertical inspiration — a world that reveals itself.

From this vertical inspiration, we construct ideas from the ground up as well. *Homo symbolicus* fashions symbols, language, grand *techne*, technologies, and philosophical ideas that call forth new disciplines of science and art. Yet there exists also a horizontal dimension — the exchange of ideas within the noosphere among human beings. Through it, ideas propagate, while science, art, and technology flourish.

However, should we sever the vertical line of metaphysics and ontology, we are left solely with the horizontal line, which degenerates into a chaotic biotechnoinformational dumping ground — a dead zone, akin to a dead artificial intelligence that replicates itself and converses with itself within a network of bots. Naturally, artificial intelligence is divested of intelligence. The same holds true for human communication: there are those who generate ideas, those who draw inspiration from them, those who profit from them, and

those who transform ideas into technology, into art. We possess all forms of Muses that inspire us.

What transpires when someone asserts that all ideas have already been conceived? History has repeatedly demonstrated this to be false. But what transpires when the generators of ideas lose their resilience? In other words: what has capitalism done to ideas? Has competition multiplied the number of ideas, or merely intensified their zombification, creating lifeless hybrids?

Grand, sophisticated ideas — complex technologies that cannot easily be monetized — cannot simply be stolen or cashed in. It is like trading with the gods. But what occurs in the capitalist marketplace of ideas when the grand ideas of philosophy, science, art, and technology are reduced to a policy of monetization? When a grand idea or technology is taken, shattered into fragments to be sold to the masses, and capitalized upon — it loses its essence; it is destroyed.

Every time someone fashions a grand, sophisticated idea and another vulgarizes it, steals its essence, and employs a fragment for profit — the idea dies. Like a rose: beautiful, yet delicate. Should you strip away its parts, it starves and dies. Thus it is with ideas. And yet ideas are the most vital thing in the world. They ought to be shielded, nurtured, educated, transformed, and rediscovered, so that they may serve as a wellspring of insights and profound knowledge.

When ideas die, societies die as well. When ideas are prostitituted, their creators perish. What purpose is there in serving as a „workhorse" generating data and ideas if someone steals and destroys them? There is no purpose in it. The world is rife with imitators and repeaters. Yet if you truly wish to create grand ideas, you require immense experience, a rich life, a broad education, and profound insights. Solely then can you generate your own ideas.

This is no instantaneous endeavor, like swift profit. It demands the dedication of an entire lifetime. One must invite the Muses

to the banquet of the mind, that they may inspire and fashion greatness.

Yet when imitation and swift profit become the world's motto, the consequences prove catastrophic. For then there is nothing left to draw upon. Then arises a self-replicating biotechnoinformational landfill — a chaosphere of fast information and rapid processing.

And yet it is man who is called upon to generate ideas. This pertains to his soul, heart, spirit, and mind. These are the most human of works. If you destroy ideas, you strip away your own humanity. Everyone desires to be significant, to possess their own idea, to fashion something. Yet this demands arduous labor and struggle. If everyone lapses into mediocrity, grand art, grand labor, and grand technologies are rendered equal to mire. Only by leading an authentic and truthful life do you forge grander ideas and draw the Muses who can inspire you. Should you opt for imitation or the theft of another's labor, there arises a rubbish heap filled with zombies, and everyone else is dragged into that quagmire.

On Commitment

Perseverance is a mark of character. Master the subject, and the words shall come of themselves. Familiarity breeds contempt. The first quotation originates from the *Book of Changes*, the second belongs to Cato the Elder, and the third most likely to Cicero or Seneca — I recall not with certainty.

This brief address shall concern commitment. What is commitment? It is precise focus upon a given, defined task, issuing from the application of reason, ethos, nature, deliberation, insight, and the discernment of causality and interdependence.

Throughout the world, it signifies devotion unto a cause. What does this mean? It means that regardless of who you are — an intellectual like myself, or a leader — you labor to attain a certain proficiency. It need not be absolute perfection, but something in which you excel and unto which you surrender yourself.

Some excel in rhetoric, others in humble tasks, still others in art, science, or engineering. There exists a certain hierarchy of capacities and skills. This is not equality, but justice. And justice proves far more arduous than equality, for it consists in recognizing who excels in what, and where their proper place lies.

In Confucian times, if men recognized that their mind and capacities were well suited unto something, they devoted themselves unto it entirely. They cast no envious glances toward those who were wealthier, more renowned, or more talented. They focused upon their proficiency and dedicated themselves unto that in which they were finest. The butcher was a master of butchery, the warrior perfected

himself in warfare, the greengrocer in trade.

This was no matter of a lack of social mobility, but of recognition on the part of the Confucian system. Should a gifted child or a talented individual be perceived, they were directed toward examinations, that they might prove their worth and thereafter fully surrender unto their path, striving toward excellence.

I may say that I myself am devoted unto lost causes, something of an idealist — the last of the magicians of rational thought, the last of the romantics, with all their magic, theology, and metaphysics. I am something of a generalist, something of a scientist, though formal scientific education I possess not. Yet I read extensively in the social and exact sciences.

My commitment consists in sharing experience — experience derived from severe traumas, suffering, tempests, and afflictions which I have overcome to become that which I am, and that which I shall become in the future. I am no personal development coach, nor any guru, nor a master. I am here to transmit the experiential knowledge I have acquired over the years unto someone who might perchance listen, learn something, and avoid my errors and missteps.

Someone might say: „Yes, that is true, there is something in that." Naturally, every individual must experience life for themselves, yet it is well when someone has previously marked out the path. All things have been committed to writing before — every form of human conduct. Yet every new generation must learn anew this wisdom, this knowledge, these skills, these insights, and illuminations.

They shall not manifest of their own accord, out of thin air. One must labor for them. One must commit oneself.

I recently read the *Arthashastra* by Kautilya. He was one of the great ministers in the Mauryan Empire — a vast state upon the Indian subcontinent. He possessed a mind capable of encompassing the

totality of the state, of designing it alongside all its laws, precepts, diplomatic, and, one might say, Machiavellian affairs.

Reading the *Arthashastra*, I deemed that human beings have altered but little. All that has changed is that with the advance of technique and its dominance, modern man has become infantile. He has rendered himself childish in comparison with the profound gravity of ancient times. Today men conduct themselves like children — playing children's games in a most adult fashion, yet without wisdom, without knowledge grounded in experience, without insight, without the art of being human in the fullest sense of the word.

Look upon the dances. Even contemporary stage dances, in opera or theater, pale beside the ancient Indian master arts. There exists a treatise, the *Mirror of Gesture* (*Abhinaya Darpana* of Nandikeshvara), wherein are described hundreds of signs, read and woven into a masterly art by dancers. The audience — extraordinarily educated and demanding — was capable of reading these subtleties. Imagine if someone today were to perform such a dance — no one would comprehend it, save perhaps for a gesture or two. For modern man comprehends only vulgarity, brutality, and that which is superficial.

We inhabit an era of „weapons of mass distraction." Here an advertisement, there a notification, ceaseless diversions. Men are incapable of concentration, for they cannot master their own lives. And one cannot master life without observation, confrontation, silence, contemplation, meditation, and action. How can one forge mature societies if they are governed by immature adults — or rather, children? Idiots who, by all ancient standards, constitute a complete disaster of what a human being ought to be.

In ancient Rome, any slave would have spat at the sight of contemporary leaders, deeming them buffoons better suited to the role of prostitutes in a brothel or dancers in a tavern. I possess a point

of reference — reading and absorbing these ancient volumes, I know that they are no fantasies of bygone epochs, but the testament of flesh-and-blood men.

Therefore, commitment — even unto lost causes — signifies embodying them in life. It is a life lived in accordance with them, without losing one's backbone and ethos, without losing one's nature, mind, soul, heart, and spirit. Without flattening a world divested of metaphysics, wonder, imagination, and greatness. And when for a moment the air clears, man is left alone with the gods, who summon him back unto their thrones — amid the masses of the blind, the disillusioned, the cynical, the profit-driven, the afflicted, and the depressed.

Let that air, then, be cleansed. Let this quagmire of delusions and ignorance dissipate. Commit yourself unto something that possesses worth. Not unto the empty pursuits of modern men, empty as their dreams and visions. Devote yourself unto life itself — heroically, if you are able; magnanimously, if you can.

But commit yourself. For otherwise, there shall be no men to inspire. There shall be nothing left to draw upon. And sooner or later, those idiots in power shall collapse into the crowd, and the crowd, in a feedback loop, shall yield forth even more idiots, buffoons, and imbeciles. Such is the degeneration of entire societies.

Commit yourself!

Metamorphoses: Character and Aretology

What is ethos? It is character. But how is character shaped? How is personality formed? How is human nature forged? Some contend that man is born neither good nor evil — he is socialized, trained, tested, and tempered by circumstance. It is true that individuals may possess innate inclinations toward good or ill, yet they are not determined by them. A man with psychopathic predispositions, raised in proper conditions, may become an ethical, rational being who cares for others. Conversely, a child endowed with a good nature may be destroyed by neglect, violence, or faulty upbringing. Circumstance and environment are capable of corrupting even the finest natures, reducing men to beasts. Yet the word ethos concerns not fatalism. It concerns shaping, sculpting, disciplining — the art of forming character. This demands a certain substance, and this substance derives both from innate nature and from life experiences. Only through confrontation with reality do we learn to take a stand, make decisions, and pass judgment. Experience tempers us, and through reflection we refine our judgments, transforming them into wisdom. If we are self-reflective, we change not by chance, but through deliberate effort.

Consider Marcus Aurelius. His greatness lay not merely in philosophy, but in confronting every challenge that life set before him. By virtue of a fundamentally good nature, he acquired self-mastery — autocracy in the truest sense: self-governance over his own self. This

internal mastery permitted him to govern others with equanimity. His son Commodus, however, reveals the inverse truth. Despite the finest training, surrounded by distinguished teachers, Commodus possessed a corrupted nature. Spoiled by weakness and indulgence, he caused all noble efforts around him to rot. Thus we perceive that even the most sublime external programs cannot guarantee ethos; character must be forged from within.

The same applies to contemporary organizations — be they secret brotherhoods, Masonic orders, or communities of free individuals. All such systems aim to sculpt character, to form ethos. Should this fail, everything collapses. Society flourishes when its individuals are self-reliant, responsible, and disciplined. Without confrontation, without trials, without experiences demanding leadership and courage, men remain shallow, incapable of cooperation under pressure. An unprepared man, when attacked, offended, or confronted with crisis, frequently freezes or flees. Even in less critical situations — such as social maneuvering — character reveals itself. How do you speak? How do you treat others? Do you look from their perspective? The majority of men do not; they see only the tip of their own nose, gossiping with empty words. The true weight of words issues solely from lived experience, from the substance of ethos.

As Cato the Elder said: master the subject, and the words shall come of themselves, so books pen themselves with the author as a mere artificer. Likewise, the destiny of every man follows his character. If someone is antagonistic, he shall encounter antagonism. If someone is courteous and benevolent, he shall generally receive the same. The ultimate task, however, is not to mold oneself into something unnatural, but to refine that which we are — extirpating destructive impulses and striving toward *aretē* (excellence). Therefore, I measure leaders not by their wealth or power, as though these were divine gifts, but by their virtue — their *aretē*. When leaders fail this

test publicly, they reveal their mortality and unworthiness. *Realpolitik* may care nothing for virtue, but politics as an idea must ever be measured by the standards of excellence. Yes, this may prove disappointing in the face of the mediocrity of contemporary politics, yet the standard remains.

Ultimately, ethos is not granted at birth, but tempered through trials, traumas, internal battles, and the long labor of reflection. From this issues the true human being — *Vir unus*, the complete man, the complete woman. Perchance such a person shall find no broad audience upon the marketplace of the masses. Yet among the gods and goddesses, such souls are never ignored. Therefore, it is worthy to strive for ethos and *aretē*, and to build oneself into a fortress of character in a world that is decomposing.

Genesis of the Goddess Hekate — Mycenaean-Minoan Mistress of Beasts (Potnia Theron)

Greetings. Today I should like to speak of Hekate — not of the common misunderstandings concerning Hekate as a triad of a maiden, a mature woman, and a crone, but of Hekate Epipyrgidia with three faces, representing in Neoplatonic terms *physis* — that is, matter; *aether* — the cosmic mass of space; and *ignis* — the aspect of Divine Fire. This is a purely Neoplatonic interpretation. I shall commence with Neoplatonism and travel back through time, seeking to discover the very roots of the Goddess herself. This statue is a representation from the classicism of Hadrian's era, preserved in the Museum in Prague. It depicts a woman with three faces, attired in a chiton and *polos*, which connects her with Rhea, the consort of Saturn-Kronos, the goddess of time.

Let us now turn for a moment to the descriptive system — a comparative framework for comprehending theology and hierarchy within the Platonic, Orphic, Chaldean, Iamblichean, Proclan, and Pseudo-Dionysian Areopagite systems. In the Chaldean system, we find *dynamis* as Hekate or the *Anima Mundi* — the Soul of the World and power. It is one of the elements of the triangles or triads in which the world takes shape in its pre-formational or pre-cosmic phase: the Father, the transcendent fire, *dynamis*, and *nous* — intellect. Descending further, Kronos and Rhea appear. The *polos* — the head-

piece or crown — represents Rhea and Hera as goddesses of the flux of time, of things that flow, bound unto Kronos, Aion, time, and also the lower Hekate, the membrane entwined with serpents, the *ouroboros* or self-devouring time.

What does Hekate hold? She holds twin flames, reminiscent of the Mithraic Cautes and Cautopates — the entrance from the Sun, the birth of souls, burial within the Dionysian tomb or body, and the subsequent ascension unto supralunar realities, planetary spheres, and stars. All of this pertains to the journey — the odyssey. *Odyssey* signifies a journey, and *Odous* — the traveler, the wanderer. Hekate likewise holds the *Iynx* — the *iynx* wheel, a magical artifact spun to produce vibrating sounds emanating magical power. This is also an allusion to the *Iynges* in the Chaldean system with its triad of Triads: the Empyrean, the Aetheric, and the Hyletic, the latter being material, chthonic, bound to subterranean matter and cosmic voids such as Tartarus or the Titans.

It is intriguing that in the Marseille Tarot's *La Lune* card, a crayfish emerges from the water — the soul is born, the Sun in Cancer at the summer solstice, subsequently passing through the Moon in Capricorn. Upon this Marseille card, barking dogs are also visible — the dogs of Artemis-Hekate-Drakaina, accompanying the crayfish's journey toward transformation into a purified soul, an *Agathos Daimon*, an angel, archangel, or deity. The significance of the dogs — loyalty, howling at the moon — may also be linked to Anubis, the jackal-headed, and the Neoplatonic form of Hermanubis, the syncretic union of Hermes and Anubis. He is the psychopomp, the mediator, he who conveys messages between the three higher worlds and communicates with the lower worlds. Here lies a hermeneutic aspect — the interpretation and limitation of hypotheses.

Returning to Hekate, in the Neoplatonic aspect we possess the first level — *physis*, the terrifying goddess. She is somewhat akin

to Mahakali in Hinduism or Shivakali in her wrathful aspect, commanding Dionysian forces of daemons. Julian the Theurgist termed this an army of violent, explosive dogs. The dogs in the Marseille Tarot's *La Lune* represent daemons of the chthonic spheres striving to cleanse the soul of impurities before it may ascend higher, or to interrupt the journey should the initiate retreat or break the ritual. In the *Aethyr* aspect, Hekate symbolized the waterways and seals of cosmic channels, akin to the *Iynges* — magical words, seals, and symbols circulating throughout the universe, sowing divine messages. In the *Ignis* aspect (fire), she was the Divine Fire — the fire of the intellectual soul and spiritual energy in Galenic terms.

I should now like to reference Patricia Marquardt's portrait of Hekate in the *American Journal of Philology* (Autumn 1981, Vol. 102, No. 3) to trace her origins. The ancient formula of Hekate appears in Hesiod. It is known that she was most venerated in Caria, in the southwestern territories of modern-day Turkey. In Caria, Hekate enjoyed great esteem and political significance, appearing alongside Apollo as a guardian of entrances. Likewise, in the *Chaldean Oracles*, Hekate and Apollo inspire Julian the Theurgist as he interprets the divine messages of the gods and goddesses in a hypothetical act, transcribing the oracles that became the classical text for every theurgist and magician of the Middle Neoplatonic tradition. If we seek deeper knowledge, Kraus places her emergence as far back as the Mycenaean era, supported by extensive research from earlier scholars. Hekate was frequently depicted as the Mistress of Wild Beasts, much like Artemis — she could protect animal life or destroy it, in the manner known from the *Homeric Hymns*.

How, then, did Hekate assume the form we recognize later? Kraus suggests that Hekate was transformed from a Great Goddess, such as the Hesiodic Hekate, into a goddess of witchcraft through identification with the Thracian-Thessalian goddess of crossroads,

Enodia, who appeared in Athens in the 5th century BCE, bearing the traditions of Thessalian sorcery. Thus it is possible that the Great Mother of Caria — and earlier of Minoan and Mycenaean religion — was merged with Enodia as a representation of witchcraft: Thessalian magical practices which, for the Neoplatonists, corresponded to the physical aspect of Hekate, the terrifying Hekate who wore a mask for initiates lest they be paralyzed with fear upon beholding her true subterranean form.

Prior to Hekate's merging with Enodia to become the goddess of witchcraft, we may trace her back to Minoan and Mycenaean religion and its survival in Greek religion, as indicated by the scholar Glarop. In many places, such as Knossos, one finds depictions of serpent-entwined goddesses — mistresses of beasts, such as *Potnia Theron*. Hekate was likewise a mistress of beasts in the Minoan and Mycenaean eras: the Mistress of Animals, the Mountain Mother, whose seal from Knossos formally belongs to the same category. The Goddess stands between two heraldically placed lions, yet in this instance we possess an actual place of worship with a sanctuary and water. Should we seek the image of the serpent, the mother goddess is depicted in a traditional flounced skirt and open bodice, with lions on either side. Beneath her feet, three lines form a kind of exergue, and above her head rests a ritual object formed of serpents, from which emerges the sacred, symbolic double axe (*labrys*). It is worth remembering that Orphic-Uraic or *drakontes* traditions were considered sacred; every non-Abrahamic religion treated these creatures as sacred, initiatory beings. It was even said that when a pagan holy man died, snakes were observed flying forth. This may be seen upon the reliefs of certain urns, such as the urns of Isidorus, where a serpent issues from the urn as if testifying that the man's soul had ascended purified — as a hero, an angel, or an archangel.

Regarding the origin of the name Hekate — it is unlikely to be connected with the Egyptian term *Heka* (magic), as *Heka* was written differently. Even if *Hekate*, *Hekaton*, *Hekatos*, or *Hekatea* were treated as an active verb, it would signify „to work magic." In Egypt, the concept of *Heka* was understood as an impersonal force permeating the entire universe, somewhat like „the Force" in *Star Wars*. Considering all this, can we believe that a goddess who underwent so many transformations across the ages was supplanted by a single girl from the Levant, Miriam, at a crossroads, when she fell from favor under new beliefs? The Great Goddess Hekate was marginalized in the eyes of the Judeo-Christian masses. How are we to explain the evolution of the perception of divine forces in a civilized manner — from the Great Goddess of beasts and serpents, in whom certain mysteries of Orphic ideas were preserved, to her revelation as a precisely and intellectually attuned three-faced goddess within the mysteries of Hekate, mentioned by Paulina in her *Laudatio Funebris* for her beloved husband Vettius Agorius Praetextatus, who died and was slandered by Bishop Jerome? I shall offer you a small clue — one of these mysteries is contained within the moon and is likewise linked to the ancient Temple of Ehulhul, the ancient temple of Sin, the moon god in Ehulhul at Harran. His mysteries endured uninterrupted for three and a half thousand years until the Islamic conquest. I shall not make it easy for you to uncover them, for it is a secret you must discover for yourselves.

On Bionic Statues, Temples, and the Priesthood of the Gods

What did the statues of classical Gods and heroes feel when enemies smashed them against the stone walls of temples? Was it the final whisper of retreat into the heavens of spheres and stars, where the last ties to Earth were severed? When, from that time forth, only a rare occurrence — the hope of a man, the longing of a woman — brought these forces down through the impossibility of chance, drawing them back unto themselves? At times in cemeteries, I watch the dead animate statues of angels, pointing out to me the path and the task to be performed. Then, amid profound melancholy, an angel raises her head, her ethereal arm sternly marking the path to the next aisle. By the Starzyński monument at Plac Bankowy, in the night, I see him turn his head toward me — the dead indeed inhabit statues whenever they are remembered. It is a form of magical *memento*. Likewise do they remember their great ones through immense, black monuments. Yet rarely do mortals know who that man was — anonymous in life, yet deserving before the dead.

We draw upon the forces of the *Anima Mundi*, borrowing the essence of the Gods and Goddesses through intricate, sacred rites to render them present within a given temple, within a statue — this is truly the home of their oracular, divinatory, apotropaic, and protective power. A bionic statue, a sculpture, was a reified, deified quality enchanted into the grandest form; it possessed catalytic laws, acting as a portal for the effective synthesis of divine power and its realization in ideas — be it protection over a city or a personal bond with its people, priesthood, and priestesses. It was indeed a link between human operators of divine technologies and the boundlessness of divinity among the stars. Likewise, consecrated temples, established according to the theology of arithmetic and geometry, in accordance with proportions and ratios, where flames

were maintained without end, were the dwelling places of those forces that permeated them. Though temples lie in ruins and bionic statues were shattered or replaced by the curse of deception centuries ago, the Gods have not retreated — they act unceasingly, not through houses of *physis*, but through the living bodies and minds of their faithful priests and theurgists, who frequently rediscover their duties in a wronged era through a grand inspiration that would not be possible were all truly lost!

How, then, does one prepare to become a recipient of these wonders? Diogenes remarked: „To invite the Muses, one must prepare a worthy temple for them." In contemporary times, we may consecrate ashes amid forests, empty plains, or mountain peaks — yet ultimately, we ourselves are the catalysts, and the place matters little, so long as we ourselves become the temple, expanding through dance and virtuosity, marking out cosmic grottoes and lighthouses.

The Chaldean Oracles: a Different Perspective

In the year 2023, I was invited to deliver a lecture before an informal Thelemic group. Although I am not myself bound unto Thelema — having been at one time a satellite of a certain camp in Poland, as well as participating in volunteer work at the Boleskine House Foundation in 2019 (a satellite disinterested in the Minerval degree, functioning rather as a „befriended dark mascot") — I have for many years engaged in the study of diverse mystery traditions, primarily those pertaining to the antiquities of the Mediterranean basin, and so I resolved to accept the invitation. Ultimately, the lecture did not transpire owing to organizational difficulties; hence I chose to preserve my labor and render it accessible unto interested souls.

Dear children, there shall now proceed a discourse upon the Chaldean Oracles, which — out of love for Neoplatonism and the theurgy of Iamblichus — I have studied from Alpha to Omega. Though I may not claim the mantle of an academic authority, I trust I have plumbed the lion's share of that which I wish to impart today. It shall be, therefore, in part a reading and in part an expository lecture. I invite you through an initial axiom drawn from Wilfried Schmidt-Biggemann: I propose that we capture the potency of the image and in some manner participate, or desire to participate, in the beliefs of those who were fascinated by them and devoted unto them. For a brief moment, let us adopt the perspective of the Chaldeans, the Chaldean theurgists, and the Neopla-

tonists; let us give rein to our imagination and engage ourselves with these matters.

The fundamental premise distinguishing us from atheists is the recognition of an essential axiom and power: the gods and goddesses exist. From this foundation we begin to erect the entire temple — hypothesis beside hypothesis, argument beside argument, deduction beside deduction. All of this is raised through reason, through a noble intellect, like unto the columns of the Parthenon — proportional and harmonious, such that the intervals constitute a harmonic procession, a melody, a rhythm reflecting most faithfully the realms of the gods and their cosmic realization upon the earth. Should we assume, however, that this axiom be false — which remains possible — then all that we have constructed beneath the stars, all our temples dedicated unto the gods and goddesses, would be mere playthings and experiments of a human mind beguiled by its own projections. Here I have paraphrased a passage from *De Mysteriis Aegyptiorum* by the master Iamblichus.

Dramatis personae:

Apuleius, author of the treatise *On the God of Socrates*, as well as the *Metamorphoses* (124–170 CE). Plotinus, a man of immaculate reputation in Rome — that city of lions — who throughout his life enjoyed unblemished renown, escaping criticism from all, an achievement truly arduous in the Rome of that era. Born in 204–205 CE in Lycopolis, he passed away in Campania in 270 CE. Celsus, a pupil of Plotinus, born in the first half of the 2nd century CE. Chalcidius, 3rd–4th century CE. Julian the Theurgist, referenced chiefly in the 2nd century CE, son of Julian, who according to legend invoked an Archangel to incarnate within his son. Thus he was born with a *daimonion* — that is, with the genius of that

Archangel. Philo of Alexandria. Iamblichus of Chalcis, born near modern Qinnasrin in Syria in 245 CE, dying presumably in 325 CE. Porphyry Malchus, born in Tyre in Phoenicia, who died in Rome. Julian Flavius, the Emperor, born in 331 CE in Constantinople, termed „the Apostate" by Christians, though from his twelfth year he was a pagan under the guardianship of the senatorial wing of old pagan lineages. He fell at the hands of a soldier — a Christian fanatic — during the Persian campaign. The entire tale that at the moment of his death he uttered, „Thou hast conquered, O Galilaean," was interpolated later by his adversaries, the Christians. Maximus of Ephesus, the great teacher of the Emperor Julian, slain by command of his successor, Flavius Valens. Sosipatra the Theurgist of Ephesus, first among the priestess-magicians and theurgists of that era, second half of the 4th century CE, disciple of two Chaldean master-magicians. Hypatia of Alexandria, a Neoplatonist born around 350 CE, who in 415 CE was murdered by Christians in the Serapeum. Remarkably, though her written works have not survived, we know she was the first to establish that planetary orbits about the Sun are elliptical rather than spherical.

Now, by way of introduction, I shall describe the powers as objective ontological forces. Is it possible to recognize such entities as *a priori* ideas functioning as forces that exist independently of our concepts? This represents a form of pansophy — here a gesture toward the Fraternitas Saturni. For we may treat powers as active, inactive, passive, reactive, variable, or immutable — as entities akin to cosmic *vāsanās* (energies imbued with specific attributes) that impart their hue unto pure *śakti* power, the Soul of the World (*Anima Mundi*), which is the generative energy. Parmenides maintained that dualism does not exist, and that agency, potentiality, and actualization constitute a single unity. It is worth recalling his journey unto the goddess Nyx, during which it was declared that all human con-

cepts regarding the gods and goddesses are mere doxology — that is, opinion. Nyx herself „spoken" unto Parmenides, asserting that the views of mortals concerning the gods are generally of negligible value. Anaxagoras, conversely, held that the collision of opposites engenders action. The principle of the predominance of dispersion or concentration of forces — that is, their quantitative transmission — causes powers to spread throughout space, existing as vortices of opposites that divide and transform themselves. All forces within the universe are active and potential; thus they do not exist immutably, but operate within a specific continuum. Plato evaluated their functionality: what do they do? They act, they are active, and they undergo action. Forms and ideas are likewise categories of power, and the operational nature of action together with the individualization of forces demonstrate that no forces exist other than those possessing real efficacy. The Eleatic principle dictates: „x" is a being if and only if „x" possesses a certain power." Modal logic posits that so long as a given value „p" (such as invisible unicorns) contains no internal contradiction, „p" is logically possible, even if empirically false. Aristotle, our categorical friend, asserted that forces act causally in concert, one triggering another, where potentiality and actualization remain distinct. Forces may be known through their manifestations, yet their nature and structure remain concealed behind a veil — perhaps the veil of Isis? Powers activate one another when the defining conditions of their attributes and parameters are fulfilled — through the necessity of active and passive power operating together, yielding conditional necessity. Forces realize themselves within the nature of their operation; they are co-determined in covariation, coexisting as *pros ti* — that is, „toward something," akin to inclination or *karma* in Hinduism. Ontologically interdependent and teleologically directed toward purpose, they reach fulfillment in co-actualization, in systemic realization — albeit upon a cosmic scale.

At this juncture, I should like to touch upon Hinduism, for Hellenistic beliefs stood in harmonious alignment with Hinduism and Buddhism. There existed even Bactrian kings who synthesized faith in the Hellenic gods and goddesses, mystery-wisdom, and Buddhist tenets. An exemplar is the Indo-Greek king Menander I Milinda — a consummate illustration of the concordance between Hellenistic teachings and Hindu-Buddhist traditions.

Now I wish to delineate a three-tiered reality. When someone declares that „reality is an illusion," they typically lose touch with reality to some degree — for they forget that there exist three distinct levels: the conventional, the absolute, and the illusory. We commence with *paramārthika* — the absolute, non-dual reality. *Paramārthika* represents the supreme, ultimate level of reality, frequently identified with Brahman — the immutable, transcendent, and formless principle underlying all existence. It is considered the sole true and eternal reality, transcending time, space, and causality. It is likewise non-dual (*advaita*), signifying an absence of internal distinctions or dualism. Further Platonizing Hinduism, we proceed to *vyavahārika*. This is conventional, everyday reality — the level experienced routinely, empirical, practical, and transactional. Within this sphere, distinctions and dualisms exist, and entities are perceived as separate from one another. Time, space, and causality perform an essential role in fashioning conventional reality. Though *vyavahārika* is regarded as valid for practical ends, it is understood as a lower, intermediate level relative to the absolute reality of Brahman. Next is *prātibhāsika*, or illusory reality. Most individuals who claim the world is an illusion are stranded upon this very level. *Prātibhāsika* is the reality associated with illusions, dreams, and subjective perceptions; it is considered a fleeting, deceptive reality arising from individual experiences and interpretations. That which appears real within this realm proves unreal upon deeper scrutiny. Examples of *prātibhāsika* include dreams

and hallucinations. However, as Synesius wrote in *De Insomniis* — dedicated unto his teacher Hypatia — diverse visions permeate through dreams: partially dreamed in private, partially generated by the subconscious, and partially issuing from astral, transcendent, or magical realms. All these blend within the cauldron of vision, where things seem real during the experience, yet upon awakening or sober reflection we recognize them as illusions.

Now I would present a general introduction unto Iamblichus's theology of arithmetic, or rather the Pythagorean theology of arithmetic. The geometric-arithmetic procession endeavors to map the perfect realm, whereof the phenomenal world — known to us as conventional reality — is but a shadow. It is an attempt to grasp the Pythagorean-Platonic world — the Platonized Pythagoras — the operation of *a priori*, ontologically objective powers continuously clothed within the universe. To seek the source of the theology of arithmetic and geometry is simultaneously an attempt to reconstruct the process of the co-arising of the universe — from pre-formative eras down to its manifest generation. This is a titanic undertaking, not merely as an exercise of imagination, but as a reconstruction of a profound metaphysical grammar understood as the „Intellect." In the philosophy of mathematics we find the concept of a type, as well as the signs or tokens of that type acting as traces of the *Arche*. In like manner, *a priori* forces, metaphysically understood, constitute a type, while all phenomena occurring within the universe are their derivative instantiations. The passages from the Monad unto the Decad shall here be paraphrased upon the basis of Robin Waterfield's 1988 translation, published by Phanes Press.

The Monad — the beginning — creates itself, containing within itself many monads, generating within the proportions of the scope of its foundation and power. The Monad is characterized by creativity, intelligence, and self-sufficiency, being self-derived. Divinity co-

manifests from the Monad; it is the beginning and the end. It imparts cohesion unto phenomena and causes them to unite with one another without departing from their own principle. Hence it is sometimes termed chaos as a generator, but also light, a mixture of power, the cause of truth (*veritas*), exemplar, and simplicity — being order and harmony. In Egypt it was called Proteus, for it assumes every form.

The Dyad. The Monad opens unto the Dyad, which is courage, audacity, impulse, motion, energy, generation, and form. It finds fellowship through all and between all. It is called infinitely divisible, like unto Erato, separating and joining, introducing the Monad into substance. It is endurance in strength, labor. Duality may be named the longing for the Unity of the Monad, or the bow of Artemis. It is called justice, for it possesses perfect scales.

The Triad is the next bridge. Just as the Monad contains the Dyad, so the Dyad contains the Triad. It is the first oddness, and simultaneously perfection, proportion, limitation, yet also unification. It symbolizes prudence, wisdom, eyes peering into the future — somewhat like Horus the Elder. It is likewise humility, piety, awe, which through its sanctity brings thrice-blessed happiness. From it emerge the three transcendent worlds present in Chaldean beliefs, permitting a comparison with the worlds of Kabbalah: *Ain*, *Ain Soph*, and *Ain Soph Aur*. One must remember, however, that the Kabbalists —10th-century Jews who, through Judeo-Arabic contact in Spain, borrowed this cosmology, including the concept of *Meś*, the Sumerian tree of life incarnated in king and queen through *Nun.Gal.Meś* and *Axis Mundi* — adopted this idea from the Chaldeans. The Triad is the fulfillment of all things through friendship, harmony, and unanimity.

The Tetrad and the Pentad. The thread of the Pentad passes through three figures and opens the gates of the Tetrad — that is,

multiplicity emerging from the Triad. The impulse is transferred into stability, becoming at once the guardian of nature — that which endures because it preserves. Four monads are contained within the first, and all monads balanced relative to one another open the gates of the Pentad. Here appears the pentagram, wherein the universe is enclosed and sealed within the Decad, initiated by the Monad and set in motion by the impulse of the Dyad. Everything here is characterized by an absence of friction, alteration, and mutability, being at the same time an understanding of justice that permeates all things. The Pentad is the harmony and composition of all elements in proper proportions; hence it is named Nemesis — justice (*dikaiosynē*) — and also Providence, for it eliminates inequality and excess. It is likewise designated as marriage (*epithalamios*), being androgenous; it is termed a demigod, the immortal twin of Pallas, because it reveals the fifth element. It resembles the heart in relation unto living beings. It is an intriguing detail that the pentagram, which symbolizes essential spirit and elements, was not inverted by Satanists, but by Christians; for them, it signified the incarnations, as well as the five wounds of Jesus. It accrued to Satanists only later. In certain churches, inverted pentagrams to this day symbolize the five wounds of the crucified Galilaean.

The Hexad — the next mutation in this procession — is androgenous and symbolizes marriage. It is the cause and condition of life. The Pythagoreans after Orpheus termed it the fullness of parts, peace, and reconciliation. It is sometimes named the spear-brandisher, and in the divine realm Hekate corresponds unto it, guarding the crossroads, wherein justice dwells. It bears the names *Thaleia* and *Panacea*, for it harmonizes disparate matters. It is wisdom overseeing all virtues (*aretai*), intermingling with them.

The Heptad (the seven) — whether as a heptagon or a seven-pointed star — is a virgin, for it issues from no mother. It is

a huntress, for it gathers matters in a manner reminiscent of unity. The Heptad is indissoluble except by itself. It represents the guardian protecting the eternal stability of many cosmic bodies. Hence it is termed a mighty, fortified citadel within the Decad, and as the *hebdomad* it stands between the Monad and the Decad. It is Athena of critical time, signifying change, intelligence, health, and light.

The Ogdoad, the Ennead, and the Decad. The Ogdoad opens the next gate. The eight-sided figure encompasses all harmony and is the *ogdoad* like unto Rhea — Mistress of Time, Mother of the Gods. It signifies love, friendship, wisdom, creative thought, and the foundation of security. The Ennead, in turn, symbolizes kinship, belonging, and equality. It is like the Oceanus of horizons, encompassing all spaces and places; every point is its epicenter. It is sometimes called Prometheus, as accord and limitation uniting all into freedom from toil and into assimilation. It is also Hephaestus, for it points the way upward through the melting of metals, alchemy, and sublimation. It is likewise Hera, for the element of air is subject unto the Ennead, and Hyperion, because in its grandeur it is supreme.

Forming another thread and looping within the *tetraktys*, we open the Decad — which neither shrinks in a petty manner nor expands out of harmony, but encompasses the entirety of multiplicity as a symbol of all cosmic phenomena. Here arises the principle: „Entities must not be multiplied beyond necessity." For the sake of accuracy, it must be added that Ockham did not invent this; the principle was known in antiquity and later developed by the Scholastics. The term „Ockham's razor" appeared much later. The Decad, as the culmination, is the perfection of all numbers, the vessel of the entire *tetraktys*, the closure of the procession... and likewise perfection — it completes the universe within the Decad, wherein is contained all equilibrium proper unto itself alone. The Decad traces a circle and returns unto itself, somewhat like Erebus,

wherein all is present: fate, eternity, necessity, strength, trust, Atlas — untiring, like unto the heavens. Urania signifies eternity, for she conducts all things unto complete fulfillment.

Now a brief biographical note concerning the author of the Chaldean Oracles. Julian the Theurgist, born during the reign of Trajan, lived in Rome during the 2nd century CE and participated in the campaigns of Marcus Aurelius against the Marcomanni and Quadi during the Roman counter-offensive in the territories of modern Slovakia, the Czech Republic, and Moravia between 172 and 174 CE. He was a species of battle-magician. In 174 CE, Theurgus was credited with summoning a rainstorm that saved parched Roman soldiers while striking the enemy camp with lightning. Mention of this survived even in the Byzantine *Suda*, an early 10th-century encyclopedia. Cassius Dio, however, mentioned Arnuphis, who invoked daemons, the aethers of the air, and Hermes of the wind — whereupon rain fell and lightning struck the adversary's camp.

Julian's father authored a *Treatise on Daemons*. According to legend, he invoked an Archangel who incarnated within his son. Thus the very *daimon* of Julian the Theurgist was an archangel, whose *logia* were later termed the Chaldean Oracles.

How does a *hypophētēs* differ from a prophet? Julian the Theurgist was a *hypophētēs* — one who interprets pagan gnosis, *nobilitas*, for it was the Christians who designated us as *paganus*. A *hypophētēs* is one who translates divinity and the gods — a speaker of *hypo-phesis*, Hermanubis, Hermes, he who sets boundaries. Hence hermetics: the distinction between the sacred (*sacrum*) and the profane (*profanum*). A prophet, by contrast (*pro-phēsis*), is one who foretells the future. Horus, Apollo, Typhon — these are prophetic deities or entities utilized as oracles.

The chief deity inspiring the Chaldean Oracles is Apollo, alongside Hekate. The author of the Oracles thus presides over the sacra-

ments of Apollo. „Sacrament" in its original, non-Christian sense denotes the submission of the mind unto the mystery-wisdom of psychagogy — the consecration of the spirit, soul, and *pneuma* unto the mysteries. Another confirmed deity of inspiration is Psyche — the Hypercelestial Soul, *Anima Mundi* — the Soul of the World, identified with the three-formed, holy Hekate Epipyrgidia, guardian of the tower.

Middle Neoplatonism — Plotinus, Celsus, Porphyry. Porphyry, in *De Regressu Animae* („On the Return of the Soul"), was a student of the Chaldean Oracles and presents the background of the era as an introduction unto the philosophy of the oracles across three volumes, which regrettably are lost. The utility of these writings is recognized by all born mystics, magician-theurgists, and those possessing metaphysical perception of that which the Egyptian hieroglyph *Sia* signified in the technology of Egyptian magic. Of this I may speak another time. Those wishing to receive the doctrine shall obtain an authoritative source suited unto their own intellects.

Next: what are the characteristics of the ineffable „One"? This concerns the contemplation of non-anthropomorphic forces, the removal of human archetypal contexts. Man measures himself, yet he is not an objective measure — as Iamblichus wrote. The stars were not suspended in the heavens for the glory of the human animal.

The Father — *Pater* — father of the immortal gods and goddesses, father of the immortals themselves. The attributes of this Chaldean divinity are vigor, the power of sight, hearing, the gold of the starry sky above the stars, intellect moving through the fire of light derived from perpetually flowing cosmic rivers.

The Mother — Hekate — she who shapes and sets the boundaries of matter, of free will (*boulē*). This is likewise something beautiful: *Eubouleos*, Dionysus Zagreus — he who possesses a noble will. Here

we return unto the Orphic mysteries of Kronos, as well as the Dionysian mysteries.

Beyond the forces recognizable within the universe, there is mention of the music of the spheres. But what was the Pythagorean music of the spheres, and what was the Chaldean concept of the sphere? The fixed stars and planets — *planasthai*, wanderers — as the revolving worlds of deities in the revolutions of hypostases. A physical planet is something lesser than a teleological entity — nature and its hypostasis. Cosmic music... we cannot „hear" it empirically, for sound propagates not in a vacuum. Yet when we tune ourselves intellectually, we indeed can hear it — hear the harmony of the cosmos. Some among us hear it with their own spiritual ears, for it is not the eardrum that perceives it, but *nous* — the intellect, an ear turned toward divine proportions.

Thus the teletarchic *trisagion*, forms bound unto harmony, music, rhythm, interval, proportion, numbers, mathematics, theology, arithmetic, geometry. Architecture is frozen music — wrote master Goethe; and divinity geometrizes — wrote master Plato. Now the first intellect, the noetic proto-fire, engenders the second intellect by virtue of power: *nous* as mind, spiritual magician, the immortal Platonic realm, the perfect *a priori* world acting as the matrix of the generative physical universe. Whereupon Hekate feeds upon the intellect and its rays, engendering forms — and the second intellect stands as the ultimate form of all things.

Following this path, we reach a station at the Pythagorean music of the spheres. Here I would recall Cicero's *Somnium Scipionis*, in Macrobius's commentary upon the cosmic flight of the son of Scipio Africanus — Scipio Aemilianus. The recollection of Carthage — this is precisely the account attempting to recreate the harmonies heard within the spheres. How high are those tones, and how low — these are the tones within the spheres of planets, within the spheres

of stars, when Scipio Aemilianus was elevated unto the starry spheres in soul to experience the fullness of beauty and declare what values might be brought unto the Roman Republic upon returning from the stars.

Exceedingly vital is the passage concerning Sosipatra. Maximus of Ephesus (310–372 CE), theurgist and teacher of the Emperor Julian („the Apostate"), was imprisoned and, following Julian's death, beheaded by Flavius Valens. He fell prostrate before Sosipatra when she manifested unto him in perfect Fullness as a goddess, radiant in glory before his countenance. She spoke then: „Arise, my son; the gods love thee; if thou but raise thine eyes unto them, be not beguiled by earthly affairs, by transience." Harmony — that is, the affirmation of life and mystagogic affirmation, the affirmation of the soul's ascent higher.

Porphyry in Theophilus: above the supercelestial vault there exists an unbounded, violent fire, an infinite *Aion*, imperishable, dwelling among the immortals. In the *Aethyr* there are no stars — the stars lie beneath — nor moons, nor planets. No god encounters it; it is like a long path of swirling, sacred heat, uttering a titanic sound. Whosoever experiences this fire once desires not to turn back — this fire burns not, but imparts immortality. *Aeons*, in the plural, mingle with *aeons* above the stars with the infinite *Aion* above the stars as *En Arreton*. Apollo Phoebus conveys that only gods and goddesses know this supreme fire. The theurgic ritual is *Autophaneia* — self-revelation, wherein Kronos manifests during the epiphany of the apocalypse: the ritual unveiling of the robes of Isis prior unto Eleusinian or Egyptian initiations.

Fire appears encompassing Olympus. Olympus is no mountain — Olympus is time, according unto the oldest Orphic fragment from the Derveni papyrus. Chronos, Rhea, flowing time. The river of time, the generative fire, wanes alongside matter and the abyss,

yet like Proteus it loops the whole as noetic fire, for it permeates everything.

Now regarding the Rose of the World — the Soul of the World, *En* as *Pan*, unfolds like the petals of a rose traditionally bound unto Aphrodite, her temples, and sacred places. The Apuleian youth transformed into a donkey — I have spoken already of Apuleius — in his *Metamorphoses* (*The Golden Ass*) attempts to save himself by eating roses within the sanctuary of Aphrodite, to disenchant himself from his own folly: his transformation into a donkey while experimenting with a witch's ointment. Ultimately he is saved by Isis, and the entire *Golden Ass* stands as a traditional mystagogic pilgrimage explaining how a fool receives honors from the goddess, becoming at last her consecrated and elevated priest.

In Hippocrates and Galen, the human soul is divided into the intellectual, the passive, and the vegetative — and this soul ought not to be reduced solely unto physiology, nor psychologized, for it coexists with the body, with physiology and psychology, yet is not identical with them. In Plato, the Soul of the World likewise undergoes this tripartite division, but this touches neither human passions nor Tartarian realms. We return unto the Orphic mysteries, as though animal and human souls were contained within it, yet it remains subject unto none of their impressions — that is, sensations. The universe is likewise a *zoon*, and human and animal souls are a species of elixir extracted from the Soul of the World. Plato here reconciled not the Soul of the World and human souls, hence this is my own inclusion; at best, they undergo individualization in accord with the highest octaves of the world, entering these registers and operating expansively as *Ka* — that is, the soul of gods is grander than that of mortals or beasts.

From Iamblichus's *De Mysteriis*, it emerges that Plato treats the universe panentheistically, as organic and divine. The whole here is

frequently a shorthand among creationists, evolutionists, and generationists. Personally, I am an evolutionist, for such are the facts, but likewise a generationist. The distinctions? *Deus Ex Machina* versus demiurgic theology — divinity coexists with the generative universe, not superimposing itself intellectually upon it; it is built into the whole world, refuting the concept of a Prime Mover. If a productive teleology appears, deity in this sense is an exceptionally advanced Proteus, returning unto the Monad, which contains transcendent and phenomenal laws, yet negates both creationism and intelligent design. Personally, I incline toward generationism, which preserves metaphysics without demanding its subordination unto human concepts and projections. Demiurgic theology assumes, however, that the primary moving intellect is the Demiurge — which possesses nothing in common with the Judeo-Christian version of creationism; it is far too abstractly intellectual a force: vide Plato, the Demiurge-Cosmocrator, ungraspable through the assumptions and doctrines of the aforementioned religions.

Now regarding the *Iynges*, termed also *Iynx*. The *Iynx* is a force uniting gods and men, like Eros, one of the three Titans. The *Iynx* artifact, resembling a child's spinning top, produced whistling sounds and was utilized for ritual purposes — for example, in the temples of the god Sin (Sumerian) in Harran. There existed also planetary temples — each planet possessing a separate temple even during the era of Esarhaddon, continuing presumably until the 7th century CE, when the expansion of Islam commenced. The sorcerer or priest utilized it to call back an unfaithful mistress on behalf of a client, binding her soul in the context of the Chaldean Oracles. Babylonian, Assyrian, and Chaldean magic is a vast subject, worthy of an entirely separate discourse. These were sacred words, *logia*, and symbols traveling between divine realms and elemental worlds, transmitting seals and information, much like Hermanubis in the Neoplatonic ap-

proach. Hermanubis is the union of Hermes and Anubis — a species of syncretic combination of two forces and individualized deities. Deities are not subordinate unto man, yet man may communicate with them technologically, through technical magic.

Cosmic entities were likewise termed intellectual support, *Voces Mysticae*, sustaining the theurgist in his work. They were represented as magical wheels — the aforementioned artifacts. *Iynges* are magical words which, when exposed unto the action of the *hypophētēs*, become *Logos* and active operation — sent forth into the world to fulfill their magical function. Here is an example: the bird named the wryneck, or *Jynx torquilla* in Linnaean taxonomy, which produced similar sounds.

And now the teletarchs — *teletarchai* — who are they? The teletarchs reside beneath the *Iynges* and Connectors (*Synoches*) as rulers of the three worlds within the Chaldean Universe. They exercised authority over these realms, and their character was defined as faith — *Pistis* — bound unto the material world. The material teletarch was linked with *Aletheia* — unforgotten truth; the aetheric teletarch with *Aletheia*; and the empyrean teletarch with *Eros-Agape*. Fiery Hope — *Spes* — is the fourth virtue, exhibiting a resemblance unto Christianity; this term was adopted by Christians from Neoplatonism and subordinated unto their new religion. In contrast unto them, these forces co-created the world and stood at the center of the generational chain.

Theurgic faith manifested in the reconciliation of the theurgist's *Daimon* with a given deity — an act of *tajjali*, a discourse with the holy guardian angel or *daimon*, rather than doxology and blind faith in opinions concerning deities. This was considered one of the charismatic theurgic powers, realized through the rays of the Connectors of the Sun. The teletarchs of Helios descended into the world of Helios's hypostasis; in the empyrean world, this was *Aion-Hyperion*.

Connectors harmonize, sustain, and protect the universe, generating invisible forces holding it together. They may be considered a hypostasis of gravitational-magnetic forces, serving as a metaphysical expression of dark energy and matter, where solar rays serve as a paradigm of the connector.

Daemons in Plutarch were not evil, unless they were chthonic *kakodaimones*, filled with violence and passion, capable of driving the human mind unto madness upon contact. In Hesiod, daemons were guardians of men; in Heraclitus, a man's character is his *daimon* — his genius. Socrates possessed his *daimon* as an innate guide and representative of life. In Xenocrates, forces between gods and men, both good and evil, operated in relation unto mortals. Plutarch treats daemons as restored unto nature and punished if they violated the laws of the gods (*De Iside et Osiride*). They were likewise recognized as children of the gods and children of nature — Pan was a *daimon* whose death was mourned; they were not immortal, yet long-lived, whereas *pneumata* (spirits) holding the status of Great Daemons could, after great trials, become Gods and Goddesses — likewise according unto Plutarch.

In the Hekatean-Physical approach, chthonic daemons were bound unto matter through the physical aspect of Hekate, whereas *agathodaimones* are noble daemons from higher worlds, as Iamblichus describes in *De Mysteriis Aegyptiorum*. A *daimon* is understood as a giver, distributor, or pneumatic operator — the presiding genius of a given person. Sosipatra possessed the *daimon* of a goddess, while Plotinus possessed the *daimon* of a god as one among many. The word for „God" in Polish (*Bóg*) derives from the Indo-Iranian *bhaga*, signifying „giver" — thus, *de facto*, „God" = „*Daimon*."

The pandemonium in Iamblichus (Chapter II of *De Mysteriis*) represents the generative and creative forces of the gods at the furthest reach of their operation. Daemons and manifestations of the gods are

fundamentally identical, differing only for mortals — they may appear terrifying or susceptible unto passions. In Chalcidius, a „good *daimon*" is a rational, immortal, and aetheric entity, a guardian of men; it is prudent and utilizes its aetheric body. A „bad *daimon*" need not be friendly — frequently it is not; it is invisible, yet discernible through „second sight," subject unto animal passions and instincts. It appears as a shadowy form — *nigro* in Greek signifying „black" — and dead souls, or *khaibit* and *shu*, are ever black. The realms of black earth, or chthonic realms, are likewise black — hence derives the word „necromancy."

In Neoplatonic theurgy, there exist three distinct forms of soteriology: *Homoiōsis Theō* through *Theion Ergon* — that is, man's labor upon *Aretē*, the incarnation of the metaphysical within oneself according unto divine proportion; the *daimōn*, comprising objective, terrestrial, planetary (Chaldean), and metaphysical intelligences; and the direct work of the gods within man, which is realized when we meet the divine halfway, our mortal exertions crowned by the Thyrsus, the *Autophaneia* of fire, and the *Autophaneia* of the Hekatean abyss — Tartarus.

The transformation of the soul unfolds even in the state of slumber, as Synesius recounts in *De Insomniis*. Upon this joyful note, I bring this discourse unto its close — for Aurora, who is Eos, the morning sister of Mater Matuta (goddess of twilight and dawn), hath already arisen. She sends her greetings, appearing as grand and mighty wings of living fire; nor is she a mere phantom of the mind, for since the dawn of creation she ever rises in subtle, fiery glory, invoked under diverse names by diverse peoples, cultures, and civilizations.

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Games of Political-Religious Power in Which We Play

Common fetishists believe that they are free, yet in truth they are impelled by forces whereof they remain unconscious. Look upon them — look, thou blind fool! Only those who are capable of recognizing these forces, observing them with acuity and a profound comprehension of causality, may discover the traces of their own vision, which they realize despite the opinions of others.

This is precisely the paramount aim of the magician — to strive toward his vision, to fashion it, forge it, and follow it. Whether others shall follow it is an entirely distinct matter. To attempt to impose it upon others — that is yet something else.

This quotation I discovered within a book which I warmly commend. It was penned by James Curzio — *Narrative Machines: Modern Revolution and Propaganda*. He is likewise the author of an excellent volume, *Babylon Burning: The Fallen Nation*.

I wish, however, to focus here upon the noosphere. The noosphere is a concept I have endeavored to propagate for years. I observed that in July of 2020 it suddenly arrested the attention of certain circles. It was taken up by a research group convened by the RAND Corporation and delineated in the paper *Whose Story Wins: Rise of the Noopolitik — Information in Statecraft* by David Ronfeldt and John Arquilla.

What, then, is the noosphere? The noosphere is the collective totality of all thy thoughts, ideas, inclinations, the history of ideas —

everything that may be conceived, felt, disseminated, and developed. It is a new paradigm of warfare — information warfare — which gradually occupies space within the contemporary world.

The term „noosphere" itself arose when the French theologian and paleontologist Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, the mathematician Édouard Le Roy, and the Russian geochemist Vladimir Vernadsky met in Paris in the year 1922. They pondered whether the evolution of humanity would lead unto the emergence of a new layer of existence. According to them, it came to pass — by virtue of „steady state" intelligence, the informational realm, and cyberspace. They defined the noosphere as a sphere encircling the Earth, a realm of the mind — a thinking circuit. Julian Huxley designated it as a „web of living thought" and a „common pool of ideas" leading toward a „co-thinking humanity."

Upon this foundation there likewise emerged projects attempting to transform human beings into „meat machines" linked telepathically, like unto some monstrous swarm. Yet humanity was never a hive, nor was it ever intended to be such. It is better conceived after the model of the symposium from Macrobius's *Saturnalia* — an assembly of critically thinking, responsible individuals exchanging ideas in order to elevate one another, discover common ground, and mutually enrich their souls.

Since those days, the advent of the internet hath awakened within many theorists and prophets of information the conviction that cyberspace provides the technical foundation for the emergence of the noosphere. In the esoteric conception, the noosphere existed beforehand; yet in the information age — together with all its „cyber-toys" — it hath developed also as a technological instrument.

What, then, do we possess here? Noopolitik as an approach unto statecraft. From 1999 onward, however, there appeared also other strategies proposing kindred concepts: *cyberpolitik*, *netpolitik*, *infopoli-*

tik, information engagement, information statecraft, and information geopolitics.

In parallel — and even earlier — narrative institutes operated already upon a grand scale, feeding the mass media, infotainment, and all forms of the entertainment industry: cinema, series, sitcoms, and others. All of this is regulated. And if thou desirest to regulate the crowd, feed it with entertainment that shall alter its paradigms and mode of thought — or habituate it unto certain matters before thou beginnest to execute a specific policy: technological, administrative, governmental, and so forth.

Therefore, if thou wouldst know whither governments are bound and what they plan, look upon infotainment and entertainment. Most likely, it is high-budget films that are tasked with habituating the populace unto certain ideas and phenomena.

According unto Teilhard de Chardin, the forces of the mind have for centuries generated seeds of thought and fragments of imagination. The growth of social complexity prepared the soil for the advent of the noosphere. In this wise, the noosphere stood upon the threshold of achieving global presence — its diverse parts and cultural units beginning to coalesce.

Teilhard foresaw that when this synthesis occurs, the peoples of diverse nations, races, and cultures shall experience an unimaginable degree of organized complexity and reflective consciousness. A planetary monoculturation shall be produced — and this supposedly in such a manner that men shall lose neither their personality nor their individuality.

Yet this latter assertion is entirely false. For individuality is preserved through the process of individuation. And for its accomplishment there are required specific elements that cannot be a mere conflation of everything with everything. That which deprives us of true individuation replaces it merely with a false individual facade.

What, then, is noopolitik? It is an approach unto diplomacy and strategy in the information age that places emphasis upon shaping and sharing ideas, values, norms, laws, and ethics through soft power. What ideas, values, norms, laws, and ethics shall be deemed „optimal" for dissemination throughout societies — that is an entirely different matter.

Noopolitik is guided rather by the conviction that „right makes might" than the converse. Both states and non-state actors may be guided by it. Yet in contrast unto state-centric politics, its power may derive from enabling the co-operation of states and non-state entities.

The motivation of noopolitik cannot be a narrowly understood national interest defined in terms of state status. National interest shall still play a role, yet it ought to be understood more broadly — in social, or even global terms — and bound unto the development of a transnational, networked fabric wherein the players are embedded.

While realpolitik strives to fortify states, noopolitik most surely fortifies networks of state and non-state actors — which China perfectly comprehends. Realpolitik pits one state against another, whereas noopolitik encourages states to collaborate within coalitions and other joint structures.

...It is erroneous to think that noopolitik is merely the cooperation of states — in truth it encourages powerful players to act in concert. In this precisely noopolitik contrasts with realpolitik.

I would direct thy attention unto the fact that we dwell in an epoch wherein all things are possible. Had Goebbels possessed at his disposal the internet and the networks of the contemporary age, his propaganda would have operated in precisely this manner.

Therefore, whenever thou encounterest an information, a value, an idea, or a virtue of any kind — question it. Be skeptical. Re-

consider it anew. Examine the history of ideas and observe how they evolved. For if thou art merely a „prisoner of the present," then in truth thou art subject unto the power that shapes thy thinking.

Those who know not at least three thousand years of the history of diverse civilizations and cultures, who follow not the transformations within socio-historical frameworks and ideas, shall ever remain prisoners of the present.

It is a rather melancholy reflection upon our times that most of us living today are indeed prisoners of the present. And if thou art a prisoner of the present, thou mayest be... fed with every conceivable illusion or lie imposed by the brokers of power.

Remember: there is no hope for the hopeless — that is, how to effectively influence the world and realpolitik. In a true sense, thou art either „born" with certain variables — which I shall discuss presently — or thou acquirest them through arduous labor and exertion throughout a lifetime.

Now I shall present the mathematical theory of communication authored by Claude Shannon and Warren Weaver. This theory is applied in communication, yet it may likewise be applied within the social sciences.

Let us examine its foundations: the communication system and its problems — for instance, information sources. At this moment, I am the source of information, and the media perform the role of the transmitter. The signal travels through specific channels — and disruptions may arise, such as street noise that hinders the comprehension of the message.

The receiver is thou — thou mayest be open unto the message, ignore it, or continue leading thy life. The message is the entire sequence of information that I send, and the objective is to reach thee, dear receiver.

How does this operate in more complex environments — for instance, in systems? Suppose we have an information network wherein a single signal reaches many receivers, such as the subscribers of my channel. Each receiver may process the signal differently, leading unto diverse outcomes depending upon interpretation.

A high probability of the message's influence depends upon how we are daily bombarded with information and which signals actually reach us and are processed. This influence shall vary depending upon the degree unto which we trust the media, news, and other sources of information.

This precisely shapes our perception and may influence us in the manner wherein the sender desires to fashion us.

The influence exerted upon thee depends upon many factors — and these are the foundations of social engineering.

I have prepared a simple program that serves to illustrate how the world truly changes. I selected several variables that may be utilized to evaluate influence: status, network of contacts, wealth, power, reach, trust, effectiveness of communication, informational noise, susceptibility of receivers, and the capability of broadcasting messages within a given population. Unto each variable we assign a value from 0 to 10, and subsequently we select the population we wish to analyze.

Let us take my example: my status as a citizen—0, network of contacts—1, wealth—1 (I live in the precariat), power—0, reach—1, trust—0, capacity for effective communication—0, informational noise—2, human susceptibility—0, message broadcasting—1. The population I can potentially influence is the number of subscribers to my channel plus acquaintances — approximately 510 persons.

Not all, however, shall remain under the influence of the message — around 306 persons may not be effectively reached, and additionally there occur disruptions in communication. The more people

pass the information along, the lower the probability of actual influence.

Out of those 306 persons, perhaps only a tiny percentage shall truly comprehend whereof I speak. This demonstrates that ordinary people, like myself or others from the precariat class, possess exceedingly limited capacity for influence upon a grand scale.

Influence upon reality is possessed exclusively by individuals who attain high results in specific variables. Only through developing these variables or possessing them from birth can one truly alter anything. This is precisely the politics of power and all that is bound therewith.

Waste not thy time, therefore, upon social networks and similar matters. Concentrate upon developing these variables if thou possessest a vision. If thou hast a true vision or a true reform within thy mind — strive toward it. Thou mayest also employ techniques such as high magic or other instruments of influence that increase the chances of operation; yet in daily life, if thou possessest not such variables, thy significance is minimal.

Thou mayest say: „I shall focus upon my own life and I care not," yet those individuals who possess a high „score" in these variables shall exert an influence upon thee — and thou shalt remain subject unto power. Each of us is a subject of power, whether we like it or not.

In this brief presentation, I should like to elucidate the mind of the believer. We are dealing here with an indoctrinated, inoculated system of belief based upon blind faith that is not verified — „it is so because it is so."

Generally, this leads unto a aversion toward new stimuli — for example, metaphysical experiences that transcend the system of belief, such as the Christian religious system. Such individuals dwell within an echo chamber, rejecting knowledge (*epistēmē*) that contradicts their religion.

When they encounter something that contrasts with their faith, there arises fear engendered by ignorance, and the nearest point of reference — the pleasure principle within the psyche — „redirects" them back unto the echo chamber.

Every metaphysical experience — for example, resulting from technical magic — which may be induced deliberately by certain persons or „souls," serves as a reinforcement of convictions: „I told thee that thou wert right." In this wise, the believer is „reprogrammed" back into his belief system — no analyses or thinking are required. Technical magic operates upon „useful souls," and various pseudo-experiences (such as hearing voices declaring „Jesus is Lord" or feelings of guilt like „thou art a Judas") reinforce blind faith.

Sudden conversions, pseudo-miracles, or mass visions (for instance, hundreds or thousands of people beholding a flying Virgin Mary) lead at times unto mass psychoses. This is nothing new — for centuries such mechanisms have been employed to beguile the believer, maintaining him in obedience and in the bondage of the system.

Yet intelligent men utilize *epistēmē* — knowledge and metaphysical experiences — to expand consciousness and perceptual capacities. Within every religion there exist certain codifications of metaphysical experiences that are bound neither unto Christianity nor unto Judaism. Such experiences are widespread across many civilizations and cultures, which overthrows the idea of a single „true religion," demonstrating that frequently it is simply an instrument of political control and a limitation of individual freedom, keeping the individual within an echo chamber.

When fundamentalist Christians encounter cognitive dissonance or an *epistēmē* contrary unto their faith, it engenders fear. Out of ignorance they return unto the nearest known stimuli — that is, unto the pleasure principle — which once more conducts them into the

echo chamber, happily picking out fragments that confirm their faith.

Therefore, it is impossible to persuade a Christian that there exists something beyond his religion — fear and ignorance shall ever bring him back unto his blind faith.

It is as simple as that.

This shall be a very brief lecture. Psychiatrists like to retrospectively analyze historical figures, searching for diseases, symptoms, or „etiology." They have no conception of true etiology, yet they diagnose nonetheless: Alexander the Great — a megalomaniac; the Hellenistic world — a mass psychosis. They claimed they communicated with the gods, that they beheld them. Joan of Arc — schizophrenia.

Hath any psychiatrist achieved anything grand in life beyond being a psychiatrist? Now: how does one eliminate political problems or compromises? Render someone insane. How do you make someone go mad? It happens within the mind. Psychotronics, cybernetics, „dark ops" operations — the techniques are known. Upon the other side we have likewise a multitude of „naughty" entities that can drive a person's mind mad.

Through the years I have learned to communicate within a psychotic perspective in order to protect myself. I mastered the psychiatric paradigm by reading a multitude of books upon psychiatry, knowing that it is one grand lie — much like religion, an instrument of power.

Thou mayest ask: there are insane people and they require aid. Do they receive it from psychiatrists, or do they merely receive sedation? Do psychiatrists know the true etiology? I was a prisoner in a closed psychiatric ward in Eastern Europe and observed the patients. Closed wards are at times worse than prisons — a multitude of disturbed individuals, madmen, and also the „dead," whom I could perceive in the etheric dimensions.

Etheric larvae drilled into the heads of schizophrenics, connecting with their Broca's area and auditory cortex, creating pseudo-identities that feed upon psionic mental energy by „talking" with them. On a certain night someone screamed in pain, and I beheld shadows inserting sharp, black objects into his body. Physical injuries there were none, yet he felt pain throughout his nervous system.

Why? Because certain entities interact with our biochemistry and nervous system, inducing reactions that for a psychiatrist are merely hallucinations. For example, I beheld in the sky a Herculean caduceus. It was a visual hallucination — like the dead woman beside me who cannot be seen.

When a fellow patient was asked whether he beheld those shadows torturing his body, he replied: „My psychiatrist told me to treat them as hallucinations." Therefore, unto sensitive patients one ought not to explain too much, for psychiatry is a „safe haven of lies" that manage symptoms and render everyone happy — much like religion: give the fools what they desire, permit them to believe in Jesus, and they shall be happy.

An entire arsenal of false science called psychiatry hath thus been created around many anomalies and experiences that people undergo daily, yet cannot organize — it is a disease of civilization resulting from a lack of comprehension. I am like a two-headed voodoo doctor: one head for spirits and metaphysical battles, the other for mortals.

We speak not with „ordinary" people regarding that which we behold and experience, for it would not fit into their conventionally conditioned minds. We speak not with psychiatrists regarding our beliefs, mystical experiences, occult matters, psychological operations, or magic — that is a „no, no," and at best sends us back unto the hospital.

Psychiatry is, however, a „safe haven" — an umbrella term within a society that culturally accepts not such anomalies. It is a somewhat

Machiavellian truth: knowing that parallel and metaphysical worlds exist and coexist with us, and that psychological and cybernetic operations are continuously conducted, frequently unnoticed by the other side — with the participation of demons, spirits, shadows, many dimensions, and the „invisible hands" of reality behind the veil. Let us call them simply spirits — traditionally.

Humanity is to a vast degree unconscious of this, save for those who see, interact, or engage with certain forces and collaborate with them. Thou mayest induce a psychosis within someone by sending demons or employing more invasive techniques, such as technological, radionic, or cybernetic „combat."

How best to discredit a person? Render him insane — medical papers, political career, social status — it is foreseen that he shall be a dissident or a dangerous element. Madness appears, and within the medical documentation thou hast the entry "[__]".

Attempt not to resist — politically they shall slander thee, bury thee in nonsense, and when the threat passes, suddenly thou becomest „normal." What occurs? I still behold spirits, but for the psychiatrist I shall be psychotic — I care not.

Naturally, there exist individuals with organic brain damage, people with intellectual deficits — diverse minds. Yet the majority of persons who intensely experience certain anomalies have nowhere to seek help today — religion is a lie, psychiatry is a lie. As a result, they fashion their own delusional systems: someone is spying on them, someone is persecuting them. At times it is demons inducing minor campaigns of harassment to drive a man unto madness.

Thou sayest this unto psychiatry: „They are watching me!", and they ask „Who?" — thou beholdest spirits, entities, yet thou wilt not say this unto psychiatry, for they shall deem thee insane. For those who see not, everything is subjective: „they," „them."

Most of the time I can identify non-corporeal entities, souls, agents who interfere, yet thou art alone — like a lone wolf. Some flee unto religion, which grants them happiness. Others accept the lies of psychiatry, which grants them sedation.

Yet if thou art a full dissident and a survivalist after years of experiences, thy mind becomes hardened and resilient. Thou fortifiest thyself manifold and beginnest to operate in a critical manner within the social sciences, exact sciences, art, and the magical arts — theurgy, goetia (*Ordo ab Chao*). Thou buildest thine own path, knowing that thou mayest go mad at any stage.

Yet critical education and awareness protect thy mind, allowing thee to avoid an entire life within a psychiatric hospital. Thou learnest how to fortify thyself, collaborate with spirits, demons, and the dead, in order to preserve thy sanity.

So long as thy mind is sound, thou art useful. At times it is better to be deprived of arms or legs, yet to possess a sound mind. I have a saying: when the mind goes mad, everything else likewise falls apart — family, friends, political or professional career, everything vanishes, and thou art left merely a madman.

What is the difference between a political dissident or magician who is insane, and an ordinary psychiatric patient? From the perspective of the psychiatrist — none. From the perspective of society — simply another lunatic. Attempt not to explain it unto anyone; I merely present certain facts.

With time, thy critical mind and capacity for interpretation grow. Thy education and skills become a useful instrument in offensive and defensive actions. Thou art no longer a prisoner of psychiatry nor of religion — thou goest forward, leaving these paradigms light-years behind thee.

This signifies not a negation of science — let us be skeptical. This merely demonstrates that psychiatry knows no phenomenal etiolo-

gies. Just as Judeo-Christianity was a metaphysical political lie, so the psychiatrist knows not true metaphysical reality nor the methods of interacting therewith.

Psychiatry is a lie based upon misunderstanding, lack of information, and the rationalization of anomalies that have existed for centuries and were well understood by certain adepts. If thou art a psionic or a magician, seek not comprehension from a psychiatrist — thou wouldst be a fool.

Experience, experience, experience, doubt! Learn skeptically! Why do I utter these words? I shall not defeat the giants of falsehood — neither Judeo-Christianity nor psychiatry. Yet at least I have opened a new front in my life as an experiment, to see what shall come to pass and what shall not.

Euripides: Regard not how great and honorable values, virtues, or education thou possessest, all of this is wiped away if thou hast not the means. What is the difference between a madman who possesses not power, network of contacts, resources, nor real capacity to command, and an insane person who possesses these things?

This is the difference between a madman and a tyrant. A tyrant can execute his policies by virtue of power, wealth, resources, and networks of contacts, regardless of how mad he may be. It is precisely such people that we elevate unto positions of power.

And what is the difference between a poor, resourceless intellectual, a scholar, even if he possesses leadership skills and aspirations unto virtue, the ideal of „*vir unus*" — that is, the complete man — and a person deprived of all these attributes — leadership skills, political charisma, resources, power, intellectual acumen, rhetorical talent, fire of speech, spirit, and heart — yet possessing material means?

Such a person becomes a fraud or a wretch. Thus we have the distinction between a madman and a tyrant, as well as between the noble precariat and a complete fraud and wretch.

I leave you with this thought for consideration: why the world stands upon its head, and why in our day so many idiots reach the highest summits of power.

Occult Perspectives: Hermeneutics of Souls

I invite you unto another discourse. Upon this occasion, it shall be devoted unto souls, framed within the context of my own hermeneutic practice — that is, the art of interpretation based upon my experiences both in interacting with souls and in engagements with other entities. These experiences are, naturally, purely subjective, though they may in some measure be shared with others. As I have noted, I interpret these experiences, whether well or ill — it constitutes not objective truth, but rather a form of modeling.

What, then, is a soul? Let us begin with the Thracian idea that animals possess souls, precisely as do mortal beasts, including human beings. The waves of life upon Earth, which were incarnated souls, evolved side by side with organic evolutionary factors, most likely conducting unto new forms of genetic differentiation — independent of biological genetic history and „junk DNA," such as viral infections that have left their traces within human mtDNA or yDNA.

We possess, therefore, bio-sexual and bio-psychosexual souls whose lineage may be traced backward through successive generations unto the first hominids and the evolution of species within the Anthropocene. Let us commence with the primary mitochondrial DNA that hath survived within *Homo sapiens sapiens* — that is, from the African Eve, who subsequently differentiated through mtDNA mutations across diverse parts of the continent, in accordance with population genetics and the migratory waves of this species across the globe.

As I have noted in another lecture — when analyzing the psychology, politics, and economy of the Egyptian soul, the Scandinavian *Fylgja*, the Greek *daimones*, or the black souls termed *eidōla-skia*, *Shut*, or *Khaibit* — we shall focus upon biological souls derived from mother and father. These two souls unite during conception, yielding an embryonic aether devoid of certain defined attributes. Nevertheless, the soul possesses likewise its own expression within genetic expression.

A child is born receiving specific occult rays determined by location, astral configurations, and concealed dimensional layers, all converging within the child's new soul. The soul is impressionable and stamped with parental characteristics. Thereafter, as it develops, it enters into developmental psychology, socialization, and the successive stages of life. According unto Jungian theory, the child matures into an adolescent and an adult, shaping the attributes of its soul, its ethos, and its individuation.

At every stage, the soul synchronizes with its biological foundations: the nervous system, the brain, the environment, peers, and socialization. Thus there is generated a synchronous synergy of brain, nervous system, and soul, wherein the soul receives emotional stimuli, shaping emotional sensitivity and biopneumatic components that bridge the metaphysical realm with the physiological, with belief systems, memory, behavior, and the processing of thought.

What may be wrought with such a soul? Even within ancient magical practices, a soul could be bound — its emotional and cognitive components, its belief systems and memory could at times be stolen or displaced beyond the body. As a result, a man may become soulless, though cognitive functions remain; certain parts may become dysfunctional, leading at times unto madness or the destruction of emotional components, including fear.

Everything depends upon the quality of the soul — the souls of heroes or purified souls are not equal unto ordinary souls mixed in diverse proportions with *physis*, that is, matter. Iamblichus observed in *De Mysteriis Aegyptiorum* that the souls of gods possess vastly greater power and properties than the souls of mortal animals.

The construction of a soul is a complex undertaking. A soul may be destroyed; it is not immortal like a *daimōn* or *pneuma*. There may also be engendered a so-called shadow-soul or *eidōlon* — a likeness of the black soul within the human body that remains after death or is delegated to sleep within the tomb. In ancient Egypt it was designated as *Khaibit* or *Shut*, and in Greece as *eidōla simulacra* — these were the „black souls." They could be erased, stolen, or developed within the framework of shadow magic (umbrarchic magic). The shadow-soul could be bound unto the mind in order to travel through etheric zones, with or without the soul, and likewise with the participation of animal guides — the *fylgja* — which symbolically totemized man and beast.

If the soul is displaced — or even while the soul remains present — one may „hatch" the souls of other entities or synthetic souls wherein specific traits are sculpted (moon-children serving as an example), which transmit their attributes unto the mind of the body wherein they are sealed. If the mind is developed and intelligent, yet a soul of a lower order is introduced, diverse complications may arise — for example, a writer may experience a creative block or difficulty in speaking fluently in the English tongue. Such operations exert an influence upon the organic functioning of the brain and nervous system; hence soul, mind, and body may — though need not — be yoked together in many aspects.

A soul may be modified, programmed, or „inoculated" within a specific individual. One may also copy the attributes of a soul as through a „copy-paste" operation and attempt to distribute them

unto other souls, though not all capacities can be transmitted in this manner. The cloning of souls or the creation of doppelgängers may lead unto behavioral deficits in other people — for instance, if the soul or mind of a certain person is cloned, others may begin to display a similar manner of dress or personality traits, within the limit of the baseline capacities of the brain and cognitive settings of the individual who falls victim unto operations of this kind.

The body may likewise be possessed by an alien entity that incarnates within the soul and body, inducing distortions within the mind and the soul's gait. In the event that the soul is cast beyond the *Sahu* (the vehicle or mantle of the soul), the body may be seized by diverse entities — at times collaborative, at times destructive or destabilizing — though the majority of men remain unconscious of such cognitive-emotional modifications wrought by alien entities, for their willpower and capacity for discrimination (*gnōthi seauton*) are insufficient within self-awareness to register such subtle alterations. There may also occur „avatarizations" of greater deities — such as Horus the Elder into the body and mind of mortals — which represents a temporary coupling with the divine element.

Magical technologies pertaining unto the soul encompass, among other things, ophitotronics — the transmission of signals through neuro-sexual couplings, the activation of serpentine energies, tantric winds, or *kundalinī*, and the transformation of the soul into the element of air, imparting the sensation of flight. These serpentine operations epitomize the soul into the form of an „angel," yet one may just as readily bestow wings upon a lion, a serpent, or a swine, for they possess a similar neuro-spiritual apparatus. Such a soul may be controlled by the mind or united with it, fashioning a pseudo-angelic entity, or operating parallel unto a given individual without the latter's awareness.

When a religious bigot is transformed into an „angel," he shall be no better than a winged swine; its function is merely „herding the flock beneath the cross" in order to fortify religious structures of falsehood that camouflage the actual magical technology hidden behind them.

In all the bestiaries of the world, the souls of beasts — such as the phoenix, or among cavalry, the Pegasus — may become „winged." Neuro-pneumatic development and the golden body permit one to „give birth unto oneself" within the realm of the gods — a process termed kephalization, as in the case of the Egyptian scarab-soul, where the immortality of the heart is bound unto the transposition of the biopneumatic component into the divine realm, symbolized by the winged Khepri.

These processes encompass likewise kephalization — the immortality of the intellect. In Gnostic rituals, the „headless ones" (*akephalos*) operate as transmitters of divine power, though they possess neither will nor intellect to modulate these forces. The immersion of the soul into the abyss of Tartarus, typical of shamanic chthonic initiation along the *Axis Mundi*, transforms it into a daimonic component — akin unto receiving the nectar or ambrosia of the gods within chaos — which enables the transformation of the soul itself into an immortal component: *pneuma* or a *daimonion*. These processes are similar, though not identical, unto shamanic initiation within the underworld — a „dragonization" or ophitic/kundalinic nervous penetration of therionics, yielding modifications within the central nervous system that fortify human intelligence, resilience, and capacities.

One may multiply these processes and fashion one's own modifications to inject them into one's soul and central nervous system, becoming thereby a self-programming entity. Magnetic and electro-receptivity — for instance, within the context of ESP abilities — rests

upon the reconfiguration of the nervous system and the capacities of the soul, such as clairvoyance. These are bound unto the power of the soul and the *daimōn*, which may grant access unto diverse dimensional registers — from heavenly caducean wonders and the interlacing labors of the Herculean mysteries, unto the chthonic visions of Hekate, shadows, and daemons.

At times, it is a gift to behold these realms — received, for instance, from Isis or Hekate (as the humble calf suckles from two mothers) — permitting one to protect oneself and discern the patterns and movements of friends and foes. One may also incorporate foreign entities, *daimones*, daemons, and chthonic forces of the Black Earth, which treat the human being as a host, or collaborate with them — which is decidedly more optimal than a vulgar invasion into our bodies, souls, and minds. One may experience, for example, „phantom angel wings," signifying that *Angeli Boni* (such as the Greek pagan angel) incarnate within the body to establish contact with a specific community — such as pagan stellar and heavenly lineages belonging, for instance, unto the planetary spheres of the Solar System.

Temporarily acquired capacities — those that belong not inherently unto us — may be obtained through interactions with spirits, entities, and incarnated souls, resulting in practical abilities. Certain aspects of the soul may be injected at birth or following initiation — such as the *pneuma daimōn*, which may be innate or developed. An innate *daimōn* of the dragon class, for instance, renders a man an „unawakened demigod" until he is awakened — that is, until his soul breaks forth from its sealed confinement into the domain of conscious action and operation. Diverse bestiaries may be innate within a child, revealing capacities of the soul, ESP abilities non-standard for ordinary human souls, and so forth.

Transmigratory souls travel; they may reincarnate across diverse worlds and zones — such as within the framework of the Tibetan

Bardo — in alien dimensions, or return unto organic life, as well as within the spheres of planets and stars. Shadows of souls, „children of the underworld," may be reborn within the soul of a child — such as a vampire or a daemon. Alien dimensional entities may likewise be concentrated within a child through optional „injections" during embryonic development, and naturally during the intercourse of mother and father.

There circulates an anecdote that if a father — such as Philip II of Macedon — was possessed by the soul of a dragon, the child conceived might inherit the attributes of the dragon. Historical examples include Alexander the Great, Scipio Africanus, or the Chinese emperors — their souls were a mixture of human and dragon qualities.

Biological death is not the end; it is a gateway unto metempsychosis, reincarnation, and rebirth within organic or spiritual worlds. One need not be born into the human or animal realm — one may be born within many etheric dimensions to continue existence in continuous cosmic expression.

On Anger, Hatred, and Fury

— This text is dedicated to Natalia T., who recognized the meanders of my madness.

Seneca asserted that all anger is a form of temporary madness (*De Ira*). It is difficult to disagree, for anger almost invariably proves counterproductive: it alienates the loyal, delights enemies, defiles the dignity of our work and labor, destroys reputation, and polarizes public opinion for the worse. Worst of all, it is the root of destruction — eliminating moderation, addicting us unto spasms of hatred, ruining our character, and dulling the subtlety of thought. The Erinyes possess us, devouring all in a war of all against all, and ourselves — against ourselves.

What, then, is the most noble anger? It is the anger that arises from a sense of injustice — felt down unto the deepest atoms of our being. Not merely that inflicted upon us personally, but likewise the universal injustice of the world, against which we wage war and with which we not infrequently fall in bitterness, rust, with broken weapons — though we be fighting merely against windmills, or do we truly?! We fight, we are mocked, we collapse in spasms and nervous breakdowns, whimpering like a rat upon the earth in agony and endless tears — and thereafter comes no answer, no solace, no renewal. Only the devil appears, laughing: „Pull thyself together, weakling. The work awaits. Even a titan at times falls apart, dost thou understand?"

Resilience unto injustice signifies not blindness. A fortitude tested through the years signifies not indifference. When anger and

hatred reach their absolute extremes, they conduct us along two paths: either toward the meanness and cruelty of retaliation, or — should they mature — toward the mastery of the wounded, battered wolf who yet hath something to pass on unto the younger ones. Or toward the solitary tower, where a man preserves his nobility and lays aside his wars for a better time. And even if the flame be extinguished, it nevertheless shone long enough to illuminate the gloom before it vanished along therewith.

Perchance simulated anger may at times prove useful to subdue demons that know no language other than hatred. Yet if we fall into true anger — into that terrible madness that destroys equilibrium — we become victims, disciples of the hateful, instead of the teachers we sought to be.

What, then, can anger, fury, and hatred teach? Can these wounded passions teach anything whatsoever when they burst forth despite our finest intentions? Mastered — they become an inner fire, a diamond discipline and focus, a presence that commands fear and obedience. Properly transformed, they are the most volatile of passions: hatred is the darker brother of love, a master unto whom desire is subject. Yet if we fall victim unto desire and hatred, we are lost — human nature sinks into bestiality, destroying itself utterly. If, however, we are able to transform desire into a grand vision, and hatred into a fortress of nobility — there remains hope for steps taken in the great, exhausting work.

The most grievous fate, however, comes when hatred and desire petrify into cold indifference: when hatred becomes pure perfidy, intelligent and destructive; when desire becomes a perversion of the highest, most sinister, and evil order. The greater the nature of a man, the more immense the ruin when he falls beneath the yoke of fate and fortunes; likewise with great undertakings that shall tremble at their foundations and crash down upon humanity

in silent protest, like bionic statues of the Gods smashed by the Galilean rabble.

It is a matter of paramount urgency that these shadows of human nature — these Tartarean elements, ever present within the nature of man — be harnessed beneath the yoke of labor, bridled and directed toward the better, like a helmsman steering a vessel of terror across the Acheron. They shall rebel. They shall tempt. They shall entice toward the lowest abysses. And yet it belongs unto thee to hold the helm and steer thyself toward the proper shore, though thou shouldst fall once, thrice, a thousand times. Though thou shouldst sail through a hurricane with a broken rudder — thou must not release it! For moments arrive when the storm subsides, the air clears, and beauty stands revealed: strength recognized in discipline, wisdom shining within eyes that penetrate beyond the veil of phenomena into the realms of the star-Gods.

Occult and Esoteric Languages: Silence, Magic, and Interfaces of Non-Material Senses

Masters of language are conscious of how to employ it with deliberation. This discourse shall address not merely human limitations in perceiving the entire stream of reality, but likewise the necessity of consciously modeling and utilizing the available instruments once they have been elaborated.

As we know, language consists of abstractions — „the map is not the territory," as was stated by Alfred Korzybski, the Warsaw-born mathematician and creator of the theory of general semantics. His ideas were subsequently utilized in fashioning the foundations of neuro-linguistic programming, and in part also within the development of contemporary language models, designated today as artificial intelligence.

We commence, therefore, not from acquired language, but from the language of symbols: semiotics, semantics, pragmatics, and the archetypology of language. We may turn, for instance, unto Steven Pinker and his volume *The Language Instinct* — an excellent work to read and comprehend the entire Sapir-Whorf hypothesis, grammar, and the logical conditions that we discover in Ferdinand de Saussure, the founder of modern linguistics. „The limits of my language mean the limits of my world" — thus spoke Wittgenstein. Yet we shall begin from the ontological stream of reality.

What is reality? Within esoteric Buddhist teachings, it is the flickering of phenomenal events scattered throughout space. We may designate it as time, if it be ordered or described, yet there exist diverse kinds thereof. There is linear and non-linear time, sequential, cyclical, synchronous, asynchronous, erebic, circular time, and many others. We may distinguish that which is transient, ending, and perishing, or that which is eternal.

This ontological stream is received through — let us call it — a magical apparatus, namely metaphysical senses, rather than the ordinary five senses plus the sixth, which is the mind.

There exist likewise other senses that may be detached from the body, and ontologies upon the other side may command distinct capacities of perception, not necessarily our restricted human senses: hearing, touch, sight, taste, feeling, and the apprehending, intellectualizing mind.

Let us designate these metaphysical capacities in human terms as *siddhis* — for instance, the second sight or clairvoyance, the capability of perceiving etheric records, tuning one's consciousness, and translating this through the visual system back unto the mind. That which is beheld by the soul, spirit, or consciousness is translated into an organic idea, something „empirical."

We may thus behold things that exist not in a material sense, yet are empirical for us because our soul, our consciousness, hath tuned itself unto them. This is merely an example — these are the portals of the senses and the mind, not to mention other hidden, occult phenomena that our entirety, our biological cocoon, and other secret apparatuses register, though we remain unconscious thereof.

This conducts us unto the Plotinian idea of concepts.

Let us say — organized deities and the human intellect, the intellectual spirit, encounter ideas that are unfolded. Ideas may be incorporeal, like divine qualities or *mentalese* — a form of thinking without

thought, non-deliberation during thought. This conducts unto the formation of a „wiring" of abstractions.

I hold that this very wiring of abstractions was the origin of the development of symbolization — *homo symbolicus* — which subsequently conducted unto the acquisition of the capacity to communicate through sounds and ultimately unto the creation of language itself, in whatever form, including forms of interspecies communication. This „wiring" of abstractions conducted unto their encoding, and was thus strictly and continuously bound unto the process of acquiring languages.

Languages may — through grammar and logical conditions — exert an influence upon these abstractions. The limitations of comprehension play likewise a role here, for they restrict the scope of that which can be apprehended and conditioned. Unto this are added cognitive biases. I once beheld a map displaying hundreds of identified cognitive biases — we must at least remain conscious of them so that our mode of comprehension may become more precise.

This domain, as I have noted, is „here be dragons" — for it remains inaccessible unto objective comprehension. Objective truth, as in the case of Platonic mathematics, may be strictly interpreted, yet still — *hic sunt dracones*.

In the process of reification, we appear upon the epistemic level — that of knowledge, its comprehension, and its structuring. There exist diverse cognitive phenotypes, styles of thought. We possess not identical minds. What does this signify? That minds differ not merely in terms of brain encephalization, but also in topology. Minds are distinct. Yet human beings, in a sense, feign before one another that they share the same cognitive phenotype and participate in a common *communitas* — that is, a shared imagination of what communication is and how we perceive one another. Yet as soon as we realize the differences in cognitive phenotypes, we comprehend

that they are real. Thereupon a community, a *communitas*, is generated; today, however, this is designated as neurodiversity. The very idea of neurodiversity arises from the differences in the typology of minds.

We shall not behold the world through the eyes of another phenotype, yet we may communicate and comprehend, for we remain within the domain of human communication.

What occurs, however, when we attempt to communicate effectively, and how is such communication to be captured? I wrote regarding this in *Occultosophia* — my own theory of linguistics — in certain chapters, for instance those devoted unto the mastery of language.

A master of language is one who speaks not merely that which happens to occur to him. It is not a stream of words, but a conscious modulation of thought, abstractions, and the entire inner structure in such a manner as to achieve the intended effect within communication. There is an immense amount of labor within this.

When we arrive at the final result — that which hath been written, spoken, depicted, created, or executed — we take into account responsibility, ethics, purpose, teleology. We may likewise employ instruments of influence — rhetoric, *technē rhētorikē*, Machiavellianism. Why?

One cannot influence others by stammering like a fool. One must enter the mind of another person, look from their perspective, and only then decide what to say, in what time and place, selecting the proper words. This conducts unto guided narrative — and here we enter once more the gates of the senses and the mind.

The entire idea of speech as a magical game of abstractions brings us back unto the encrypted stream of event flashes. We cannot directly gain access unto this ontological stream of forces, but we can attempt to shape it — not through words, for words are a lower form

of communication. The majority of effective communication with deities was accomplished through a mighty silence — a silence that was not an emptiness, but full of content, painted with metaphysical senses and a magical apparatus.

Yet to utilize this, one must master it — acquiring the entire arsenal of the instruments of silence, of action within silence. This demands training. It is not merely a matter of keeping quiet — one may fashion entire worlds of communication in silence. Human speech is a mechanism utilized for communication with those who comprehend a given language. Otherwise, if thou speakest unto a stone, the stone shall not comprehend thee. If, however, thou attemptest to speak with the spirit of a garden, peradventure it shall comprehend certain resonances, some *synthōnia* of thy speech, of thine inner mood or anger.

Beyond this, however, human speech serves human beings. If thou wouldst communicate with the gods, thou must master the sacred language of silence. This is not a matter of quietistic contemplative calm (*quietism*). It resembles rather the practices of certain Christian monks who sit in silence and suddenly experience a peak experience, an ecstasy — without comprehending why or whence it arose.

Techniques of deep emptiness function, for instance, within *śamatha* traditions. The techniques of the master-magicians of the Dharma, the royal magicians of the Dharma, were highly refined — as were the techniques of Egyptian priests and their art of magic. I created this address in order to convey, peradventure in a somewhat apologetic manner, that if someone communicates in such a fashion, he is not dishonest. He may treat thee somewhat as a person whom he attempts to comprehend from thy perspective.

We cannot perceive the world from the perspectives of other entities — we may attempt, we may communicate and comprehend, but

we shall not exchange perspectives with a daemon, a sylph, a deity, or a goddess. We may attempt to comprehend, yet the greater our proficiency in developing this arsenal of languages — whether spoken consciously, or the languages of silence, the suprasensory metaphysical languages — the closer we are unto striking the core. Thereupon our communication becomes masterful.

And let the dragons remain dragons — old, wise dragons. *Hic sunt dracones*. Yet the attempt to comprehend them is in itself worthy of the exertion.

Why Are There No Longer Statesmen?

If thou hast wondered why within the contemporary world there are no great leaders, no statesmen, ask thyself this question: what would come to pass should such figures appear? Would they ascend the ladders of politics and bureaucracy? Nay — for they are dangerous unto the status quo. They would be swallowed by the regime, by society itself. Even should there emerge a grassroots movement, someone attempting to speak unto the people and elucidate the most subtle ideas and truths — none would comprehend whereof he speaks. He would be mocked, rejected, at best ignored.

Take the example of Yukio Mishima — the Japanese nationalist. He sought to lead the people toward reform, rebellion, even revolution, back unto ancient values. He was rejected and committed a demonstrative suicide. Imagine what would occur should a man without backing, without support, without wealth, without finances, yet endowed with the supreme capacities of leadership, attempt to do anything to alter the world — to elevate himself through power or fortune, to act in the name of the gods or of society. He would be swiftly destroyed. Why? Because therein lies the concept of freedom — and freedom engenders fear.

Bureaucrats fear freedom. The status quo fears freedom. It may be said that freedom gives birth both unto the greatest tyrants and dictators, and unto the greatest leaders and statesmen. Without freedom, without a comprehension of freedom — they exist not. And this

song cannot be sung in too lofty a key, for the crowd shall not comprehend its meaning in the least. One cannot speak through overly sublime ideas, grand history, or an elevated narrative, for the modern world shall not grasp it.

Not only are men incapable of elevating themselves, but they are likewise pacified. Pacified by whom? By that very status quo that fears freedom, that fears statesmen and grand leadership. Therefore we possess mediocre politicians, and power flows whither wealth and networks of influence reside. Welcome unto the modern world, where mediocrities and the politics of charisma hold sway, where Max Weber's definition of leadership — of politics as a calling, as a lifelong mission to serve society and an idea — exists no longer.

Instead, thou hast wretched frauds elevated unto the summits of power, whom thou extolest, guided by the lowest instincts — populist mediocrity. This is the very scum of the world that thou thyself hast elevated. Yet blame not the gods, as Solon of Athens wrote — for ye yourselves permitted yourselves to become slaves. Ye yourselves choose these fools as leaders, within a pseudo-democratic idea wherein aristocracy hath become oligarchy, and democracy — ochlocracy.

Wherein the most glorious aretaic virtues and values have become nonsensical, commercialized, capitalist products of entertainment — for self-gratification, for masturbating over thy supposed virtue, for masturbating over ideas thou hast never truly comprehended. Those who comprehended them permitted ontological forces to flow through their veins, minds, souls, and hearts.

And thus precisely the world ends — not with a bang, but with a whimper. With the whimpering of slaves serving fools greater than themselves.

High Magic — Mystics, Magicians, and Life

Magic — what in truth is it? For some, it is a philosophy of consequences; for others, the casting of spells. Yet others perceive in it the creation of illusion, akin unto David Copperfield. There are also those who apprehend it as a sublime art of deciphering the signs of divinity, the patterns of a dynamically changing world, and deep laws, subsequently incorporating them into themselves through illuminations, flashes of comprehension, brief moments of satori, and building upon them as upon a modular database of insights.

Through absorbing this into oneself — into the mind, soul, heart, spirit, and *daimonion* — a man becomes aligned with the ideas of *Numen Multiplex*, with the spiritual *E pluribus unum*. It is akin unto tuning into the same frequencies, unto a kaleidoscopic key that opens within us and becomes compatible with the other side — with subtle currents, energies, powers, spirits, and dimensions. One may designate this variously, for these are merely labels for phenomena that we most frequently comprehend only fragmentarily. Therefore do we communicate — words signify something, yet they signify distinct things unto distinct people.

What, then, is the „revolution of pure reason"? It is the realization of fragments of these dynamic, deep laws of the Universe. It may arrive within meditation, contemplation, scholarship, intellectual practice, yoga, gymnosophy, ceremonial art, dance, song, art, technology, politics, or rhetoric. The point is to absorb all of this into oneself.

The entirety of Hermeticism consists in discovering the divine, often ineffable interdependencies, and subsequently embodying with full impetus these discoveries within our lives across the diverse episodes and stages of our existence. Naturally — at the very end we are exhausted, yet how much more beautiful it is to look upon the path behind us with an understanding smile, rather than as an irredeemable loss, beholding merely ruins?

One may perform this to achieve material success — money, fame, sex, and other matters that fall within the scope of so-called low magic. Yet there is nothing extraordinary in this — any enterprising man, politician, or millionaire can achieve this without magic. Low magic is rather a compensation for those who feel their own helplessness and desire to acquire even a pittance of money, sex, or ephemeral fame.

What, then, is high magic? It is being in harmony with greater orders, being a catalyst, a discovery, and a philosophical action. It is the comprehension and embodiment of the values, virtues, and mode of operation of the Universe, in order to collaborate with a grander breath, with a broader expanse of cognition, to influence souls, minds, and hearts, deifying oneself and joining the retinue of high spirits, muses, and Gods.

High magic is the discovery and reification of great laws within our lives. We human beings are not true creators — we are rather negotiators. We can create illusions, sigils, servitors, program egregoric ideas that circulate throughout the world. Yet most frequently we negotiate, catalyze, and transmit in accordance with tuning unto the higher worlds of the starry heavens, nature, beasts, and invisible realms — we are their disciples and acolytes. Those who sever themselves from catalysis collapse with a thud beneath the weight of their own experience; as long as thou dancest, so long art thou a dancer, and he who retires knows that he danced magnificently. Having once

been a splendid horseman, am I yet a rider? Now I would fall with impetus from the horse at the slightest gallop; similarly — the art of living beautifully is desired, nurtured, and ends only with death, so that the dance and leaps at full gallop (how foolish was I once! Yet am I wiser now?) may be continued post-mortem.

High magic is a transmission belt: from the gods, the divine, *Numen Multiplex* — unto the magician; from the magician unto men, unto the world, unto spirits, unto beasts. It is not a matter of impressive domination by one's own will. To be sure, at times one must impose one's will, yet that is merely a posture, not the essence of the matter. There exists a difference between the mystic, who receives divinity and recognizes it, and the magician, who acts — who dares to act, acts heroically, beautifully, with the full plenary splendor of humanity. And yet within this act, the magician must also be somewhat akin unto a mystic.

The magician receives a vision and knows what ought to be done. Precisely this is his task — to follow the vision and bring it to fruition. There exist many compendiums, schools, and treatises upon occultism, some serious and profound, yet the majority are rubbish. The paramount duty of the magician, however, is experience — life is experience. Life is an unceasing prayer, a continuous invocation and evocation, an unending calling. In its essence, life is magic.

There is no greater magician than a child who concentrates its entire energy upon play, upon the game wherein it participates. And we adults ought to engage in life with equal joy and full concentration — in every act of our will, in every gift received from the gods, muses, or spirits. It is the art of play, yet deeply mature, potent, and momentous. The Romans possessed a virtue termed *severitas* — sternness joined with a sense of duty toward the task. One cannot be a good magician if one hath not mastered life itself.

Life is the capacity of the mind for full existence — for experiencing, rejoicing, suffering, greatness, and misery. How can one conceive of being a magician if one knows not how to live within one's own mind, if one possesses no vision? Even when thou art depressed after many trials and hardships, even when thou hast made no grand career nor acquired a throne or lands — what of it? Thou hast lived a beautiful life, and that is something none can teach thee. A beautiful life is thine own handiwork. The greatness of life is not bestowed by the gods — it unfolds within a man, hatching within confrontations and sweeping action, both internal (esoteric) and external (exoteric), and only then does one meet the gods halfway, and the work of the Gods upon man — *Theion Ergon* — commences.

In all pursuits of magic and occultism, life itself must not be forgotten. Neither within books nor within ceremonial art — for otherwise thou becomest a caricature, if thou knowest not how to be a beautiful human being, if thou knowest not how to live beautifully from within and persevere therein untiringly. One must know how to be magnificent and disciplined, yet also wretched, full of anger and suffering, so long as it dims not *Aletheia*, the truth — for therein too lies beauty. To be terrible and full of the heavens is far better than to be beautiful and full of terrible blemishes.

How canst thou expect spirits to obey thee, or to take into account thine ideas, thine action, if thou thyself dost not constitute an objective reality — for within the mirrors of eternity everything is visible as naturally as the movement of galaxies — nothing extraordinary, if thou knowest not how to live? Then thou art merely playing at occultism, playing upon the surface of the aesthetics of this art. It is life that is the supreme expression of magic and divinity. Even in death — frequently it is the dead who are more beautiful and more alive than the living, in a noble *danse macabre*.

This is a brief instruction upon life and humanity. How to live? If thou must ask this question — thou art lost.

Philosophy of Evil: From the Tension of Natures to the Illusion of Values

The problem of evil is in truth a problem of valuation. It arises from the tension between identity, otherness, and natures. A human being is seized by forces whose nature descends upon his head like a mountain. When he opposes them, he generates tension and turmoil among other natures and substances that are repulsive unto him and unto them. They possess their own perceptions, inclinations, senses of contact with reality, compromises, insights, and postures toward the intricate rules penetrating a given world.

To reclaim human nature, to define it anew, is akin unto dancing with everything that denies it — whether through the law of inertia, or through the law of inclination, attraction, or repulsion. The sole path to overcoming this contradiction is consciousness, energy, direction, and unyielding determination. Where possible, one ought to summon aid from the metaphysical arsenal — the protection of discovered and established rules, perceptions, memories, and cognition. Protection and active labor with them operate as a seal upon the great work of life.

According unto the reasoning of *humanitas*, evil is identical neither with matter, *physis*, nor with the incorporeal interference of a hundred satans at once, but with the absence of principles for forming and formulating humanity linked unto the reflection of the

subtlest inner truth, responsibility, and the discovered *daimonion* in proportion, interval, and individuation relative unto the starry heavens, the earth, and nature, as well as unto men within an aretological, paideic perspective. The greater the stability and permanence within a continuous „correct posture," within a straightforwardness guarding the higher nature — the discovered *daimonion* — the stronger the defense against the very concept of so-called evil: that is, that which repels us from *eudaimonia*, freedom, the affirmation of a strong, heroic life, responsible toward oneself and all things, as well as liberative-soteriological.

The absence of a firm posture to defend oneself, to overcome flaws and blemishes within the inner gigantomachy, is all too frequently projected upon some god, devil, nature, or another force. Yet when we undertake a responsible gigantomachy, even should our defenses be shaken by something external, ever hostile and destructive, the struggle was worth the endeavor.

To be sure, a hundred million demons may stand against us — for their nature may be incompatible with ours — yet if within the gigantomachy we have conquered the core, the nucleus, then these attacks pass through us as through a void; when indeed these wild natures strike us, we possess refined methods of evasion, attack, defense, and survival, pointing no finger in dualistic distinction, but reasoning regarding the diversity of natures that within natural warfare act in accordance with that which belongs unto them.

The sources of so-called evil may be manifold, including incorporeal natures, yet in the main it arises from the *kleśas*, as defined by Buddhist and Hindu ethicists. Among these are enumerated: ignorance, anger, pride, envy, hatred, egoism, and attachment — to take a few from an anthropocentric starting point — within an unceasing sequence of mutations, variations, kaleidoscopic compositions, and accumulations, wherefrom grow more refined poisons known unto

modern man in their brutal vulgarity and civilized perfidy of subtlety.

These are not empty words, but a hidden dynamic — metapatterns of living tendencies of *karman*, wherein the seeds of causality arise. A self-aware being is capable of preventing such developments and discerning their roots through discussion, confrontation, reason, the upholding of values, *virtutes*, and good points of reference and coordinates. Their variations and mutations become a chain of consequences that engenders further so-called evil at a terrifying pace, cloaking itself beneath surrogates of ignorance.

And like a machine, they draw successive beings under their influence and yield suffering. The attraction of the Void, precisely like the golden chain of virtue or the iron chain of vice, spreads not symmetrically, gradually, and cumulatively, but constitutes a manifold entropy of ascents and descents within variable, ephemeral topographical maps.

The problem of metaphysical intervention — or the lack thereof — is in truth a confusion of the degrees of reality and a projection of the „heavenly daddy," that is, the Judeo-Christian submission unto control. In reality, it is our own human act whereby we draw nigh unto metaphysics — an individual act, not a collective reception or origin, as certain naive beliefs attempt to assert.

This comes to pass because we cannot fully exchange perspective. It is a subtle cryptography, a portion of our self-contained existence. If this be so, we cannot share our practical advances in metaphysics with any other, for everything must pass through our own individual consciousness. We may describe, we may point the way, yet the *lapis* must be found by the person who himself desires to find it and stands ready to do so.

The work consists primarily in supporting, setting free, entrusting, or liberating human beings who stand ready to tread the path

of the gods. Vocation signifies responding unto the unceasing call and pertains unto everyone who consistently chooses this path. The Chaldean saying regarding calling and receiving is true.

Let us now proceed swiftly unto certain *kleśas*. We possess, then, *kleśas* and sufferings. Let us commence with aversion — likings and dislikings, hatred and love, suffering and pleasure, the desirable and the undesirable, contempt, disgust, and anger. These are the primary sub-*kleśas* of aversion.

And ignorance? For Judeo-Christians — lack of knowledge, lack of discernment, lack of direction, lack of principles, naivety, lack of ethos. What do we possess among Christians? Delusion and conceptualization. Conceptualization, when erroneous, conducts unto delusion. False beliefs conduct unto a lack of realization. Realization that refutes delusion is the antidote.

And attachments? Attachments unto truth and falsehood, unto good and evil, unto stubbornness, unto the self, unto views and belief systems — these are all attachments. To be detached and disinterested signifies not to be devoid of will. Thou needest not sacrifice thine ego. The ego must be strong as a mountain to survive all of this. Yet thou must know thyself — *gnōthi seauton*, *Tat Tvam Asi*. To know thyself, thou must know thy *daimonion*, thy nature, thine inclinations, thy vision, thy genius. Whither does it lead thee? What confrontations hast thou survived? How hast thou forged thy nature? Unto what is thy nature equal? That is the question.

And envy? For instance, my problem is anger and fury; I am conscious thereof; borne aloft in hatred that hath lost its footing within the cry for justice, it becomes like a dagger plunging into our throat. Yet for some, envy is the primary scenario of the day — defective aspirations, inequalities, rivalry, abstract values that are deemed something worthy.

The antidote? The abandonment of attachment unto the self, the practice of giving and receiving, the wish-fulfilling jewel, the pater-

nal and maternal mind. The antidote unto conceptualizations — realization, the recognition of illusion, even of simple *dharmas* as voidness, a return unto Nāgārjuna. The antidote unto attachment — the recognition of *saṃskāra*: the cycle, impermanence, transience, the abandonment of grasping at selfhood.

Another flaw — aversion. What are the antidotes? Loving-kindness, the penetrating exchange of the perspective of oneself for another, the Other, the Stranger, knowledge of impermanence and transience.

And what is the antidote unto ignorance? Learning, meditation, contemplation, study, self-reflection, and the cultivation of insight into causality. Precisely this is termed wisdom — spontaneously arising wisdom born together with the cognition of causality, dependent origination, co-conditioning, and history. Those who are prisoners of the present and know not 3000 years of history — well, they are prisoners of the present.

And they imagine that „now" endures forever, and that „eternity" is now. Deep is the well of the past. Now — pride. In certain instances, divine pride is justified. I am proud of my achievements. Why? Because they issue from my nature and my *daimōn* in confrontation; I have built for myself an honest pride that within the great reckoning may indeed mean nothing, yet it constitutes my memory and identity. I may call myself a proud man. Is this false hubris? Nay, for this pride pertains unto my nature, my life achievements, and the instinct of survival and endurance — all of which I built over time, through my own exertion, sweat, blood, and tears.

Yet pride pertaining unto attributes of the body and mind that are impermanent — and the mind changes vastly faster than the body, while the body changes more slowly — that is altogether another matter. A lack of humility, of intellectual humility, for instance... I adore intellectual humility, yet at times thou must be arro-

gant and destructive when thou encounterest a fool so immense that thy fury and aversion seize control. Unhappily, such a thing grows into thee, and there is no means of avoiding it if it strikes root within thee like a weed.

Well, such is my nature; I follow it. I may struggle against it, yet it is my exponent, a portion of my *daimōn*. Arrogance? Oh yes, of that I have spoken. The antidote is apophasis — that is, the consciousness that thou canst not know all things. Humility, intellectual humility, yet not self-flagellation and kneeling like certain ones who deprive themselves of the dignity of being human. Rather inquiry — inquiry into oneself. What hast thou achieved? What art thou? Art thou merely a tangle of nerves, mind, and soul, or something else — thou knowest never.

Disinterestedness — that is, the capacity to disengage thine ego, strong as a mountain, hard as titanium, and gaze upon the world from a third position, from a transcendent perspective, from thy holy guardian angel, thy demigod, if thou preferest, and attentively observe thyself.

And what possess we here? Ah, the Mithraic axiom. The repetition of these patterns draws us into binarity, into so-called dualisms. I am a non-dualist, of the Advaitic school, yet there exist dualisms that evolve into substitutes of substitutes of substitutes. Unhappily, these dualisms have been built around with religious doctrines, and what hath come to pass? Monsters were created.

Harmony in tension through opposition. There exists a tension of natures, of identity and otherness. The world is in a state of war — particles, elements, all things struggle with one another. Yet thou must sustain this harmony like the string of a bow. Thou must draw the bow, maintain the tension in harmony, and then release the arrow in opposition. For these dualisms shall oppose thee and swing thee left and right, unless thou findedst the golden mean.

The middle and ascending path is precisely that arrow that thou fashionest in harmony and tension. Therefore stand firm, draw that bow, and aim boldly.

Thus was this a swift discourse upon what evil is — for it is not restricted solely unto human worlds. Human beings are frequently the worst devils this world hath created. And I assure thee — it exists likewise within other, etheric worlds, within the invisible world. And there is no greater demon or devil than a man who hath taught another man how to conduct himself toward other men, beasts, and the world in a cruel manner.

Perspectives: Anatomy of Gods and Goddesses — Practice and Theology

How ought we to think regarding the Gods? Are they peradventure a species of „higher mortals," endowed with human attributes, caprices, and moods of nature, as within certain mythologies? Yet one may conceive of gods and goddesses as ontologically real powers, entirely devoid of the mortal element, human passions, instincts, and thoughts.

We may, like Democritus, speculate that there exists a vortex of masks of power assuming individualized forms. Yet this is merely *doxa* in the Parmenidean sense — we may hold opinions regarding the gods, yet we shall never be able to claim a right unto objective truth from the perspective of mortals.

The primary axiom of this brief discourse is that gods and goddesses exist in multiplicity — *e pluribus unum*. This signifies an independent ontological status for certain forces and powers. We may speculate that they are manifold — that is, distinct from one another — and at the same time may occur as powers pure or mixed.

Considering the complexity of the world of nature and the complexity of the cosmoses — a certain order and adornment of reality — both from a physical and a biological perspective, we have to do with a world entirely diverse. Porphyry (*Porphyrius Malchus*) wrote that the gods oppose not nature — *physis*, matter, *zoē*, which is to say life.

Everything is organically built into it. This signifies that in coming to know the world, the exact and social sciences, we may discern flashes of the operation of nature and physics — and at that moment metaphysics appears.

From that moment we begin to experience and speculate regarding the existence of gods and goddesses, of divinity in general. From that moment, however, we remain as it were blind, for we cannot speculate regarding the existence of specific deities, entities, or forces if we experience them not. If, however, we begin to experience them — empirically, spiritually, through the soul, intellectually — through a breakthrough, inspiration, influx, or muse, thereupon it becomes real.

Diogenes wrote that an educated man, possessing the proper view of things, is himself a temple of the Muses. A mortal is thus a temple of the gods wherever he moves. Deserts are temples, and sacred edifices are their homes — at least in ancient times.

My own *doxa* regarding the gods is this: there exist vast spectra of certain forces and powers that originally resided in a most pure state. Yet they too possessed their history and evolved. Along with the evolution of the cosmos, the universe, and life, they incarnated into living beings, into stars, into planets — into their natures — and began to differentiate.

The purest and simplest protean monad (the Egyptian Proteus) is simultaneously the purest and simplest divinity. And yet it remains at once intellective, containing the prototypes of the *archē* of potential phenomena upon contact with the chaos of forms, and unthinking, until it encompasses the entire universe and lives like an organism through all its modifications, multiplicities, and transformations. Precisely this is the *anima mundi* — the world-soul of Hekate, living within the substance of the universe.

One may likewise speculate that there exists a reality transcendent unto this world of phenomena. We may adopt the Chaldean vi-

sion of one, two, three teletarchic realities, up unto *parinirvāṇa* or *pariśūnyatā* — total voidness, nothingness, zero. This likewise possesses great significance, for it indicates that the world of stars is generated by vastly greater worlds — entirely complementary, indivisible, yet distinct. These worlds are imperceptive unto any influence, immutable, and thereby closest unto infinity and immortality.

Liberated gods and goddesses, or divinity itself as such, may be comprehended within this model.

But what of mortal gods? What of those highly advanced magical operations — the Eleusinian operation or the operation of Amenta? This signifies that a mortal entity may in certain instances join the gods and goddesses of a lower rank through its *pneuma* and spirit-*daimōn*, through the common thread running through the *anima mundi*, through the condensation of this force within chaos. Yet this is likewise merely a mask — a mask that one dons in order to cross a higher threshold of being.

I wished to mention that since the universe is infinite and vast, within the observable cosmos a multitude of astralistic, biological, and universal events — catastrophes, initiations, births — have already transpired. The well of the past is infinite, and these threads have not ceased to exist. They flow astralistically within the sphere of operation of the greater universe, as well as within local pockets of entropy — for instance, within the solar system.

We may thus state that we dwell upon Earth, within the Solar System, in a world that is an echo of grand tales, narratives, threads, and patterns that have previously transpired. We have been granted a sandbox of *physis* to recreate these threads in accordance with our species nature, in accordance with our intellectual capacity for cognition, symbolization, language, and so forth. We recreate certain atavistic, reviving threads in a creative manner, within the fantastic universe of that which mortal man is capable of executing within this world.

For example: if a Greek woman in Athens and an American woman in Los Angeles invoke Hekate simultaneously — despite the difference in time — does this signify that the personified goddess Hekate appears in both places? Nay. It signifies that the *minima* of the power of the goddess Hekate in the aspect of *physis*, *aethyr*, or *ignis* manifests itself — if the invocation hath succeeded. Thereupon there appears a miniature mask of that power.

This may be compared unto an inverted pyramid: at the top there extends a vast scope of force, below it reside its individualized masks, and at the very apex — the manifestation of a minor fragment of that power which hath been evoked. Yet it operates not ever thus, for there exist entities more individual — for instance, goetia and daemons — which possess a solid identity within their distinctness. Yet precisely through this their scope of operation is restricted.

When we encounter mortal, ordinary men, we have to do with individuals, personae. We like to project this personifying idea upon the astral world, upon its fauna and flora. Certain entities may be distinct individualities — sylphs or nereids of sacred rivers. Yet the greater the scope of power, omniscience, and self-awareness possessed by a given force, the less individual it is. Within great power there is little distinctness, though it is capable of coordinating itself to manifest as a minor, individualized entity. In truth, however, it is a vast field of power operating throughout the entire universe.

A personal God or Goddess brings us closer unto comprehension and apprehension. A man praying unto Hathor in ancient Egypt possessed a personal relationship with that specific goddess. Yet upon a philosophical, essential level of comprehension, it appears otherwise, for we address not individuals akin unto ourselves, but great forces.

The more we engage in such practices as work with the void, meditation, ceremonial magic, the more we comprehend that

we draw down merely a minor fragment of divine power or force. This comes to pass in order to be an operator of magic — theurgy or goetia, whatever we may term it.

I trust that these fundamentals in some measure elucidate my manner of viewing — my doxology — precisely as many philosophers beheld it in antiquity. I merely endeavor to construct a bridge. Am I correct? I know not. Yet it functions as a model.

Therefore with these thoughts I leave you, that ye may develop your own model and reflect whether ye wish to proceed toward deep geometrical, mathematical, and philosophical structures. That depends upon you. Remember, however, that the mind of a mortal is restricted — and every model ye fashion shall be useful if it operates, yet upon an absolute level it shall ever be entirely erroneous.

The gods within mighty forces are close unto *profundia*, unto the thundering of the forces of the universe; within the closest view — they are nearest friends; at times our projection imposes a mask that appears, at times a mystical introjection filtered through man permits us better to know their depth.

Dragon's Tears

Master all threads with a single golden mean; each sword for a different weave; the motion of ten thousand swords; cut through every Gordian knot, leaving naught untouched; in unison they fight in an instructed manner.

The *logos* of a society, civilization, or culture is akin unto paradigms in science. It is an interwoven set of theories and practices that together construct a paideic order. Paradigms in science shift more frequently than the *logoi* of culture, and the continuity and cohesion of a society depend upon the latter.

An example may be found within the dance termed *hormos*, performed by maidens and youths in ancient Greece. The dance resembled a string of beads: the steps of the youths were subsequently employed in battle, while the steps of the maidens were marked by greater gravity. Yet the entire dance was woven into a meaningful whole that encompassed the anticipated destinies of life and death. Each „bead" constituted a cultural unit, linked unto the remainder of the pattern of culture, education, and ethos of a given society.

It is impossible to fashion such a structure artificially — it grows organically like a garden filled with beautiful verdure, known as tradition. In ancient China, the concept of *Li* corresponded unto it. Every destruction of the pattern disturbs the delicate equilibrium of the ordered whole and conducts unto a devastating disease of mind, heart, and soul throughout the entire social fabric.

Hormos is no longer danced nor required in an age of a dying *logos*, when even the most resilient schools of the East are corrupted

and destroyed by the onslaught of postmodern Tatarism. The beads, patterns, and orders have been cast into chaos. Certain ones attempt hastily to gather the beads from the maw of creeping time and weave their own, yet this is a personal exertion — the exertion of a metaphysical anarchist.

The mental diseases generated by civilization follow the fragments of the noosphere into chaotically warring factions. Even should this concern us, all our actions are fettered by the *modus operandi* of the present state of affairs. And yet we all stand in need of coordinates, of something stable; thus each faction engages in one or another cult of personality of mongrels, in seduced lower belief systems, in this or that political system, which spin their own tales for the ignorant, enchanting the masses with erroneous projections generated within castles of illusion, erected upon the corpses of the throng enamored with the grand effect of an edifice fashioned from their own bodies.

This is a civilization lost within the Labyrinth, seeking or fleeing from the Minotaur — yet he hath long since departed the labyrinth. It is a civilization that hath severed the thread of Ariadne, for it „knew better," believing that severing the vector of the past and replacing it with progress — not technological, but social — would set it free. And yet it hath enslaved it, precisely as Judeo-Christianity enslaved and imprisoned the spirit of the man of antiquity.

Modernity hath abolished the pretenses of Judeo-Christianity, which paved the way for the atheology of nihilism through its illogical, dogmatic rigidity. This hath led unto the substitution of ethics and morality by a relativistic bio-techno-informational chaosmos.

From the perspective of god-making, heroization, or re-sacralization, from the viewpoint of pneumatology, this is a tragedy. A biomass deprived of soul or unconscious of the rituals of ascent becomes ideal slaves, for when thou deprivest them of freedom, they have

nowhere to turn save unto the hands of those who feed their living corpses.

Ultimately, even speaking psychologically, the supreme reference unto one's own divinity renders us indestructible; when embodied in reality, it renders us gods. One may argue that blind ideology and religious extremism operate similarly — let us not, however, disport ourselves in the mire of fundamentalists, but emerge therefrom subtle and strong, temperate and steadfast. The key word here is endurance — not love nor compassion ought to be cultivated (they are already dying down), but personal responsibility and commitment, which must above all be instilled.

We cannot rebuild that which is lost, but at least we may endeavor to lengthen the lever, like Archimedes, to render the task lighter and lift more with lesser exertion.

Measure all things by the ethos of golden ages as a frame of reference and compare it with the present, stripping away all habits and falsehoods, and thou shalt behold the age of the monster — a shapeless, repulsive mass of filth, a cacophony of wronged minds, stifled hearts, and twisted souls. It is a rotten puppeteer that seduces successive marionettes to play within this hideous spectacle. This is no Faustian civilization, this is no Promethean civilization — it is a civilization wherein the rotten flesh hath become corrosive, and sustained, appears like cosmetically refreshed living flesh.

In power politics, freedom is merely a permitted quantity within an agreed order. An annual spectacle, a Panopticon: no escapees, no geniuses, no liberties. When individuals step beyond this order, they are destroyed. It is not a matter of acting against the social order — that is an ordinary thing — but of discovering that which is concealed and exposing it in the full light of day, which constitutes a threat unto power.

Yet the mere exposure of the mechanism of power no longer draws the fangs of those entangled within it, nor does it enlighten so-

cieties. It leaves the spectators indifferent, for they have grown accustomed unto the spectacle and do nothing therewith. This is a dangerous zone, wherein networks of true and reliable information drown within a morass of paranoid factoids, personal delusions, systems of false opinions, disinformation, infotainment, misinformation, undereducation, and lack of will.

Apathy? How to distinguish it when opinion sits upon the throne, not reason; preference, not education; transience, not commitment; egoism, not responsibility? Step beyond this, and thou shalt find thyself upon precarious ground where none trusteth any, where the illusory system of society is deemed the norm. Cry out, and they shall deem thee merely another madman — and of madmen there are already sufficient; thou shalt be merely one among them.

If thou comprehendest not the games of power, thou art merely an amateur, a worm meddling in matters that concern him not. Permitted quantities of harmless opposition are merely a symbolic gesture toward the helpless victims of power. Thou shalt not be a political target if thou art blind. Thou constitutest no threat if thou contestest not the *status quo*. It is otherwise when thou knowest the mechanisms and entrails of power: who is who, who is whose controller, who belongeth unto whose network, who is upon whose payroll, who possesseth what wealth, who is a „somebody through connections." Then art thou a potential threat, for thou knowest. If thou beginnest to act upon this basis — thou shalt attract attention. And if thou attractest it — thou shalt be bought, pacified, discredited, or eliminated.

Ye are all subject unto power, for ye play the social games of illusion. Endeavor to cast off the yoke, and thou shalt collide with the petty functionaries of power politics. Every state, every government was builded upon transactions of power wherein societies were a resource. Freedoms were granted upon the basis of participation

in power, and slavery upon the basis of its absence. The great game sustained by power rests upon sub-transactions of illusions and abstractions: when thou hast persuaded a precarious man that he is wealthy, content, comfortable, or another that he is effective while in reality he disports himself in disenfranchised virtualities, thereupon he becomes an ideal slave, a living advertisement of power. His life, as well as his grave, are devoid of significance. None knew whether he was truly born. The most numerous family is the family of the grave.

The entire game consists in creating and selling dreams. Those who possess not the power to overthrow governments are merely servants of that power, which drives deeper into the easy, warm flesh — rotten or no.

So long as thou retainest thy freedoms, thou carest not — enjoy the spectacle. When, however, thy mind, body, heart, and soul are infiltrated and enslaved — thou shalt recognize the yoke. And it was already there. Few comprehend this. Play on. If thou canst not gain power over human minds, hearts, and souls, thou art merely a statistical event in the course of history. Endeavor to comprehend this. Peradventure that is precisely what thou desirest to be — and therein lies no fault.

There is, however, another point — that of the idea, that of the ethos, another path of escape: the path of resilience against the potency of the moderns. The path of knowledge and action, the path of opposition and commitment. Those whom the gods remembered are those who proved to be bearers of their ethos — whether they possessed power or no. There is no justification for passivity save impossibility or elimination.

„Self-cultivation leads to the internalization of social and ritual values... It consists of a constantly ascending path on which the basic vital energy (*qi*) is transformed into quintessential energy or vital

essence (*jing*), which in turn transforms into spiritual energy or Spirit (*shen*)... [These texts were] like a declaration of independence of the human mind from divinatory practices... and a confirmation of personal power over one's own objective environmental conditions." — Romain Graziani on self-cultivation, in: Lagerwey, John and Marc Kalinowski (eds.), *Early Chinese Religion, Part One: Shang through Han (1250 BC–220 AD)*, (2 vols.), (Leiden, Netherlands: Brill, October 31, 2008), p. 14.

The development of all earthly theology, the development of the perception of gods, forms of worship, and understanding ought not to discredit that which is divine, but ought to be understood as a magical technology whereby various forces from the fields of divinity...

Certain [forces] were individualized as masks of *E Pluribus Unum*, others separated, and yet others so uniform and unique that it is difficult to state aught regarding them — all linked and considered together to arrive at order, at a tradition that guaranteed and maintained the social order. Within this order were found freedom and *eudaimonia*, liberty, justice, truth, happiness.

The Lamentations of Khakheperresenb, one of the Twelve Great Sages of Egypt:

„(...) Righteousness is cast out, and iniquity is within the council-hall. The designs of the gods are disrupted, and their provisions neglected. The land is in distress. Mourning is everywhere. Cities and provinces are in lamentation. All alike are sunken in misery. Men turn their backs upon that which is of worth; the peaceable are troubled. Troubles happen daily, and the face shrinks before that which is to come. I will speak thereof, for my limbs are heavy. I am grieved in heart, and it pains me to conceal my thoughts thereon." (Simpson, William Kelly and Robert Kriech Ritner, 2003, *The Literature of Ancient Egypt...*, Yale University Press, pp. 211–213)

Let us first define the mandate of heaven (*tianming*) and the sons and daughters of heaven (*tianzi*): It is a state wherein human rulers draw nigh unto supreme perfection, a reified metaphysics of divine laws, containing attributes linked unto an objective, passionate, eternal dynamic that touches individuals when they have mastered themselves in self-governance (*autokratōn*) and act fluidly as an expression of the divine impulse, thereby ruling jointly with the Gods — as midwives between the gods, the earth, and men, from whose splendor power flows like a fountain of wisdom, righteousness, and magnanimity for the peoples.

Whether we credit the tales of pharaohs who ruled jointly with Horus the Elder, or Chinese emperors who reigned together with *Tian* (Heaven) and the Dragon Kings (*Long Wang*) — that is a question unto which an answer can be given only by those who have acquired wise insights into these processes to arrive at a proper understanding. In this sense, magicians themselves are formed *Wu*, *Xi* (shamans).

When rulers and people turn away from the gods and integrity, repeating among themselves the narratives of the chaosmos, their legitimacy becomes an empty formality, and the divine impulse withdraws — it resides no longer among them. One may state that there were pharaohs truly divine who ruled together with Horus the Elder, and those who were such in name alone. The same may be said of all human rulers, politicians, leaders, kings, and queens. Their attributes and nature, the effects they achieved, are the paramount indicator.

Both sages and rulers — men — when they turn away from divine ritual, from the pursuit of truth, philosophy, and the love of wisdom, are transformed from semidivine mortals back into animals — certain ones into beasts, others into lesser demons.

They choose the aphrodisiac, the generative world — and destroy it. Under conditions of exploitation and unjust mandates, they destroy one another. In the course of time, borrowing from a Sufi para-

ble, they forgot that they were once a sea people, which is to say the state of perfection of their ancestors, and their souls derived from the Gods found themselves within a nondescript world of substitutes as prisoners of the present. They chose not to depart Plato's cave, but to seek exits within the labyrinths of its catacombs and reconcile themselves therewith as a normal condition.

In dharmic narratives, they are like imprisoned children cast into a black sea of pitch, sinking ever deeper. Breaking free from the Black Iron Prison is the primary step — a cognitive rejection of the illusion of conventional reality, to employ the words of Nāgārjuna. A conscious and balanced progress toward Eleusis is another matter, demanding arduous labor, commitment, experience, ritual, and ceremony, vocation and acceptance, self-education, warfare against active deceivers — against them, while simultaneously preserving the basic means of existence: labor, equilibrium, peradventure family, preserving the senses and sound judgment, lest one end upon the street, in prison, or confined within a psychiatric institution.

Let us not forget in an idealistic manner that the great mass of humanity was not supreme, but possessed a collection of coordinates unto which it might aspire. As Joan Palevsky stated: „Many textbooks on world religions should be titled *The Religious Life of Noble Persons*" (Laine, James W. 2014. *Meta-Religion: Religion and Power in World History*. Oakland, CA: University of California Press, p. XII, foreword).

A given tunnel reality, a superstructure of ideas, belief systems within the noosphere directly affect the health and destinies of entire civilizations. We cannot state: „Men are evil, but religions are good." It is religion itself, the worldview, the *politeia*, values, traditions, and technology that determine the results. Within such a phenomenon there exist holy men and scoundrels, yet it is the fabric of the many, the throngs of men working within such a system, that demonstrates

what its true worth is in the wisdom of the ages and the total sum of historical consequences — hell is paved with good intentions; present and future events and results are in motion.

Therefore, for instance, it is no „Western Christian civilization" where Europe is concerned, but a „post-Enlightenment Greco-Roman civilization, revitalized, technological, with a retrogressive Judeo-Christian grip upon its throat and a relativized pseudo-individualistic chaosphere of both kitsch and beauty, art and science within pseudo-Dionysian matters."

This definition omits various other issues, yet it is intended to illustrate that civilization is not monolithic, not in these times, but is a process with many aspects functioning in harmony or in the utter chaos of memetic noospheric warfare.

We are all Ik people — were we now to be deprived of technology by a great catastrophe, such as powerful CME solar flares that would damage it, or a micronova. The human world was not designed to survive impending catastrophes, but to maximize profit; not to be decentralized within a mutually supporting network of logistics, energy security, population security, food security, knowledge, education, and hyper-preservation of skills, but to segment power stations that are largely mismanaged and inefficient in times of catastrophe.

Controlling the population through social engineering, surveillance, and draconian laws alters not the situation; in the long run, it worsens it — the damage within the noosphere hath been wrought for decades. At these levels of high entropy, negentropia demands the dismantling of a largely unstable system by an „invisible and obscene hand," and the gods have naught to do therewith.

Who, then, are the Ik people?

„The Ik are a people of northern Uganda who live in what must be extreme poverty and disaster. They are largely hunter-gatherers who in recent times practiced a certain cultivation of crops (...) [They

are] (...) a morbidly fascinating case of collapse, in which a long-standing low level of social complexity hath essentially disappeared.

On account of drought and disruptions resulting from the designation of national boundaries that severed the traditional cycle of migrations, the Ik live in an environment so impoverished in food and water that there exists absolutely no benefit in reciprocity nor in the sharing of resources. Consequently, among the Ik there is almost a total absence of what we might term social organization. The community is so greatly shattered that most actions — especially those connected with survival — are undertaken individually. Each Ik spendeth days or weeks alone, seeking food and water. Sharing practically exists not. Two siblings or other kinsmen may dwell side by side — one dying of hunger while the other is well nourished — and the second shall render not the slightest assistance. The family as a social unit hath become dysfunctional.

Even married couples form not a cooperative unit, save for a few specific purposes. The motivation for marriage or cohabitation is that a single person is unable independently to construct a house. Members of a married couple obtain food separately and share it not. Their mode of life is so independent that if both find themselves simultaneously at home, it is merely a coincidence.

Each household of a married couple is fenced off with a palisade from others. Several such compounds form a village, yet this occurrence is of minor significance. Villages perform no political functions nor possess organization, not even a central gathering place.

Children are cared for by mothers only until about the third year of age, whereupon they are left unto themselves. This separation is absolute. From the third year of age, children must obtain food and shelter for themselves, and those who survive indeed know how to care for themselves. Children join together in age groups for protection, for adults steal food from children whenever the opportunity

arises. Yet there is no sharing of food within such a group. Groups of children frequently seek food in cultivated fields, scaring away birds and baboons — this is at times adduced as a reason for having children.

This is an example of social collapse among one of the African „tribes." People dependent upon technology and services, were they to be deprived thereof, would transform not into beasts, but into zombies.

Although little is known regarding how the Ik found themselves in their present situation, there exist certain traces of former organizational patterns. They possess clan names, though at present these carry no structural significance. They dwell in villages, yet these too no longer possess political significance. The traditional structure of authority — families, lineages, and clan leaders — hath been gradually weakened. It appears that the earlier level of organization was simply abandoned by the Ik as unprofitable and unsuited unto their present hardships (Turnbull 1978)." — Tainter, Joseph A. 2017. *The Collapse of Complex Societies*. Cambridge University Press, pp. 17–18.

The Homeric Odyssey as a Hellenic Sacred Text and the Mithraic Cave in the Light of Alchemy

The voyage of Odysseus — *Odous* signifies „path," „wanderer" in Attic Greek. *Odous*, Ithaca — the encounter with Penelope, the Hekatean *anima mundi*, his wife.

Wherefore was the Milky Way named the Milky Way? It was said that milk was the food of souls, and when they descended into the honey of genesis, incarnating within a mortal body, they fell toward the pleasures of this world. And yet, through the heroic affirmation of life, there exists a certain impulse, an instinct that desireth to live unto the full, while simultaneously liberating the spirit toward the stars.

It was said that there exist two gates: that of Capricorn and that of Cancer. The Sun in Cancer — summer, which biddeth souls unto the earth to be reborn. The Sun in Capricorn — the gate that setteth free toward the stars.

Is this an easy process?

Within the Mithraic cave one passeth through degrees of initiation, through the planets. What did it signify for a Hellenic Gnostic to vanquish an archon (*archontes*)? It was the ruling character of a planet, its deity, its essence. It signified that there exist rules of ascent — throughout life we pass through certain stages.

If it prospereth well, incorporating within ourselves the natures present within the solar system and upon Earth, fulfilling our duties as mortal men and women, if we are in accord with these natures and work through them within ourselves, transmuting souls and spirits — then are we free. Yet so long as we are not, labor remaineth.

Mercury — the messenger, the grand words of communication. Venus — abundant delights of love, erotics, and the adornment of the cosmos. Aphrodite — the indivisible divine mind upon earth.

We fulfill ourselves as animals and reclaim *humanitas* — human civilization, civility. We learn, we philosophize, we play roles upon the wheel of fortune — the Boethian wheel of fate.

The Moon — the island of the blessed, Selene. We pass through hallowed things, a sublime comprehension of innocence and sanctity.

Mars — martial charisma, wrath, fury that must be subdued to sheathe the sword more wisely. Jupiter — kingly attributes of generosity and majesty, attributes worthy of a king or queen, even if for a moment — transmuted upon the alchemical path.

Saturn — the ancient emperor-sage, transmuting lead into gold.

Yet power bringeth trouble: a succession of abysses, of the void. Many have been cast down into the hells of Saturnian lead, attempting to reach the imperial crown. Doth a resemblance exist between thee and the emperors of times past?

The Chaldean order — the throne of the *magoi* in Babylon, the priest-kings and priest-queens. Do we enter the *Oneira* of uranic astronomy, bound with Neptunian nature? Are we already free? Doth aught block us — cohorts of demons, hells?

If thou believest in them — yea. If not — it is merely a matter of acquiring the proper keys. Thou shalt not open a gate with the wrong key, nor shalt thou employ the proper key for the wrong gate.

This is the entire grand path of transmutation — from childhood, from infancy — through how thou livest, how thou laborest: toil,

sweat, blood, love, and suffering. The greater the nature, the greater the matter for transmutation. The greater the fall, the greater the possible ascent.

I have said: a master speedeth to the hells faster than a fool to heaven. Wherefore? For the master endeavoreth to control his destiny and direct himself. The fool ascendeth not high, for he controlleth not his destiny — yet if he liveth beautifully and innocently, that too is worthy.

Think not that thou art imprisoned if thou proceedest no further. It layereth that thou wert not prepared. How should thy mortal, animal aspect be prepared for the voids of cosmic abysses, for the prospect of divine vastness?

Is a poor, mortal human soul equal unto the great wings of the souls of stars? Nay. But if thou desirest to attain that fusion, that wonder, thou must labor thereupon. This is the true Hermetic path — the spontaneous steps of life.

There are no secrets — that which is „occult," hidden, is hidden only from fools. Thou hast all the books and knowledge of the world — live, experience, know how to yield thyself unto rituals, develop techniques, participate in divinities: gods and goddesses, demons and angels, demigods, heroes, and even within chthonic worlds if need be.

Yet there is no greater work than a life lived unto the full, in greatest accord with the metaphysics of ethics and with the forces of the universe. The forces of the planets and their natures may be translated into thy conduct — into greatness, into animality, into idyll.

This signifieth no universalism. Upon the level of mortals there exists no universal morality, ethics, nor conduct. Proportion alone importeth — the proportion of the substance of thy character, ethos, nature, mind, cognitive capacity, and talents, which thou directest toward the objectivity of higher forces.

Within this exertion of proportionalization thou beginnest the Pythagorean path. Thou reflectest, and in return thou receivest signs and symbols of divinity.

Yet thou mayest fall — there exist forces that are capable of destroying thee.

It is told of a yogi who was immersed within the supreme *śūnyatā śamatha* for seventy years. Suddenly a nereid appeared and threw him off balance. He grew wroth — and destroyed his entire work of seventy years.

At times Fate — *Ananke*, necessity — saith unto thee „nay." Yet frequently there exists *Tyche* — chance, which ought not to be squandered. For at times a human soul, though it be the least, if fate favor it, is capable of vanquishing a titan.

Live ye therefore, like Horace, nobly — that at the end ye may say: *exegi monumentum* — I have reared a monument of my life. Peradventure remembered not by mortals, yet inscribed within the book of Fate and Life by the gods.

And what is mortal fame? Naught. Immortal fame, an immortal name, a heart thrice immortalized — that is something that endureth forever.

The Language of Trees, Spirits of Nature, and Autumnal Regalia: The Drottartic Art

How many a night have I spent beneath that tree — central, majestically standing above the rest — watching the creatures of nature: witches, chorts, and the souls of beasts, sylphs that by order of Oberon carried my poetry throughout the world. How much wiser is the poet who in madness can formulate his craft of life, than he who vulgarizes all things with speech too blunt, furious, and hateful. In gratitude unto that tree, which witnessed my brief life in dignified, tutelary contemplation.

Memories from Penglais Woods, Aberystwyth, Wales, 2007.

Time fleeth from us men. If we equate time with thoughts, it is never peaceful. Our mind changeth vastly faster than our body. Human hair groweth 1.25 cm a month. How many thoughts hast thou thought today, even those that are silent?

Trees think slowly; their deliberations are profound. The forest is timeless by human standards. When we endeavor to think like a tree, our thoughts acquire depth — like unto a dream in slow motion.

The roots are strong, the branches rise slowly; peradventure leaves are unto a tree what thoughts are unto a man. That same moment of a flash of the mind, the interruption of a deep meditation, endureth for two seasons for a leaf-bearing tree.

A tree requireth several months to change its mind and gather new thoughts for contemplation — yet it doeth so ever in accord, proportion, and harmony with its nature. It is neither stubborn nor determined; it expresseth its essence.

Thereafter, in autumn, it casteth off its thoughts. It pauseth in illumination, as though in a positive, deep void. It withdraweth into the depths of itself with its thoughts, yet it gathereth forces — as if it possessed within itself an inner truth that causeth it to renew itself time and again.

Peradventure for this reason the axis of the world-soul is compared unto a tree. These are profound thoughts that change according unto certain recurring laws. If we translate the language of the forest, we shall find therein wisdom alone — yet it is a silence that cannot be comprehended in human words.

The gods think in this manner: without words, without human voice and speech. They are ideas that merge with the slow, timeless theme of their actions and become grand, wondrous things, corresponding unto beauty, proportion, and truth.

Slow decisions, made with penetrating insight, which prove to be prophetic, are the greatest. Spontaneous decisions, made swiftly, spring from the selfsame source — like a vortex arising in the ocean.

All else appeareth as harshness or erroneous judgment, as the triviality and thoughtlessness of small birds, which likewise possess their place in the world. The great falcon hovereth above them, with long, mighty thoughts, gathering the small birds and encompassing them.

A grand contemplation upon all that lieth below.

On Fading Away

A man bedridden, filled with pain, aged, lying in a hospital bed, no longer even comprehending the twitches of his finger that he hath — long past is the recalling of youth backward, long past is the garrulance that at times characterizeth middle age. Long past is gazing with hollow eyes into space, as though in expectation of some answer: „What was this life?"

Certain ones, when they yield their last breath in old age, when their soul gently slippeth from the body, are exhausted — even as are their souls. Once I was in a neurological hospital where an elderly gentleman was even then departing. His soul for a moment incarnated within me: I felt a senile, resigned peace. Thereupon he gently smiled, and a subtle mist began to fade — slowly, slowly — until it was transformed into a pitch-pure sound. A sound that was existence, dancing with its resonance in gentle suspension between the votive candle placed by his family upon the grave and the flame around which it whirled at the Powązki cemetery.

At times, when ye desire to learn more regarding these beautiful sounds, one may almost behold holographic scenes of their nativity: first loves, affection. There are no struggles nor sufferings therein — there are only beautiful things, those that the person most loved to love.

At times I dream that when the body beginneth slowly to refuse me obedience, worn out by neglect, destruction, neuroses, by the vastness of titanic labor that I invested merely to survive — I shall ask myself: „Wherefore, though?" I shrug my shoulders. I laugh that ene-

mies finished me not, nor four dignifying suicides, nor men, nor hostiles elements of the other side. And yet my heart shall finish me, or cigarettes, or peradventure the stairs wherefrom I fell today, slipping upon a step.

From this perspective, life appeareth scarce a tragic farce, one among billions of stories of other existences. And „death is the tyrant of tyrants." Alas, it shall not be granted unto me to fade away as did that venerable gentleman, who found his equilibrium in a dancing, scarce audible sound and bypassed the fate of a departed soul.

Posthumously I have my duties. Even as once I lived by war, confrontation, forging steel from myself — today that steel is corroded, broken, and, contrary to my youth, utterly useless. The war concluded in a Pyrrhic defense, and I remained upon the battlefield alone, beholding round about me worthless trophies. Save, peradventure, for those immortal, divine qualities that shall translate my *daimon*, my spirit, unto duties within the sphere of Saturn, for which I live and die, which shall be my portion when I depart the body, in accordance with destiny.

Once I persuaded myself that my home was where my love resided. And so it was, in truth. But love passed, and my home became my mind — that of a rootless vagabond, longing for the sweeping expanse among the stars.

Even as when I stood at the Wschodni Railway Station in Warsaw, platform 7, track 23, awaiting in the evening the departure for Sulejówek. For a moment an angel incarnated within me — utterly non-religious. Round about I felt a total cosmic expanse. I beheld not a platform, but stars, galaxies. And my mind merged into that spacelessness. I was at home, not for the first time, within the stream of the Hekatean world-soul, at its liminal crossroads, cosmic highways, and roads.

The dream of the atheist is most frequently a terminal, ultimate death. The fear of the believer is the selfsame thing. At times I have

the dreams of an atheist, yet I have had too many experiences with the spiritual „abroad" to reject the certainty of life after death. It is not so easy to resign from the motions of existence once we have — wittingly or no — inscribed ourselves therein.

Animating the Shadow as an Ontological Dimension of a Subtype of the Soul

From the earliest times, man knew that he was not merely body and soul, but that within his existence there extended yet another dimension — the dimension of the shadow, a psycho-sexual double carrying within itself all that is repressed, suppressed, forbidden, untransformed, and unsublimated. This is no Jungian shadow, a form of a psychological repression complex, but a shadow possessing an ontological status independent of the living. Greek mystics spoke of *skia* and *eidōlon*, subduing them and within the blessings of the Eleusinians dissolving them; the Vestals with the sacred fire of Rome appeased them or drove them from cities, establishing consecrated boundaries. The Egyptians distinguished *ka* and *ba*, and in archaic rituals the shadow was fed with sacrifices and song lest it return in wrath. The mysteries served to appease this dark, black half of man, lest the energy of desire, fear, and longing disintegrate into demonic forms. Yet with the advent of Christianity, this subtle wisdom was annihilated: the shadow became the devil, not because it was evil, but because it appeared black and untamed; hence *nigro*, black, signified *nekro* — dead. Instead of integration came repression; instead of a pneumapompic rite — dogma; and instead of dialogue with the invisible — anathema.

Thus the entire energy of repressed instincts, passions, and fears was transformed into phantasms of hell within the mirrors of shad-

ows and the fire of primordial Mother Nature. The fanatic who within an ecstasy of violence found erotic sadism, after death reveals his shadow as a predatory beast of suffering, feeding upon pain and blood. The nun who trembled before the „witch," acting sanctimoniously beneath a corpse, extinguished the fire of Eros in the name of false purity, while in the shadow she cultivated images of forbidden delight, only after death to become a grotesque and venomous „witch," an alien double of her suppressed sexuality. The naive bigot who knew not the depths, who repeated slogans and mocked the mysteries of the ancients, engenders within the shadow a spectre of dull ignorance that stifles thought and poisons the air of the living.

The most hideous shadow, however, groweth from the inquisitor: the holy executioner whose erotic delight was masked by the crucifix and prayer. His shadow after death is no longer a man, but a demonic machine of pain, a theatre of sadism that knoweth never forgiveness, for it knew never mercy. And over all this reigneth the pope, the infallible idol, the sacrosanct imbecile — the monarch of the Church; his shadow, when the false mask of divinity falleth, appeareth as a grotesque relic, the laughingstock of the gods, an empty throne whereupon sitteth only a parody of majesty. It is he who is the image of the deepest irony: that even divine infallibility may be reduced unto a farce when the mask falleth and the shadow becometh witness unto the truth.

Within every shell of the shadow is contained an enclosed essence of the soul that cannot integrate with higher worlds until the shadow be torn to shreds — which posthumously is well-nigh an impossibility owing unto the weight of Typhonic forces, the black sun, which karmically stifle and crush them into obedience. Precisely for this reason the hells are filled with souls imprisoned within the shells of their own deformations, severed from transcendence, ever circling round earthly phantasms. By the fruits that their predecessors and

they have borne unto the world in the name of the Galilean Jew — let them be known.

There is thus no escape from the shadow; one may only integrate it or be devoured thereby. So long as Eros is repressed, so long as death is trivialized and mystery reduced unto a caricature, so long shall men die not as free souls, but as prisoners of their own deformations. And then the world of the living shall time and again be haunted by fanatics, nuns, bigots, inquisitors, and popes — save now without bodies, set free in their most terrible form: as pure, untamed shadows.

And yet, let us remember the *Lares*, the good departed, who despite these iniquities endeavor to sustain nobility and beauty even within their personal chthonic hells — these black souls are steadfast!

On the Black Sun: Everything That Sufficeth for Thee to Know, as Well as That Which Thou Wouldst Prefer Not to Know

Oh, greetings. What manner of black sun is this? *Schwarze Sonne*? *Kolovrat*? What is it? Is it an astrological, hypothetical point invented by a Belgic-Danish astronomer in the nineteenth century, a point between the Sun and Saturn? Peradventure. Yet when we delve into the Mysteries, it revealeth itself as something more. It is the field of Azoth, the Black Gold of the mystics in Hermeticism. It is the place where initiated Hekateans descended with their souls unto *Hekate Physis*, amid all nightmares and terrors, as though protected from certain calamities, to be enlightened by the black sun.

Did the selfsame occur during the mysteries of Eleusis? The *Epopteion*, enacting Hades, together with the Hierophantids, Demeter and Kore as Proserpina, led the initiates through a chain of procedural stages. They became lesser goddesses, as in the tombs of Thera, where one personified an angel who posthumously became an angel, his soul exalted. This is the Ambrosia of the gods — yet is it truly a descent into chaos, into the abyss, to rend it for oneself, to recover the Philosopher's Stone within the heart, to immortalize the spirit and transmute it? To gather energy in this form and transform it into something pure, akin unto a star?

According unto the ancient ideas of Parmenides, chaos was the generator. Therefrom Proteus, Atum rising from the mud, generated Tefnut and Shu — order and light. Light born of chaos was bound to find order, and from a single point of perfection the universe began to arise. Perfect theological, arithmetical, and geometrical synergic forces cast a shadow — and thus arose the phenomenal world. To explain this linearly, from the monad unto the decad or unto the dodecad, is nevertheless a simplification.

The *Tetraktys*, as a whole, in the Pythagorean and Platonic tradition, symbolizeth perfection within a triangle, within a pyramid. All things — from the monad unto the decad, from the monad unto the dodecad — are contained therein. In the theology of Iamblichus and in arithmetic it is said that the world was completed within the decad, through mythological and mathematical explanations. „*Ordo ab Chao*" — *V.I.T.R.I.O.L.*, to recover the philosopher's stone.

If the Ambrosia of the Gods is a form of chaos, the journey along the *axis mundi* becometh a suspension upon the ash tree like Woden-the-Hermit. The journey of the hero consisteth in descending unto Hades, unto Tartarus, unto the Abyss, to gather around himself this chaotic form of energy and transform his consciousness, spirit, and soul. To wash them within the primordial matter, to transmute them into pure gold of heavenly delights and immortality.

Yet greater mysteries lie concealed therein — the tunnels of Set in the conception of Kenneth Grant, the Anubisian and Setian priesthood. As though the universe possessed a darker counterpart with dark cosmic tunnels, currents of strange gods, bizarre deities, and titanic dreams of the Jotuns. Death that carryeth, death that sleepeth, and death that dreameth — through impregnation with heroic consciousness. Then thou gatherest around thee the void, chaos, and the abyss, which follow thee until thou effectest rectification into something greater.

This is the supreme trial of every initiate into the Mysteries. All true mysteries of the path demand that the crown pass through trials. It is written that the twelve gods of Greece and Rome, the zodiacal gods, were divided into functions: maintenance, creators, reformers, destroyers. The Seven is the key unto the Great Book of Mysteries, and the seven Chaldean planets — the path of maturation within this Solar System. Man, as a mortal animal, must enter into accord with greater forces to forge himself into something magnificent.

There exists an objective point of reference — how to individualize one's Genius, to correlate it with these forces and currents? It is a lifelong labor and commitment. Only then may one be released unto the stars and begin the Voyage anew. The path is arduous. The Y-fork of Pythagoras signifieth: either thou remainest a child of nature, or thou followest the proper road toward *Aletheia–Mnemosyne–Heroi*. At the point of no return, thou choosest the memory of Total Recollection of all forms and souls through which thou hast passed — to return once more unto the stars.

Atavistic Resurgence findeth expression within the old Orphic saying from the golden tablets: „I am a child of Mother Nature and I study the Heavens, yet my race and spirit are heavenly." The *Anima mundi* is panentheistic, dispersed throughout the entire Universe. From generation unto generation, through the birth of the Solar System and the evolution of life upon Earth, there occurs the development of consciousness. Today we are here, together with all animals, including men — animals of self-reflection, capable of being civilized magi, who are simply civilized shamans.

To be a magus signifieth applying the proper formulas — mathematical, incarnational — that correlate man with greater spheres. To bypass illusion and return unto the Dao. And when De requireth Dao, when the heavens meet a fulfilled man and a fulfilled woman, then cosmic masses are liberated and return

unto the stars, unto heaven — their place of origin and port of departure.

Everywhere the point is the center. The question remaineth: how shalt thou draw nigh unto it?

This is not one of the most comfortable discourses I have delivered hitherto. I have previously discussed the black sun in one of my lectures, wherefore I shall not repeat that portion, returning to my visit unto Tartarus in the soul in the year 2007. For the first seven years I endured hell: I beheld shadows, beasts, and demons everywhere. I beheld them possessing men, setting them against me, destroying me, attacking me physically, mentally, magically, psionically — by whatever means possible to remove me from life.

An example. In France there existed something termed the Order of the Solar Temple (*Ordre du Temple Solaire*). They were known as a cult. From certain developments of their ideology and the cult of the sun, *Sol Invictus*, one may trace how they fell toward cruelty, murder, and sadism. They began not in this manner, yet thus they concluded. Wherefore?

Upon my own skin, remaining loyal unto the solar forces and balancing between the black sun and the aeonic Helios, I was witness unto many alterations within my mind. I was able to trace shadows, demons, and eidolic forms passing through the chthonic realms of the Earth. I managed to discern the effects they are capable of producing within human minds: instigation unto serial killings, rape, murder, perversion, necrophilia, cannibalism — every form of savagery of which man reduced unto a beast is capable.

A simple man shall exhibit vulgar behavior and aggression — and this rendereth him easy to control. He knoweth not his character; he hath not known *gnothi seauton*. Exceeding swiftly he falleth into tartarism, which the Dionysian mysteries understood as a return unto the bestial nature concealed within every mortal. Scarce 200,000

years ago *Homo sapiens sapiens* was a cannibal, a participant in wild orgies and rituals. Today, civilized man can develop refined methods of committing evil if he yieldeth unto the processes of nigredo.

At times the effects are subtle, long-term. A good, decent man may be transformed into a cruel creature. If someone possesseth within himself aggression, a propensity toward violence or rape — he is easily overtaken. If the other side desireth to be rid of him, they bring about his downfall — in murder, rape, or imprisonment. I remember reading in Edinburgh the account of a Canadian, half-Chinese, who suddenly began to behold „zombies." He perceived demons and the dead manifesting through the faces of living men — bloody, grotesque, macabre. I possess clairvoyance and I confirm, I myself have beheld similar things. He believed an innocent man to be a threat — and murdered him. Today he serveth a life sentence in a psychiatric institution.

Such things occur more frequently than we would care to admit. That I was immune and survived signifieth not that everyone is capable. Even if a psychopath possesseth a deformed brain, this exempteth no one from humanity. To know oneself — that signifieth knowing one's own extremes and learning to balance them, so that the essence of thy character knoweth what is good and what is evil, and knoweth the consequences of actions.

For those among you who tread the occult path and desire to achieve success — let the sun protect you. Yet beware: too much light attracteth darkness. And if thou knowest not how to contend therewith, thou standest before forces objectively malevolent that are incompatible with human nature. Certain ones know thee all too well — and then art thou in trouble. Wherefore Aleister Crowley in *Magick Without Tears* wrote regarding little black magicians who passed not through the Abyss. They may scheme and act until true darkness toucheth them. Then frequently they commit suicide, break, or return unto religion.

If thou truly achievest success in thy practice, opposition shall come — not human, but metaphysical. Darkness shall intrude into thee, and upon thee it dependeth how thou shalt employ it. Whether thou shalt elaborate apotropaic laws, or ask the Gods and Goddesses for succor. Whether thou shalt transform this darkness within thee into a black diamond — or allow it to destroy thee from within. Otherwise thou mayest end in misery, upon the street, in prison, or in a psychiatric institution.

Count not upon ordinary men to understand thee. Count not upon judges, prosecutors, nor the law. If thou sayest that „the devil forced me unto (...)," thou shalt end in prison for life. I justify not these acts — man possesseth mind and will. He can resist; he can defend himself. Yet there exist also malicious and malevolent forces that particularly hunt those who possess certain magical capabilities and might accomplish something good. „The repairer must be repaired" — that is their principle.

I myself passed through the crossroads of Hekatean liminal spaces. My soul was taken unto the black tower in the underworld. I received a license for black magic — though not for the greater part of the time do I employ it. My heart and spirit are turned toward the stars and the divine aspects of existence. I respect the darkness, its obscure and unknown side, though I have no patience for fools. One must know how to defend oneself — first the mind, then cunning, then the art of evading traps. It is a minefield upon which one must continually move.

Thou mayest also develop skills of attack — psychic defense, magical combat. Peradventure after years thou shalt gain the respect of the hells. Or peradventure not. Yet even if so, remember: these forces may be wise, yet also violent, aggressive, and openly hostile toward the human race. And the human race is young. Take this into consideration.

Theories of Magick: Tribalism and Individuation, or Thoughtforms and Egregors

Denkformen, according unto Hans Leisegang (1890–1951), signifies „the coherent whole of the laws of thought," that is, harmonious systems of the regularities of thinking that arise not from subjective categories, but from the very structure of objects and the relations among them. Leisegang, educated in classical philology, theology, and philosophy, doctor of philosophy at Strasbourg (1911) and later professor in Jena and Berlin, treated philosophy as a synthetic conception of worldview (Weltanschauung), uniting metaphysics, cosmology, anthropology, and ethics. Within his principal work Denkformen (1928, expanded ed. 1949), he demonstrated that diverse kinds of objects of thought engender distinct types of logic and forms of rationality, permitting the study of historically variable yet systematically graspable ways of comprehending the world. His „Denkformenforschung" constituted an endeavor to overcome psychological (Dilthey) and transcendental (Kant) subjectivism toward an objectivism grounded within the structure of things themselves. In this manner, Leisegang constructed a modern science of thoughtforms as the foundations of culture, religion, and science.

— Deutsche Biographie,
Leisegang, Hans

„Every influence is a form of manipulation. The question is not whether we are manipulated, but it is a question of the sociology of knowledge and ignorance, of *nescientia*, *episteme*, and the foundations of reality wherewith we cannot dispense. What is essential is whether, through a reflective understanding of the processes of manipulation wherein we participate, we are capable of receiving certain matters with circumspection, taking dominion over the scripts and the mythopoesis wherein we are inscribed. Until we become our own cartographers of the myth and legend according whereunto we live, so long shall we not heroically forge our own vision."

— Saturnin

Thoughtforms (*Denkforms*) are in this treatise considered subtle emanations, productions of the mental field surrounding the human mind, read by telepaths, mentats, the „other side." Of necessity this text is one-sided and encompasseth not the majority of other models explaining the entirety of the phenomenon, yet far from dilettantism — its task is to focus upon a fragment of the whole that it endeavoreth to describe. Thoughtforms may assume as many shapes as there exist functions and modalities of the human mind. For example, one of the simpler thoughtforms is verbalization in thought: „Here dwell dragons." The most complex and refined thoughtforms are born within silence and synergy — polysyntactic, multilevel, polysemous, multicontextual, masked, camouflaged, encoded, encrypted, psychophysically, performatively, ritually programmed — an example whereof may be a ritual dance, transmitted astrally unto the recipient as a communication.

Egregors may constitute a common denominator of collectives consisting of two or more mental spheres of men. They interpenetrate one another, depending upon *koinonia* (community) or ideatic *ecclesia*. That is to say, they are extracted and rendered autonomous as the character or ethos of a specific egregor within the boundaries

of the mental sphere. It may be a biopsychological, instinctual egregor — such as fear or excitement. It may be a refined ideological egregor, e.g., authoritarianism or anarchism. It may be religious — e.g., Christian or Buddhist; occult — e.g., Fraternitas Saturni or Ordo Templi Orientis; linguistic — e.g., the manner of expressing ideas; cultural — e.g., a nation, a collective of ethnic identities and the behaviors and mentalities bound therewith, and so forth.

Unconscious binding with an egregor through contact with men possessing similar arrangements of thoughtforms occurreth frequently among persons who are not mature, who have developed neither autonomy nor critical thinking, and whose resistance unto succumbing to alien egregors is feeble. This terminateth in the absorption of mental-ideatic clusters into one's own mental sphere, according unto the law of distribution. This law stateeth that every egregor, thoughtform, or idea shall be distributed differently, depending upon the topological cognitive spaces of each mind, its phenotype, liminal entropy, resistance unto the threshold of liminal absorption, and critical breakthroughs in resistance unto conditioning. Wherefore they shall be interpreted differently when translated into the language of the persona, and thereafter interpreted further.

Egregors may blend, the consequence whereof is variable constellations of mental fields within dynamic relations and interdependencies. Conscious conjunction with a group egregor alloweth one to attune unto a specific working group, whether within magical labor or within a ceremonial with a greater number of participants. Conversely, we may be ritually initiated into an egregor — be it of a cult, a blind religion, a political ideology — or „sealed" within an egregor through the „sign of baptism" and similar practices.

Egregors may be protected by their own mental field, by entities responsible for their protection, by their own power, or by men and beings summoned to labor upon the given egregor. It happeneth that

unto a given egregor other unauthorized persons or beings „attach" themselves, and during its operation imprint thereon their own cuts and polishings, taking root therein or camouflaging themselves. Certain egregors are programmable — e.g., Scientological cults (Dianetics), Jehovah's Witnesses, fundamentalist evangelical groups, various New Age movements, as well as deliberate social engineering conducted through the media, infotainment, or cybernetics–radionics, propagated through the „eighth sphere" of radio communication and frequencies resonating with human brains.

Men of great strength of will, high resistance unto conditioning and magnetism, may survive the pressure of indoctrination and brainwashing, or else influence many through their charisma. Irrespective of whether they spread harmful nonsense or realized ideas — they may dominate a group egregor and consciously or unconsciously implant their own programs into the mental sphere of others. Within the ethics of labor it is crucial not to interfere with another's mental sphere — others shall meddle within ours, yet retaliatory actions are a separate chapter. This is likewise bound with the sphere of the soul, for the soul is frequently a passive recipient of thoughtforms, emotional-cognitive contents, and egregors — think ye of imprints or engrams. Wherefore one ought to conduct communication circumspectly. Persons susceptible unto manipulation should arm themselves with methods permitting the recognition of their own autonomy, becoming conscious of themselves and comprehending their place and relations with other men, ideas, and the world.

Certain men — and assuredly those who are situated upon the „other side" together with entities — are capable of reading fragments of information from the mental sphere. Wherefore it is advantageous to practice synthetic languages and methods of encryption, as well as camouflaging declared intentions beneath and beyond subliminal

fields, to evade endeavors at their decipherment. At times, however, sincerity is recommended, for a fortified stronghold merely inviteth siege and conquest. Yet within all greater magical operations it is beneficial to mask one's actions or operate upon a plane inaccessible unto the „other side," yet overt unto greater powers — at least as regarding those parts that we desire to conceal and prevent from detection.

Upon the individual level, that is, within the sphere of privacy, internal silence is advised, during which we may labor with non-verbal ideas, mentalese, constructs of ideas, motivations, inclinations — which contain sufficient individual imprints to remain unreadable unto the majority of uninvited entities and human magi. Psychic glitching is a useful technique wherein we construct a false facade, a false identity, a deceptive communication wherein we transmit only those parts of ourselves that we desire to reveal, or construct illusory masks that are a form of defensive disinformation, manipulation of information, and its concealment.

Sincerity possesseth meaning solely within direct communication — and that even when „all things have eyes and ears." For we may feign openness, employing double or triple speech to convey false information unto the „other side," while simultaneously concealing the truth from the interlocutor. Frequently we ought to ponder: „What would ordinary men do with me were they to know the content of my thoughts, were they to become public knowledge?" The selfsame method is applied toward the „other side" — circumspectly, severely, firmly, in a Machiavellian (or rather legalistic, Hanfeizian manner, for Han Feizi was Machiavelli seventeen centuries before Machiavelli), and openly when it is necessary.

From my experience it followeth that the Great Powers — and we have here to do with High Magick, wherewith we labor during

ceremonies — nevertheless discern true intentions and contents, even if they be veiled from unauthorized persons and entities.

These methods are as ancient as African shamanic masks, which were intended to emulate the spirits of nature, becoming one with them, so that the totem of the soul of a wild beast, sorcerer, or daimonion might be tamed, and simultaneously to conceal one's own intentions. For when we hide behind a mask, we sever the known space (*profanum*) from that which belongeth unto the spirits (*sacrum*) and unto the uncanny (*terra incognita*). A similar method is employed by children when they say: „I am not here" — within the ritualization of their theatre they vanish into their surroundings, playing hide-and-seek or casting away a toy; they play at being little magi who „banish" an object, causing it to disappear. Precisely thus do the children of my friends: they scatter their toys into the abysses of treasuries, the discovery whereof is exceedingly difficult for adults.

When we move through the streets among anonymous men, we partially dehumanize them by force of habit — they receive never the masks of proximity, intimacy, closeness. The Other remaineth somewhat distant, glances are hollow, at most phatic. When aught attracteth our attention, they may become erotic, and at best magnetic. Yet lacking here is the engagement that existeth between acquaintances, kin, or close friends.

Many contexts of exchange within the sphere of anonymity express themselves within intentions bound with a superficial interpretation of the other man — a flirtatious glance, an aggressive gesture, indifference. The play of gestures belongeth unto the refined, feigned gestures belong unto the vulgar and immature. This is ever another play of appearances and „as if." Ancient Indian dance theatres achieved mastery within the utilization of gestures that within Western, vulgar societies are unknown.

The interpretation of gestures is a matter of convention within anonymity. The more subtle the gestures, the less frequently noticed or the more frequently misinterpreted. The absence of a gesture may be read as a gesture, and those that are obvious are swiftly caught. I have experimented much with indifferent observation — that is, withdrawal from the context of gestures as though I noticed them not, and attentively observing the behaviors of men round about me. I discovered that when feedback is lacking unto them, when they behold not their reflection within us — whether subconsciously or consciously — they become disquieted, for their ever-fickle „ape brains" demand stimuli that they may respond. It is difficult to treat a stranger, *xeno*, as something distinct — rather he becometh nourishment for one's own movements, gestures, at times something fascinating, at times an object of mockery, something whereof we are afraid, yet rarely do we draw nigher.

When we become acquainted with a man, we enter into the imagined virtuality of the „sphere of *koinonia*," that is, into the domain of cognition. Establishing contact, conducting conversation, we deepen this virtuality. When we shape human relations in a manner most useful or amicable unto us, we feel not that our privacy is exposed, that we must merrily reveal all information — instead we play with masks, narratives, superficial or deep conversations, showing a greater or lesser portion of our authenticity or false masks, their variations and transformations. In the end, no one knoweth who we truly are — and this is a *fait accompli*, for certain circles are sufficiently harmful that they ought not to know; it might lead unto gossip and reputational damage that are not our fault, but arise from the low character of those men. Ultimately, those who ought to know behold the holistic essence that we desired to manifest unto them — and this likewise is an achievement — and therein we find a circle of friends.

At times it is impossible to construct a facade for one's person, yet the more skillfully we master our own being, the better we are capable of conveying essential things that we desire to express — be it ideas or one's own expression. I have dined with politicians and the president of a certain country together with his wife (Komorowski) and charmed them all. I have been within low circles and passed for strong and tough. I have been among snobs and feigned simplicity to observe their contempt. I have been among intelligent men and possessed something graceful to contribute. When swine burst into life or the ether — it is better to despise them arrogantly and send them packing, rather than pander unto their immutable nature, lest they mix thee with their mud.

Wherefore have I written all this? Forasmuch as it is advantageous to treat thoughtforms and group unity in a similar manner. If we mix with everyone, we become like unto the crowd, we generalize, we squander precious time, we nourish the spiritual spheres of wretched and barren men, whereby we lose important expressions, we lose internal truth and power that a parasitic egregor might employ. We forfeit our nature and ethos among men of low quality, forgetting that we were among them once lions and dragons.

When human resources are in constant disorder, and our thoughtforms in chaotic movement, it is difficult to achieve effective magical communication. Utilizing the mathematical communication theory of Shannon and Weaver, one of the interfaces showeth how we may achieve a single objective while communicating from multiple transmitting sources, or how we may achieve multiple objectives among many recipients while communicating from a single source. The entire book is worthy of study.

The remainder is a matter of the choice of media, intention, distribution, rhetoric, tools, and algorithms of content delivery, its length, continuity, strength, the context appropriate for the recipi-

ents, its substance, value of place, status, interpretation, reception, discharge of content unto the ultimate recipient according unto a specified vision and its negotiation in unison.

No one desireth to stroke men who prefer to follow another's will instead of taking power over themselves into their own hands. No one is sufficiently lavish as to educate complete fools — and yet against them one must beware. Stupidity is best controlled before it reacheth for power. When the crowd exalteth swine unto the elite, it is already altogether too late. Wherefore all egalitarian meritocracies, responsible freedom, paideic standards, institutional protection of political systems, and aristocratic elites having in view the common good ought prioritarily to be protected against the abuse of power by the swine of all populist, autocratic, authoritarian, fascist, and theocratic regimes — to the end of maintaining the republic of a wise, strong, cultured, educated, and courteous government.

High Magick and Political Inclinations

Doth not a discipline that resteth upon traditionalism, razor-sharp concentration, immense fortitude against mental and physical agony, the capacity to sever the Gordian knot with discernment and insight, and friendship together with reverence toward greater powers — namely high magick — characterologically impose certain political inclinations, deriving this from its own stern prerequisites?

Magical traditionalism, efficacious and originating in labor with the Deities, tolerateth neither chaotic, unruly left-wing „witches" nor right-wing, rigid minds incapable of peering beyond their own frontiers.

Doth a left-wing „magus" operate with high forces when he believeth not in their existence within the paradigm of his own solipsism? What would come to pass were those impotent ones, who are unable to cleanse their own filth from the stables of their mind, to receive a license from higher powers to execute any worthy craft? It would not enter their comprehension that they are ignored, and that none save those like unto them hath tolerance for their relativistic quagmire.

Magick is not a tolerant discipline: it tolerateth neither fools, nor feebleness, nor men who deny its structure and the gravity of deep forces, nor those who break mentally beneath the slightest trials, recounting among a circle of acquaintances their own superficial experiences. Neither is it a universalist nor a moralizing discipline — it

shall not submit unto fascistic bigots, for upon what grounds should it?

It is beautiful that men of the left are sensitive and tender unto injustice, yet frequently their compassion bordereth upon the madness of enforcing their own unbalanced opinion within an urban frenzy of detachment from reality. It is beautiful that men of the right would fain implant some code of values, yet frequently they are hollow shells whose zeal bordereth upon utter ignorance — in a manner equally detached from *realpolitik*.

Of a truth, no man needeth to agree with me nor with the conclusions that I draw from my many years of experience in these matters. Yet I entertain the hope that at least the old veterans, the seasoned ones who have accomplished aught within this craft, shall concur with me.

Magick is no compensation for feeble characters and warped personalities, neither is it an escapism into the realm of fantasy. It is a demanding, austere mistress who is capable of binding an unbuttoned aspirant with rope and scourging him from top to bottom, unless he sculpt himself — of his own will. Ignoramuses she needeth not punish, for they shall depart of themselves without any effects. One sculpteth solely in material that possesseth potential; a Rinzai master shall not strike a casual passerby with a staff, and a fool who would fain act wise in his presence he shall cast out from the monastery upon his ear.

If a fool shall recount that he hath become a Zen master, he may boast solely upon his own dunghill — among credulous hens. Even novice adepts reserve their successes between themselves, the Gods, and the „other side," which verifieth them through all trials. Those who transmit their experience in one form or another ought first to mature thereunto through years of labor, rather than spread fabricated babble that merely destroyeth the endeavors of others.

Dost thou disagree with me? Thou needest not. I have never sought verification, approval, nor legitimation of my actions among others. Where approval from the „other side" entereth — I speak not of those living in their Dionysian graves, operating in the lower terrestrial, local ethers, which they term „the astral," as though they were prepared for the stars — they are not. I mean rather that „other side" which hath no longer any rooting in mortal bodies, and yet is spiritually living, mighty, inspiring, beautiful!

Demigods at the Psychiatrist: Sisyphus, Prometheus, Macbeth, Andronicus

The youth answered the questions in haste during the interview prior to his admission into the psychiatric institution. An ambulance had brought him thither. The physician observed him attentively — he was hollow within, like unto a machine for the setting of diagnoses. In conversation with the patient he employed a ready set of behaviors and questionnaires. He pondered not overlong — through his hands passed altogether too many cases.

„Age?" — „21." — „Occupation?" — „Student." — „Suicidal thoughts, is anyone tracking thee?" — „I saw them, I swear, they looked upon me. They were scenting something, they knew. The sky darkened, I saw wings, the dead enter into the living, they torment me!"

The physician recorded: persecutory delusions, manic behaviors, cried upon the street „ye are zombies!" — apprehended and brought unto the hospital. Auditory and visual hallucinations, likely paranoid schizophrenia. For further diagnosis.

„When shall ye release me?" — asked the youth, disoriented. — „Pray deliver up all items of value, they shall be returned hereafter. Now pray change thy garments, thou shalt receive pajamas. Hast thou a telephone?" — informed a burly orderly. — „This is some mistake, they are everywhere..." — he sighed in resignation and changed

into tattered, frayed pajamas that reeked of the hospital laundry. The orderly packed his belongings, including his shoes, into a blue garbage bag.

„Is that all? Let us proceed!" — he commanded.

They passed through several corridors, bypassing steel doors, until they reached the closed ward, opened by something in the shape of a key. Within were several patients. One woman looked upon him and began to intone:

„Jesus shall save us!" — crying and wailing.

Another patient approached him and burst into laughter, whereafter he began to babble in a torrent of words:

„No, fuck, he shall not save us, we have already three Jesuses upon the ward, one Himmler, and another shall likely be Napoleon! I shall gouge thy eyes out, children ripped open, contract, conspiracy, sentence, they gouge out eyes, my wife packed me into this shit, the bitch would not listen!"

The orderly demonstrated unto the newcomer his place:

„Here thou shalt lie, upon the corridor, until a bed becometh vacant in a room. At present there are no places."

A burly man, appearing like unto a warrior of old, approached him and asked whether he had a cigarette. He had none. The former danced for a moment, as though to a distant melody, whereafter he departed.

The youth sat upon the military cot and stared with a vacant gaze into space. Human voices tore his mind asunder:

„What is it, swine, imprisoned? Thou shouldst not have been born, dirty worm!"

He felt as though someone were scanning his skull from within, driving pins through his bones — he possessed no privacy whatsoever. Every word was a needle driving into his mind, as though the soul were to be torn to shreds, disemboweled with the scalpel of such

emotions as he yet retained. He hid his face in his hands. Every word was an explosive mixture of fear, dread, aggression, and agitation.

„What have I fucking done, better to die…" — he whispered.

A female voice took possession of his thought:

„Perish, perish, whore, until thou rot, hast thou done nothing? Nothing. Nothing. Kill thyself, swinish spawn!"

„Wherefore dost thou speak this unto me?" — he asked in despair.

Suddenly his head was filled with an intrusive loop of thought: „Kill, kill, murder, kill!", and the voice chimed in: — „I say, perish, fuck, perish once and for all!"

Slowly he approached one of the nurses:

„I hear voices. I hear them…"

She looked upon the second nurse and cast forth:

„Well look, what have we here?"

The second examined the papers:

„Nothing as yet, pray await the physician."

The youth beheld the face of the first nurse as half-decayed, full of worms devouring her face. The second emanated a white-greenish corpse-like aura with a disemboweled soul. None other saw this.

In the evening at six he received supper — a slice of bread and 20 grams of jam, a piece two by two centimeters. In the smoking room he requested a cigarette. A woman of about thirty years, trembling from the side-effects of antipsychotic drugs, cast forth:

„Thou hast one, but ask no more, buy thine own."

He lit it, drawing in deeply. The remainder of the patients conversed or remained silent. One circled about the four-meter cage like unto a wolf, talking to himself.

During „night silence" he lay upon the bed. Time dragged unmercifully. The patient beside him was in „straps" for ill behavior — after midnight he began to cry out. The youth in the night looked in his direction and beheld four shadows about the bed. One of these

specters was driving a sharp object into his head and body, the remainder were shifting something. The former cried out from agony and whispered something nervously. After an hour he fell silent.

In the morning the youth asked him wherefore he had cried out so.

„They come, they torture my body, they conduct experiments, they inject strange things," — he answered. — „I saw them," — confessed the youth with certainty.

The former looked with terrified eyes:

„No, thou canst not say that! The physician said that these are hallucinations, creations of my brain. Talk no foolishness unto me, the physician knoweth! I beseech thee, say that they are not there. The brain createth them, dopamine..." — he whispered and departed unto the other end of the corridor.

Slowly he reconciled himself unto the thought that he would remain there longer. A few months. He had been told that every week a visit of the chief psychiatric physician took place. That day had now arrived. All the patients awaited it. Some counted upon new drugs, others upon discharge, some wished merely to speak — resignation was painted upon their faces. Sorrowful male and female physicians passed from patient to patient, noting something in their files.

The bearded chief physician asked each one: — „How feelest thou, sir?"

„Aah, increase the doses, give new drugs, these work not," — answered the patients.

Prescribing tablets, they conducted themselves as though they possessed a real effect — beyond the control of symptoms, damaging the brain and converting patients into zombies. They were like unto mindless cognitive experiments originating in old cybernetics, which for years had cast a shadow upon the clientele of closed institutions. A shadow of control and domination.

„That is precisely the point," — spoke one of the physicians. — „Control of psychosis, control of depression. Control of all things."

„I desire to be cured, not stuffed with this shit," — replied the twenty-one-year-old.

„This is chronic, incurable," — the physician feigned sorrow, as though pronouncing ultimate truths.

„Wherefore if once they diagnose me, I shall be stuffed with this shit forever?" — he asked. — „Yes. Schizophrenia must be treated, not denied. Thou knowest that thou art ill, is it not so? Pray do not negate it, for there shall be a problem both for us and for thee. Here I have new injections, one needeth not swallow tablets daily," — the psychiatrist smiled.

The youth looked upon him with contempt: — „How much didst thou receive from the pharmaceutical representative, thou son of a bitch?"

„In the nineteen-sixties thou wouldst have had a lobotomy. Dost thou prefer that instead of Haloperidol? Thy mother waiteth behind the door, we may speak with her regarding this." This selfsame son of a bitch wrote false medical releases for criminals for an appropriate fee, wherefor he later went to prison.

„I am no schizophrenic," — answered the youth.

„That is denial. I record thee," — noted the physician.

„I am a schizophrenic, but I see and hear nothing," — mocked the patient.

„Excellent dissimulation," — the psychiatrist smiled beneath his nose.

The twenty-one-year-old exited and slammed the door. He knew that he possessed no power whatsoever — here psychiatry ruleth, not the patient. One had to lie and know how to navigate, speaking unto them from their perspective, calmly, factually; one shall not break the paradigm, for it is too late for that.

Upon the closed ward were diverse patients. Some liked to return thither, they felt secure; others felt as though in prison — worse than in prison. Many knew not wherefore they had arrived thither at all. Some were entirely unconscious, others conscious, yet powerless. Some remained silent, lost within their worlds; others openly fell into madness, adding unto the frenzy of the rest. Chaos, screams, one patient cried out unceasingly.

Two plainclothes police officers brought in a screaming man of about thirty years. They handcuffed him unto a bed. He sat upon the armchairs beside the duty room, awaiting the chief physician. Other patients approached him, making jokes. Some touched him, others talked, one kicked him. A typical Lucifer effect among the old clientele of closed wards.

After a certain time an orderly appeared with an order from the psychiatrist — an Indian. He declared that the patient should not be chained unto the bed for longer than three hours. Unfastened — he attempted to flee. Whither? Through armored doors without handles?

Ere anyone realized, two burly male nurses tackled him unto the ground, forcefully pressing him into a straitjacket. The man shrieked in despair. For the rest of the patients this was almost a perfidious entertainment; a mad woman stood gazing upon the scene, as though deriving satisfaction that it was not she being beaten and violated, but that violence was applied toward another.

The twenty-one-year-old looked upon the police officers, but they feigned seeing nothing. They cast that man into straps and gave him a sedative injection. He slept twelve hours.

When he was liberated, he wept. A young boy approached and asked:

„What came to pass?" — „I was at a democratic demonstration. Those Law-and-Justice swine beat me to a pulp and stole my bag,

I had all my savings therein. I know not what I do here…" — he trembled, entirely in dread.

An old grandmother, who was there already for the thirtieth time, said: — „Thou shalt not depart hence speedily, poor thing… guilty — innocent, who careth for that, in an ordinary prison they would listen unto thee, here thou mayest discourse with the walls."

The youth observed all things round about him. He beheld white figures, ethereal worms growing out of human heads, resembling rotten face masks that fed upon the minds of the patients. Blue-greenish clusters of energy, similar unto mist. At times the dead in various stages of decay.

In the night by the window stood a tall shadow-figure. In his head a gentle voice spoke: — „This hospital destroyed his life. He hateth them all. End not as he did…"

The whisper fell silent. — „What chaos…" — he thought. — „Remember not to speak of this unto the physician," — he promised himself.

Nearly two weeks passed and he reconciled himself unto the thought that he would remain there at least another two. The days differed little one from another. A cigarette in the smoking cage, random conversations with other patients. Visits of physicians, observation of the bizarre and psychotic behaviors of his companions. One chased something at the end of the corridor, another screamed in terror. When he attempted to stop him and ask what was the matter, the former replied:

„The battle of good against evil is underway, and I am upon the side of good!"

And he moved down the corridor with an invisible squad at his side, brandishing a cane that he had stolen from an elderly patient.

At times the youth looked longer upon a mad, yet attractive girl, newly admitted unto this psychiatric prison. As in prison — choice was limited, wherefore objects of affection were few.

After „night silence" he slipped away unperceived unto the smoking cage. It was vacant and dark. The nurses watched television in a room fifteen meters distant. The youth stepped quietly as a mouse, that none might perceive his absence.

Outside, beyond the bars of the cage, stood a shadow. It looked in his direction, moving like an executioner, torn by pain and agony. The souls of the dead. Some termed them shells, yet within there was something more — a sinister presence, an echo of a human soul that had lost its colors.

In the Greco-Roman world they were fed with the blood of beasts, and at times of men — necromantic traditions. Then they regained remnants of vital energy, color, and form. Every autumn, upon the Day of the Dead, he prepared for them *melikraton* — a mixture of honey and milk. Now, however, they desired blood. He invited them to feast upon his hemoglobin, filled with particles of vital forces. He felt as though with blood he were sucking light out of himself — a slightly sour, burning sensation upon the skin.

He fed the dead like unto his own children, an alchemical pelican feeding its offspring. This was the sole thing he could perform for them — to commend them unto the Gods, psychopomps, guides of souls, that they might conclude their wandering and stray no longer through the world.

Beyond the window stood one with a broken neck, a former hanged man; the form remained, observing him in an unnatural manner. — „Another life destroyed by psychiatry," — said a female guide within his head. — „He hanged himself out of despair, no man listened unto him, no man helped him."

The youth knew not what to think, yet he looked upon the phantom, repeating mechanically an ancient sentence that black witches from the world of the dead had taught him:

„It is not mine to judge human fates, their histories, circumstances, decisions, and consequences. At times they are beyond our control, beyond our choice…"

He thought: — „At times thou art captured by a web of interdependent events that gather from other places. And then all dependeth upon character, nature, and… the remainder is in the hands of Providence and the Gods."

„May we?" — he asked.

One of the souls incarnated within him for a moment; he nodded from within.

„Thou understandest my thoughts, art thou not?" — he asked in his head.

He surrendered his will. The deceased relative formed a sentence and whispered through his lips:

„We know thee through and through, we know what thou needest and wherewith thou strugglest."

„Certain men term ye devils," — he thought.

„The dead possess diverse natures and traditions. Some are good, others evil in the eyes of the living. Diverse beliefs, traditions truly satirical, young Saturn, which began with the advent of Christianity. The psychology of belief systems deformeth souls and hearts, deharmonizeth ethos," — he continued. — „How thinkest thou, how did a simple herbalist transgress?"

„She was displayed as the incarnation of evil. She was a healer, and when they named her a witch, spawn of the devil, what was she to think? Certain ones became the evil that human hand had created — and thereafter themselves spread evil."

„Yet not only men exist upon this world." — „No. Invisible worlds exist, operating upon the Earth and beyond it. They possess their histories, pedigrees, like unto plants or trees."

A patient in the room beside the smoking cage began to scream.

It was time to retreat. In the room were five beds, one belonged unto him. He remained silent — he knew that even a whisper might be reported unto the psychiatrists. And that would signify a longer sentence.

He returned unto the room and fell asleep.

He dreamed that he was submerged in black pitch full of worms and decaying human bodies. Styx. A skeleton seized him by the leg, attempting to devour him. He seized it by the neck and attempted to break it. Suddenly he heard a raspy voice, as though lacking vocal cords, as though the very bones spoke:

„My name is Sophia, my name was Sophia."

He ceased defending himself — the skeleton possessed a name. Utilizing his defenselessness, the skeleton began to climb upon him and attack. The youth broke its neck with a single movement.

Then he heard the voice of the black master. He found himself within the void of black fires, and smiling, he said:

„In the space of nothingness darkness resoundeth."

The mire of decaying corpses vanished. He awoke within the reeking stench of his roommates" flatulence. He turned unto the other side and fell asleep once more.

On the following day the high priestess of Saturn appeared in a vision, with an immense compassion full of death; she was to become his right hand much later...

Slowly he reconciled himself unto the thought that he would sit there a little longer. He ate breakfast, whereafter all formed a queue for the medicines that the psychiatrist had prescribed for them. In his head a voice spoke:

„Well now, what, schizo?"

He felt as though a thick larva were burrowing within his skull. He concentrated energy, condensed it, aided himself with a gesture, and cast out the intruder. In the moment of ejection he

perceived a shred of white energy that shot forth somewhere beyond.

„Feedback between the human psychic apparatus, neurodynamics, and dimensions full of entities and psychomorphs, frequencies, channels, semi-entities concealing themselves within human minds… strange," — he thought.

He knew not whether this thought belonged unto him, or was delivered unto him in the form of words by something else. Thoughts were wordless; he could translate them into written language, yet even so they remained incomplete. At times such ideas were inspiration from without — a breakthrough in the paradigm, a brilliant solution. And the psychiatrists said: delusions, thought broadcasting.

An entire arsenal of ready psychiatric answers for every symptom — to rationalize, explain, reduce, dehumanize:

„All this is within the brain."

On that day were visiting hours. His grandfather visited him, bringing fruit, juice, and chocolate. He desired to converse, yet the youth was unable to utter a single word.

„Sedatives," — he thought. — „Animal farm — of the innocent."

He felt as though his brain had been flattened, flooded with mist, cognitive functions frozen. Round about and within the body — a monotonous, swampy energy, as though an implanted soul of another patient, an entity incompatible with the intelligence he once possessed.

When he attempted to speak with his grandfather, a casual patient approached, mumbling something regarding the Mother of God. He scattered holy cards that he had found in church, laying them out upon the tables.

He bade farewell unto his grandfather. He was reminded of ancient Roman law: „It is forbidden to compel the souls of others to profess thy religion" — as though the soul believed in the selfsame

thing as the mind. Certain perfidious Catholic pigs posing as angels fed upon his soul and mind; they feed upon carrion, upon fools, upon fanatics, and upon the weak. Were the Gods to believe in the religions of these simpletons, the world would turn into a nightmare; no angel would sign his name beneath the projections of Judeo-Christian fools, much less profess some Galilean corpse.

Psychiatric hospitals were a true paradise for brainwashing by the „other side": if not the snares of the psychiatric paradigm, then religion. And in the midst a man with his own belief system, subject unto total turmoil and confusion through the manner of the mind's operation — for the most part pathological.

He observed every patient, as though himself setting diagnoses for them. One complained that in nightmares he murdered men in bloody genocides. He was a good man, an old punk. He diagnosed him.

Diagnosis of the punk: Kakodaimonic inspiration, the red sphere of one of the hells was attached unto his mind. A fortress, a conflict between Id and Superego. Continuous dissolution of personality, attempts at reintegration upon the continuum of consciousness, which spawned larvae within his head — hollowing out linguistic functions, Broca's area, and the frontal lobe. These pseudo-personalities, created from lexical resources, formed micro-entities feeding upon the psychic substance of his brain. They tortured him and demanded more nourishment. At times hostile, evil beings took possession of them, whose wrath manifested in insults and fury. At times random entities appeared that formulated more „positive" responses toward existing associated entities. Psychiatric diagnosis: Paranoid schizophrenia.

On a certain evening an elderly woman sitting in the smoking cage said, when her eyes became abyssally black, literally, as well as vacant:

„I desire to sit upon the throne of men, as a great whore, that all these dogs may fuck me!"

Diagnosis of the youth: Sexual fantasy uttered in a moment of possession by a succubus. A woman of about fifty years; her conscious side desired to test my reaction. The succubus was visible through the second sight — black, hollow eyes, rotten skin, a contorted face. In reality succubi are wandering clusters of sexual energy, feeding without intelligence, beyond the capacity to evoke hyper-sexual visions. They are created by psychic homunculi of a given person's sexual projections. They feed upon orgasms — at times they create semi-demonic offspring, a boy without a face, who tormenteth the „father" and driveth him unto madness. She remembered nothing thereafter; she merely took offense at a delicate mention. Psychiatric diagnosis: Paranoid schizophrenia.

A third patient boasted of numerous affairs with the wives of others. He arrived at the hospital when he saw in the kitchen a chair placed upon the table, covered with a white sheet stained with blood. When he began to wash his hands in the sink, he saw therein an abandoned, dead infant.

The story was clear — he was in his right mind, but he played with the fate of others, which brought upon him the perfidy of the other side. The „other side" played with illusions and desired to destroy him.

Psychiatric diagnosis: Psychotic episode.

Satyricon — The Master and the Devil, the Dead, Vagabonds, and Travelers

Upon many paths of life and manifold destinies. Long, long ago, when I was perhaps twenty-five years of age and resided within the center of the city, faring well, possessing a goodly employment, I met a homeless man whom I named the Bear by reason of his stature. He possessed a luxuriant beard.

And as I approached the entrance unto the ancient house wherein I dwelt, he stared upon me for a moment, and I had the impression that his one eye turned black. I recognized within him something more than a mortal in the body of a homeless man. As though I had met some temporary incarnation — solely for that single second — of the god of travelers and the god of wayfarers. I began to ponder how it had come to pass that this man ended as one homeless, how it had come to pass that his life was destroyed. Whether through his own fault, or by reason of some catastrophe, ill decisions, and so forth.

Throughout all my life, when I was repeatedly judged and ruined, when my reputation fell unto zero, when I was slandered and buried in falsehoods, when about my person illusions were created — at times creating a false stench, at times illusions of seduction that I was more attractive than I am, at times seduction through the disgust of something degrading — the men round about knew it not, yet they

conducted themselves in a specified manner. I possessed that force of attraction of a wretched old miscreant, and yet I was a noble, strong man. I knew not wherefore men hated me. I saw how those shadows gathered round about, manipulating the perception of other men. I learned to defend myself.

So many times the shadows of the dead, those bound unto things in life, attempted to draw me into alcoholism, drugs, self-destructive habits. Ye know, fools, Christians name them devils. Yet it is precisely those dead who possessed no beautiful destinies during life that operate in the background, adding evil unto evil, drawing ever more into this cycle of filth. They know that it is unjust, and they know that other lives are ruined. And in the interval there are more sensitive men, and they ask: „Wherefore? What have I done so great? Is it unjust?" And thereafter the shadows point the finger and say: „O yes. Hast thou suffered? No man careth. Shalt thou fall into alcoholism, drown? Hast thou lost thy family, thy daughters? Hath thy daughter committed suicide? We care not. Hast thou landed upon the street? We care not" — We also, we likewise.

Yet do men care? Well, usually men care for naught beyond the tip of their own nose. Usually, if thou fallest from a high estate into fragments upon the streets, all thy friends abandon thee. They vanish. And thereafter men say: „Well, he made ill decisions." That settled the matter. „He deserved his fate, forasmuch as we possess better fates and know it." Well, rest assured — the majority of men who are judged, truly honest, truly noble, truly great in these present days, are those whom thou shalt find upon the streets, in fragments, in the wretched latrines of societies. Wherefore? They ask: „Wherefore I?" Well, forasmuch as if thou shinest overmuch, thou hast a tendency to attract darkness.

And so it is that if thou knowest how to navigate, if thou art a cunning man, knowest how to protect thyself and how to secure

thyself against this, it signifieth not that it shall cease. The threshold riseth higher with every step that thou takest, and it is more arduous. „Ah, thou bastard. Thou knowest regarding us. Thou art a *vedma*, a witch, a *vidya* — the one who knoweth, who seeth. And thou art so tough. Thinkest thou that thou art such a tough, resistant little son of a bitch? We shall raise the threshold higher and devise against thee yet more disgusting tricks, persuading thee unto suicide, thrusting thee beneath the subway, from an invisible place, with the push of invisible hands, or better yet — thou shalt feel that thou must jump thyself, suddenly!"

A strange force pusheth thee toward serial murders, toward homicide, toward petty pickpocketing, toward abuse or physical violence upon partners, toward petty hatreds and manipulations. Dost thou love someone? Dost thou love a woman, and she shall make thee say things that thou in truth desiredst not to say. It was not I! Who then was it? How doth this come to pass, and how to protect oneself against it? Through discernment, self-knowledge, self-control, ethos, comprehension of how it operateth. Otherwise, for example, two lovers suddenly begin to hate one another, destroy, and drift apart from one another. And what came to pass? No man knoweth. No man careth. Yet something interfered and manipulated them like unto puppets. They shall not learn thereof unto the end of their life. They shall live thinking: „What the devil came to pass?!" Was this resteth upon trust, honesty, a strong ethos, a strong discernment? No.

Especially in the magical business, men who initiate their path in the occult possess greater chances for mutual liberation as a couple, for great love and great liberation. O, this is hated. So much jealousy, so much envy in the shadow. If thou knowest human flaws, if thou knowest the injustice and misery of men, transfer this unto the shadows of the dead and multiply it in perfidy. And knowing the shadow, the misery of all these forces striding in the background,

thou shalt know precisely what men are! Forasmuch as it is merely an extract of their flaws, their misery, their disease.

Is it not worthy to be a noble man? Is it not noble to be a truly great man? Yea, indeed. Yet thou must know how to defend thyself. If thou art fortunate, thou shalt be protected by some other forces. Yet if thou art in an ill place at an ill time, something desireth to finish thee — and finish thee it shall.

And I was so nigh unto homelessness, so nigh unto losing all things — I barely licked my way out of it, licking my wounds from reopened scars. I lost the greatest love of my life long ago, forasmuch as she was unable to control herself. She was unable to comprehend. Well, although she was conscious thereof, she was unable to defend herself appropriately. And thou canst not speak thereof unto any man. Thou canst not speak thereof unto thy friends, psychiatrists, unto anyone. They understand it not. They shall not grasp it. They shall diagnose thee with some disease, some delusions, beliefs. Yet if thou seest and knowest — then thou knowest.

Upon a certain occasion I was in Edinburgh, riding a bus in the year 2011. I read a newspaper, and therein was a story regarding a Canadian man of Chinese origin in Edinburgh. Suddenly the veil of Thanatos descended, and in the newspaper it was written that this man, when he reported that he saw dead men upon the streets, bloody, decaying, festering faces, fell into panic. He was so terrified that he stabbed a man to death. He ended in a psychiatric institution, a prison. And I read this, and I knew that this fellow saw that which I have seen for years. He saw the dead. He lost his mind. He killed an innocent person. He ended for the remainder of his life in some cursed madhouse. Yet he shall not even know thereof. They shall tell him that it was a paradigm of delusion, his hallucination, that he acted out of fear.

Knowest thou how many men, how many noble men have drowned in such a manner? They were destroyed, became homeless,

exterminated from the sphere of action, of efficacious action within the human world. And who won? The whores and the Fraudsters. Disgusting fraudsters without a spine, fools who unwittingly commit evil, puppets of the hells, pulled by the strings of their brains, their minds.

On the other hand, there is consolation that after thou hast lost all things, the Gods remember thee. And the longer thou perseverest in heroism, Mnemosyne, the longer thou rememberest, the greater is thy spirit. And thereafter, when thou diest, thou spittest upon all things behind thee. Thou desirest to have naught to do therewith. And thou operatest with greater force.

Wherefore it is worth being noble. It is worth being recognized by the axiom that the Gods exist. That yea — this mire of the earth attempteth to destroy nobility and strength, to bury thee in slavish religious delusions or some atheized comprehension of all things whereof thou hast absolutely no notion.

So be worthy, be noble, be strong. Yet be aware that if thou art honestly such, and findest thyself in an ill place, an ill time — thou must know how to defend thyself. Thou must build thy fortitude, thy strength, thy acuity. Thou canst not operate ever in the selfsame manner. Thou must be like unto the fox, like unto the lion, and like unto the tongue of the serpent. Remember this.

Anagoge

Grasp the initiatory thread, paving for thyself a path. Fortitude and constancy of devotion are born from consecration, which originateth in the Pythagorean decision to enter upon the paths of the mysteries. The germ that one receiveth as it were through one's own decision, partly innate within the soul by reason of provenance, and partly bestowed through the conspiracy of the Gods, is at times unconscious. The more we cleanse it perceptually, the more deeply we realize that initiatory currents have manifested within us, the easier it is to reason regarding them — through education, ritual action, contemplation, or the intellectual resolution of the alchemical problematics of mind, feeling, and soul.

When the seed of Meš, the tree of life of the royal road, is planted, it must be tended during its growth, particularly at the beginning, when it is delicate and cannot survive through its own strength. Some, ignoring its cultivation, suffer it to die. Others forget regarding it, preoccupied with the affairs of the world. Yet others cruelly trample upon the trees of others, deriding them. The greatest madness, however, is the destruction of one's own tree — in an act of despair, when we feel betrayed by our own failures.

Consider a man who desireth to traverse a vast, disordered junkyard. The scrap that hindereth his passage must be cast aside. Even so appeareth the beginning of the initiatory path: the junkyard of modernity — of philosophy, ideas, political-social disputes, entertainments, weapons of mass distraction, ephemeral affairs — we gradually clear away through method, intuition, reflection, and action.

Think not that walking through the junkyard for years, ye shall arrive nowhere. After a certain time ye emerge into other realms, and the road that leadeth upward motivateth ye by that which ye leave behind: it becometh clean and pellucid.

During this pilgrimage from the very beginning fantastic beings appear — some with propitious intentions, others with evil. Some attempt to turn ye aside from the road, others desire that ye mistake the scrap for truth, and the junkyard for the sole realm. There are also those that desire to destroy ye, that ye might not proceed further. Yet there are also voices calling: „Further, further, surrender not!", „Yet a little while, go through thy life."

In the course of this road we mature and grow old, we experience suffering, rage, love, hatred — all the melodies of bestiality and the idyll of humanity, in countless variations that life fashioneth. And yet we proceed further! Exhausted travelers, deepened by experience, are beings equally beautiful as those noble dead who desire nothing more, but merely with a touch of comprehension brush against the living who stride upon the path. In this reverie, with a single gesture, they transmit the greatness and gravity of beauty.

After Porphyry — there exist many sacred paths, after the pattern of the Assyrians, Egyptians, Chaldeans, Greeks, Hindus, or Hebrews. Yet there is no single universal path that is ever efficacious. Wherefore a soteriology promising „something for nothing" is merely a populist trick, devoid of efficacy. For every man interpreteth the mysteries through his own prism — his individual genius — yet he must experience them, that they may shape him.

This signifieth not that every path is good. Certain men wander through deserts, mistaking mirages for realizations. Neither doth it signify that every road is relative and devoid of essence. Each must be traversed and endured within. And if it lead us beneath the Ziggurat, beneath the temples of planets and stars, beneath the sacred moun-

tain — so much the better. There we may collapse from exhaustion, or ascend further, provided our strength sufficeth.

To what end? Forasmuch as when ye ascend that mountain and look down, ye shall behold how beautiful is the road that ye have traversed. There ye shall cast off the garments of Dionysian graves, and arrayed in garments worthy — ye shall join the procession of the Gods.

Lectures on the Dead — Fragments from Nekromanteion

The things thou lovedst to love, thy attachments, desires, injunctions, petty affairs, inclinations — all these are in play. These shall be the last things unto which thou shalt cling when thy mind, emotions, and imaginations dissolve in the dormant state of a wretched shadow. I have met many of them: a Chinaman who was tortured to death in inhuman labor upon the outskirts of Beijing; a man who loved his wife overmuch when she betrayed him, and whom in his old age he never forgave, still begging her to return into the shadow, yet all that he beheld was chthonic forces deriding his fragments of ancient pain. A victim of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, a starved girl remembered only the soldiers who burned everything to ashes with flamethrowers. Drowned victims near the Baltic, ladies who had been there since the nineteen-twenties, in fashionable attire masking bones and the swollen remnants of a body retrieved by the sea. An elderly lady who loved to cook attempted to show me her finest dinner, but all I could behold was the rot of crawling chthonic worms.

A hellish harlot, bound unto her dissolute, immoderate life, incapable of finding sensory pleasure or orgasms, repeating sexual movements in terrible, lustful torment. All were frozen in repetition within the world of decay, regressing solely unto a larval state, frozen in memory, standing round about candles, among the living, in their dwellings, in churches — happy those who were laid to sleep in cemeteries! The dead live not! And yet politeness requireth respect for

their existence in this state, at least humanitarian consolation, compassionate kindness. When matters become rude, thou must defend thyself — stark consecrated iron, cut them, sever the heads of devils — the harmed dead.

Fates cast them, character soweth fates, but death is a terrible and terrifying king. Even if thou comprehendest all the „whys" and „hows," doth it alter anything? Comprehending the nature of pollution, thou mayest be harassed by it; the foul air of Thanatos is heavy, somber, bringing perdition and pestilence. Certain men have learned to preserve themselves in „near" life within this state — what terrifying fates! When they learn also that with time they are compelled to prolong the state of falling into decay, that they consciously prolonged their torments. Claiming that immortality belongeth exclusively unto the gods, they resolved to prolong their life in death, instead of seeking life in life, and their souls posthumously heroized.

What is a hero? He is the one who remembereth; memory, remembrance, is bound unto Truth, wherefore Truth was called *Aletheia*, un-forgetfulness. So long as your bodies live, celebrating life, *memento mori*, so long as your bodies fuck, the dead desire to participate, to possess an image of their lost life; while ye smoke cigarettes, addicted dead join ye for a cigarette; certain fall into alcoholism — forasmuch as the dead, thirsty spirits desire to drink themselves to death over and over again — through ye.

The dead are no better than the living; they know more in a single instant, time looseneth its grip, wherefore they accurately predict, they may be helpful, like unto family, or dangerous and malevolent, angry, vengeful!

Dead city centers, burial grounds of the fallen, underbellies, subterranean passages are a natural residual focal point for chthonic transitions; perhaps the weight of dense shadow matter maintaineth the majority of them beneath the earth, like unto a shoal of fish help-

lessly swimming upon a great abyss; cold, windy Hades separateth them from the hot Hades of Acheron; the deeper thou descendest, until thou hittest the Styx, a wretched river of pitch-black, black corpses.

Whence know I? My dead soul visited all these places, passed through testimony within the Black Tower, like unto a naked animal chained and confessing until the charges were cleansed, terrorized. Down there, beneath the terrible zones, is Tartarus, and it extendeth unto infinity unto the deepest abysses of cosmic chaos, gargantuan forms that sleep yet are dead, that dream yet are empty.

Break it with thy poor soul, with thy spirit, enter there with thy consciousness, and all darkness shall encompass thee. To enter the City of Pyramids, thou must be emptied of all light — a place for the dead, eternal rest is for the dead; when thou movest there even an inch of thy soul, monstrous jackals and hyenas shall be aroused to tear thy soul to shreds, as though trespassing upon sacred grounds built by ancient magi upon various planes solely that their mighty Kings might rest unto the end of days, until the boat of millions of millions of years be ready to convey them back home.

Memento mori, time fleeth with every second of thy life; confirm it, live it beautifully, but keep thine eyes fixed upon the Gods; expend every effort to become at worst humanitarian, at best heroic; suffering draweth men into hells, and hell doth not; the meek and the lepers are not the first; so many shades of the homeless have I seen treating public latrines like unto palaces; their stench and pain were the last thing whereof they were unaware when they died.

And the parasites? The highest classes? They live in illusions; first they are committed unto the judgment of the dead, those whom they destroyed through policy, wars, injustices — envy not men of power, be a person of power if thou canst bear all the harm thou mayest inflict and treat it like unto a sacrifice. But this world seemeth so beau-

tiful a place to live! Even so it is, but even so is a decaying, headless rat brought by a mouser into the house.

Let it strike thee straight between the eyes; I play not here the fearless Dante, merely a psychopomp on duty; at times my dragon nature becometh beneficent after damages that ought to have rendered me utterly hateful and villainous. It is the living that make it live, but the dead rule the living, as in the Dionysian saying; their shadows are strong enough to play with your minds, emotions, souls; better not fall into the disfavor of death, lest thou be cursed in life and death, inclusive.

Is this world truly so dark a place to live? I desired to show thee the ill sides of it all: prostitutes sold for organs, cruel serial killers who imprison the souls of their victims within their own hells, overgrown organic puppets put on public display in disgustingly wealthy, exclusive galleries — whereof let them not know — for their fellow fraudsters, all the bestiality of the world hidden from thy echo chambers, and consolation thou findest when thou hast to do with the dead.

They shall tell thee of broken hopes, rapes, slayings, unimaginable cruelties; they know, they know, they know! And they are helpless to halt the bestial animal called man with „evil added unto evil" like unto a chain of vice; psychopaths like one another, the cruel dead train their own to join them in their malevolent endeavors.

„This world is divine" — once a blind fool in protest; I shrugged my shoulders and smiled with a peculiar dissatisfaction in mine eyes. One day he shall behold that it is not so. The world is as it is; there exist Gods, but the bogs of the Earth are vast; the void attracteth, threatening with dark chthonic forces and deadly servants.

The sole counsel readeth: temper thyself, fall not into madness, learn to distance thyself, follow a better path, be aware — aware! Courage and resilience are born from the comprehension that the

world may be corrupt, evil, cruel, that *homo homini lupus est*, but thou doest thy work nonetheless. Living in a dark world, thou learnest to be a nightmare, and better to be a nightmare among nightmares than their victim.

And the idiots? They shall mock thee: such things exist not! They shall make thy life a hell, though thou hast it already, bearing the double burden of a seer and... Swine that attempt to ride upon thy back — such are the times. Focus thy mind and soul upon a star, and not upon the shadows of death.

I have observed my dead and undead friends long enough to learn their customs, in the manner that a living man may, with minimal comprehension, assimilate the perspective of death.

So tonight, dear children, Children of the Night, and all the dead round about: nigromantic shadows, flyers, wonders, and hybrids of demonic and dead souls, beginnings, and all these small, terrifying crawlers — insectoid forms of hybrid large spiders, mighty dark wings associated at times with Saturn, and at times with a windy-chthonic atmosphere — we shall present unto you certain concepts of the art of necromancy.

Forasmuch as this is merely a demonstration, and true art requireth no form of refined or ostentatious introduction, wherefore — let us — begin with the first thing: what signifieth „necromancy"?

„Necro" is a root originating from „nigro." It appeared in Attic Greek. Wherefore? Since „nigro" signifieth „black," it signifieth that forms — for example in ancient Greece — represented *eidola*, *simulacra*, erinyes, dead shadows, witches, and other beloved ones.

Necromancy — *manteion*, the mantic meaning of divining — is the art of reading through the dead. The original craft and symbolism derive from the idea of witchcraft, yet not in the sense of a degenerate form, but for example the witches of Thessaly, who loved to abide

upon battlefields and bind the souls of shadows of fallen men unto their own ends.

In principle, all forms of primitive witchcraft rested upon the binding of souls, upon the binding of the shadows of the dead — for the purpose of executing their policy, commanding, and dispatching them toward a chosen target. But let us remember: this is a very ancient return unto the shaman, the first African hybrid of nocturnal animals, shadow souls intertwined with shamanism.

Let us say — a spiritual framework. For example, such things as vampirism: the union of the serpent, the king cobra, and the reversal of its energy flow, to connect invisible little fangs unto our own teeth, to draw samples of blood and energy from various sources — unto the very core.

Necromantia, *nigromancy* — there were in Greece certain places called Ploutonia, where men, under the guidance of the priesthood, were incubated to receive divine dreams from the gods themselves and from the underworld. Forasmuch as the dead are not bound by the time of the present, they are able to predict the future and behold the past.

An example: if thou hast a Catholic ritual for laying the dead to rest, it was drawn from Greco-Roman necromancy. „Let peace, silence, and tranquility rest upon the person laid in the grave." Wherefore doth this come to pass? Forasmuch as shadows could be rude, restless — they had to be laid to sleep. Otherwise the earth is a cemetery: there are *di manes*, that is, the good dead who render aid — thine ancestors, from large families, noble and beautiful dead. And also *penates* — called in the Vodou tradition *mortas* — evil beings, those who like thee not, who desire to harm and destroy thee. Frequently they were confused with kakodaemons in the Judeo-Christian tradition.

Let us focus, however, upon the *di manes*. There were in Rome *lararia*, places of remembrance. And now: how is it possible that

a soul — the shadow of a diseased person — is constructed from an ordinary bioplasmatic soul? There exist many functional souls; certain of them may be immortal, demonic, others taken from transmigrational realms that are not preserved in the light of beauty. These may turn into white, greenish, decaying forms like unto rotting flesh, and thereafter into blackness — falling into blackness through dark green. Thanatos, the dimension of death: green flames, *zos kia*, *thanatos* — all that turneth into blackness. Wherefore? Forasmuch as it falleth outside the spectrum of light. Electromagnetic radiation they convert into infrared or ultraviolet — *mauve* — and preserve their form.

This is a report. Shadow people know that this is for the poor who have no notion of what is at hand. When thou meetest a shadow, thou mayest meet various tribes of the dead. Not merely because certain experiments with black magic and necromancy led in the twentieth century unto the emergence of the so-called *hexesoldaten* — experiments of the Ahnenerbe. All these sorcerer-soldiers could be employed by intelligence and counterintelligence agencies, conspiring to gather information, find targets for destruction, and also people potentially capable of interfering in matters of politics and power. Hence all the tales regarding shapeshifting shadows and similar beings.

There exist many tribes of the dead. Their hierarchies form a necrarchy — the power ruling the dead. Let us pay homage unto the kings of necromancers who live not. If ye ever meet a living „necromancer" — remember that he is false. We, the living mortals, can merely transmit the fundamentals of exorcism: of every necromancy and nigromancy, bound with kakodaemons in the Middle Ages.

Theurgists liked not the *goes*, nor sorcerers engaged in necromancy and degenerate forms of witchcraft. I consider myself a theurgist. I think, however, that necromancy and nigromancy are

indispensable within the formula of education — to fulfill the entire curriculum of an aspiring philosopher or magus. *Magia naturalis*, *philosophia naturalis* — all this is divinity, doctor.

But returning unto the purpose: wherefore know all this? Wherefore prepare oneself to issue a command unto the dead, to raise an army of the dead? Not to add evil unto evil, not to profaning the dead, but to liberate souls from suffering — erinyes, simulacra, *eidola* — to dissolve them upon the wind, to extinguish their pains, sorrows, and misfortunes. The worlds of death are somber; many are they. The true task of an Eleusinian priest — beyond becoming and initiating as a *mystes* of Demeter and Kore — was to appease the dead, to liberate them through dispelling misfortune, to transform it into something more delicate, upright, more beautiful.

When thou art there, darling, thou warmest and lookest upon me, and I stretch forth my shadowy arms to embrace thee. Beneath these stars, Ursa Major, the seven necromantic witches of Sumer… This is a very brief lecture, that I draw thee not overdeeply. Yet I warn thee: misfortunes may occur — destruction of the physical body, annihilation of the soul. If thy daimon repair thee — thou art fortunate. If not — thou mayest end in a form of vampirism or madness, and thereafter be sent unto a psychiatric institution from which thou mayest no longer emerge.

Wherefore wear I iron? Forasmuch as in the Thessalian tradition iron protecteth. It possesseth a physical property — it cleaveth the shadow. Be not brutal toward thy demons and the dead. Be understanding, embrace them. If they break thee not, they shall begin to like thee, perhaps even respect thee. But never push overfar.

Ignore the idiots who use goetia without preparation, pseudo-demonomonarchical treatises. These beings are hundreds, if not thousands of years old. They have observed the life and death of mortals, their histories. A mortal idiot who attempteth to command a demon

must impress it with something — with wisdom or the like. And then it worketh not through „commands."

Wherefore all the lustful idiots who say „I command thee to leave this body" — are in error. Demons listen not.

Judeo-Christian exorcisms operate differently: they anger the dead that they found no liberation with death, that throughout life they were lied unto with religious falsehoods and ended in the shadow. This is not a problem of their faith, but of a system that forbiddeth magic, mystagogy, mysteriosophy, pneumapompy — to liberate oneself and ascend.

Never blame the dead. Ever respect death. Never profane anything. Never take anything from a cemetery. Thou mayest offer something — *melikraton*, a mixture of honey, meat, wine, and milk — consecrated by the light of a candle. Then the shadow gathereth homage. In the realms of death and unhappy spirits it is cold. An offering of light granteth them warmth.

And the sole reason wherefore I transmit this is to make ye aware that certain of ye may discredit or deride it. It mattereth not. The primary function of this discourse is to incline ye toward respect for death. She is the liberator, though she be also a curse.

Life endeth not with death — nay, nay. I have been witness unto overmany forms of death. I have communicated with them overmany times to mistake it for hallucinations. There are overmany armies of psychiatrists ready to state what is truth and what is falsehood — yet I stand upon the foundation of thousands of years of history: a return unto the priesthood of Anubis, unto the tradition of shamanic ideas.

Not for idiot psychiatrists of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries to tell me what is good and what is ill, what is delusion and what is hallucination. Consider this. We live not in the Middle Ages, yet we possess a modern approach. Philosophers know that when

we receive proper feedback from the other side — when we deeply comprehend and respect it — we evolve, leaving others behind.

Someone shall say: „occultism destroyeth the soul, one may lose it." Yea, but practiced in a manner wise, comprehensible, and divine, it leadeth unto liberation, unto heroization, unto the purification of the soul, unto divinity — among many gods, the highest liberated, gods of power and forces, of solar systems, galaxies, the universe. It is a multiplicity — *numen multiplex* — united into one, panentheistic.

And yet one may combine it into small poles. Dream therefore that every Egyptian become like unto a little Isis and Osiris, intertwined in androgynous, beautiful wings surrounded by serpents. Wherefore this morning I should like to speak regarding a very essential and important matter.

There is a class of Shadow Eidola called Specters. The majority of them are women — plunged in sorrow, silent, delicate — and they can be cruel. They hate men. Wherefore?

Everything hath its history and genealogy of events. Imagine a woman who, despite her honesty, trustworthiness, dignity, greatness, and great heart — *megalopsyche*. What signifieth „*megalopsyche*"? *Megalopsuche* — that thou art magnanimous, honest, devoted unto comprehension, loyal. And despite this, such women are at times broken, destroyed, raped. Despite their faith and trust being trampled upon, and their love repaid by male-swine with the worst kind of betrayal and contempt.

Certain sensitive souls, as well as certain very hard souls, can endure as much ill treatment as nerves and soul-pain, which gathereth within the chest, permit. Then it explodeth or implodeth into great destruction and greater anguish of the soul — felt within the mind as something significantly greater than physical or psychological pain. Then the heart dieth, blackeneth, deformeth into a shadow.

And the sole thing that remaineth after such women upon the other side — through no fault of their own — is a white mask with black eyes. They move very slowly, observing all things. They are tall and noble. It is said that the greater the sufferings they endured in pain, despite dignity and ethos, the taller was their Shadow. And that the more deformed the shadow — torn by anger, fury, and other feelings — the more painfully it striketh the sufferer.

Suffering deformeth pitch-black, dead souls. And the sole thing thou canst do is to respect them — regardless of how they conduct themselves toward thee. I consider it a duty and an obligation: to transmit it onward, that ye — dear people who are yet upon this side, living — destroy not such persons, regardless of whether they be men or women.

Ye may say that it is unjust that people who have passed through such torments and hard trials land within the Shadow, and not within the „Heavens." Yet this is an occult Machine — no man asketh whether it be right or wrong.

Justice is within the galaxies spinning round their axis, within the planet Earth orbiting round the Sun, within the birds singing. That is Justice. And certain experiences and knowledge are quite terrifying, forasmuch as not everyone can overcome suffering and sublimate it into something else, comprehensible. Men are stuck in despair, suffering from depression and agony. If they be not helped — their fate is terrifying.

I hope that I have transmitted this in the simplest manner, that it may be understood.

Lecture on the Second Sight — Living with a Forest of Ethereal Beings as an „Augmented Reality"

What is the second sight? Is it clairvoyance, or the prediction of the future? Nay. We possess not sufficient information to predict the future — beyond the deployment of all these selfsame senses.

The second sight is essentially a *siddhi*, as in ancient India was named the state wherein thy consciousness and spiritual vehicle find the keys and calibrate themselves with the ethereal world, the world invisible unto others. They transmit then a signal unto thy senses, brain, and eyes — and thy visual core interpreteth it as images. And thus thou beginnest to behold many things.

How to endure these horrors? The nightmares with the dead, flying skulls, severed heads?

First — it requireth years to adapt oneself thereto. Certain of us may end in psychiatric hospitals, utterly insane — forasmuch as in the modern world this is an anomaly. In other words, civilization hath not prepared us for such a thing. In ancient cultures this was present, yet today no longer.

I personally, after years of struggle and overcoming fear, pain, and torment, have learned to look upon it otherwise. That which thou beholdest as Shadow People, the dead, worlds of blackness, fly-

ing demons, ethereal corpses upon thy bed, and at the selfsame time beautiful figures, wands of the caduceus, gods, serpents bearing solar discs, sylphic treasures, Nereids — small, yet chivalrous spirits — all this becometh part of the experience. Fascinating, keen, full of intelligence.

How manage we this? We manage by fashioning our own „virtuality" — an augmented sense of sight, feeling, touch. In psychiatry they would term this a classic example of schizophrenia and delusions. But psychiatrists behold not these things. They are bound by a paradigm, and if someone beholdeth that which others see not — they deem him insane.

Wherefore at times I feel like unto a horse with blinkers upon its eyes — that I behold not all things at once. Yet at times I see like unto a cat — and cats possess their other side, natural unto them. I possess somewhat of a feline sight. Long live Bastet!

I treat these as gifts from Hecate Physis from the Dark World, from the chthonic aspects of Hecate Chthonios Physis, as well as from Isis — Hieros, IO. After years of struggle with the hells, after seven years of surviving demons, vipers, vampires, and all manner of dark cohorts — Isis rewarded me with the sight of higher worlds. Long live Isis!

What doth this signify? It signifieth that I rejected every religion that contradicted my experiences. Forasmuch as when I beheld and experienced, and someone stated that „it is impossible" — I knew that they lied. I know not whether that oddling upon the cross ever beheld that whereof he spoke. Likely not.

With this „Horusian sight" — as I like to term it — I cataloged, comprehended, and interpreted that which I beheld. Did I well? I know not. As a human being I may err. I possess no objective truth. Yet I can be better than others at interpreting certain phenomena.

How then to fall not into madness? We resolve to interact solely with certain things. Even as a man ignoreth a fly or an insect flying near — even so we cease to pay heed unto all things at once. At the beginning, when the second sight awakeneth, the mind beholdeth everywhere — and that is „wow!", or terror, awe, nightmare. We feel fear, we run through the city and cry: „Devils are everywhere!"

Yet with time, after years, when the dust settleth, we treat it like unto a natural part of the environment. Man can adapt himself unto all things — even unto the strange things upon this planet. Wherefore I initiated this series of lectures — to be eyes for you. I can transmit information unto you.

I beheld the corpse of a country girl, semi-ethereal. I danced with her once in a field. A fine dancer, all those folk dances...

A few tricks from an initiate or from a second seer. How I behold a soul there — there is a demon. Hail, guests and little... well, let us call them housemates, no matter. In any case — what shall come to pass if thou beginnest to see with ethereal or thanatarchic, thanaturgic sight: the dead, demons, spirits of various tribes, winged, caducean, herculean, great gods, goddesses, divine and hellish manifestations? How to manage this in real life?

After years thou hast a tendency to treat it like unto an augmented reality that becometh normal. Normal unto such a degree that thou beginnest to ignore it — forasmuch as the majority of men notice not individual leaves upon a tree, unless they focus thereon.

At the beginning I possessed the method of the „blind horse": I walk and focus, forasmuch as there existeth a 99% chance that other men see not that which thou seest. They may direct thee unto psychiatry if thou speakest overmuch. Thereafter they shall affix the label of „ordinary hallucinations" and diagnose psychosis. And when someone suddenly awakeneth with the second sight, by virtue of clairvoyance, he frequently fashioneth false belief systems — termed delu-

sions. They know not what is coming to pass. They think that they are spied upon or persecuted.

In reality the other side is conscious of the mortal side and knoweth much regarding thee. Wherefore persecutory delusions are at times induced, at times thou art truly a target, and at times it is merely a projection. Demons and shadows may attempt to frighten thee, intimidate, threaten, terrorize — even break thee. This is natural. Yet if thou burnest out all fear within thyself — nonexistent fear — it ceaseth to possess power. Something attempteth to terrorize? Break it. Train thy will, train thy strength.

After years thou appreciatest this experience. I term it the gift of Isis and Hecate — *physis*, divine sight. By virtue whereof thou beholdest black forms: multiform demons, insectoid hybrids of animals and men, strange forms — truly strange. In ancient Akkadian texts there was a passage that even the great goddess Ishtar of Babylon possessed no power over the demons of the abyss, forasmuch as they were over-strange and she comprehended them not. I also comprehend them not.

Certain of these beings like to mingle with men, others not. Certain drive them unto madness, others not. There are many pros and cons, what is permitted and what not.

My greatest counsel: if thou sufferest by reason of demonic forces, shadows of the dead, and the like — remember that every form, though terrifying and repulsive, is a manifestation of the void of Dharma. It is empty. That is the first thing. Secondly — with time thou learnest to abide with them. Even when thou beholdest multiform shapes with many eyes, jaws, or arms, thou beginnest to say: „Hail, it pleaseth me that thou art. Thou art a boy, a girl, someone else — no matter."

Forasmuch as if thou desirest to work with magic by means of the second sight, remember: that which thou beholdest, beholdeth thee

also. Certain dimensions behold not one another. Even among shadows — certain see not demons from other dimensions. Yet if thou art in the center, thou canst behold them and begin to comprehend how it operateth. These are objective forces, not thy hallucinations.

Yet calm thee. So long as thou art not cast into the air and dashed against a wall, or thy body suffereth physical injury, or thou goest mad — hold fast unto life. Live among men. Possess a employment, a family, a girlfriend or boyfriend. Do thy work. Forasmuch as beside these unpleasant things there are also marvelous things.

For example my fantastic sylphets, spirits, nymphets. Not nymphomaniacs — but such astral entities. I possess a abundance of stories from the last 17 years. I have beheld many forms, many deities. I bestowed names upon them. Certain of them fit into no bestiaries. Were I minded to write down all the ethereal and astral beings that I have beheld, my life would not suffice. Wherefore I divide them into categories — like unto Aristotle, prerogatives of nature — and attempt to comprehend how they operate and how to collaborate with them.

That is my affair. Yet if thou art not truly mad, and beholdest various things — remember: thou art not alone. My female friend, a clairvoyant and witch, thought also that she was mad. She was not. And when two persons with the second sight meet and behold the selfsame things in the selfsame place, they say: „Hail, beholdest thou the same as I?". This confirmeth their experiences.

Various men possess various registers of sight — certain see in monochrome, others colors, the aura, movements. The majority, when they meet the shadow of a dead man, feel a presence. The room darkens. A clairvoyant beholdeth, yet feeleth no longer — he merely looketh and saith: „Hail, black-hatted man of the Ahnenerbe, sorcerer. Welcome, demon of Chinese hells. Welcome, flying gargoyle. Greetings, death squads of Saturn. Welcome, Greek muse."

One of the muses was a lady, a great teacher — she inspired me unto many things. My bed became a lair for demonesses. At times they lay beside me, shielded me with black wings, and as a reward I received hot kisses upon the cheek. Thou mayest even be a playboy among demonic women, if thou desirest.

Yet no matter. Such is the spirit, such the perspective. Go and enjoy life. Remember solely: foundations, work, organization, discipline, goals, hobbies, art, science — these are things most paramount. Even if thou art interested in magic. A learned, disciplined approach truly rendereth aid.

On Vampirism — V.V.V — Vurdu Vamphyri Vanitas

> *vampire (n.) a spectral entity within a human body, which maintaineth the appearance of life, departing the grave by night to suck the warm blood of the living during their sleep. Term recorded from 1734, from the French vampire (18th c.) or German Vampir (1732, in an account concerning Hungarian vampires), from the Hungarian vámpir, from Old Church Slavonic opiri (source also of Serbo-Croatian vampir, Bulgarian vapir, Ukrainian uper). According unto the Slavist Franz Miklosich, originating ultimately from Tatar (Kazan) ubyr „witch," yet Max Vasmer, a specialist in this domain, deemeth this phonetically doubtful. A creature of Eastern Europe, popularized in the English language by Gothic novels near the close of the 19th c., though scattered English mentions exist as early as 1196 concerning corpses walking by night, swollen with blood, and spreading pestilence. Figurative meaning — „a person preying upon others" — recorded in 1741. In 1774 the French biologist Buffon applied the term unto a species of South American blood-drinking bats. Cognate: vampiric.*
>
> — *Online Etymology Dictionary*

Vampires may be the shells of Shu, Shut (*Khaibit*), or of a pitch-black soul — a psycho-sexual imprint in the chthonic realms, distinct, however, from natural psycho-sexual shadow-souls that constitute an element of man's spiritual architecture. They may, though need not,

sustain themselves by feasting upon life force — not necessarily upon blood. They depart from the cycle of *samsara*, administering a portion of time in the aspect of *Xronos*, yet in a circumscribed manner; they have not attained *nirvana* — they are those who have slipped away from the cycle of life and death, remaining suspended between worlds in a nightmarish state.

Though certain individuals stylizing themselves as vampires and the so-called Human Living Vampires (HLV) identify therewith, true vampires must be dead — that is, deprived of a bodily shell beyond the corpse in the grave, or long bereft of physical anchoring in remains. They may be bound unto a corpse, returning thereto, or on the contrary — deprived thereof, existing in the form of a humanoid shadow, as in the instance of the Saturnian Vampires. The preservation of this shadow form and its safeguarding against dissolution is a distinct aspect, entirely unknown unto me.

„O man of sorrow, upon whom in cruelty shadow-needles grew like blades from the skull, let not the venom consume the whole of thy being..."

If true vampirism be developed — a thanatarchic-typhonic operation performed by the „Other Side," entities of shadow, being brought unto a successful conclusion and achieving its design — a vampiric form is created; such an operation cannot be obtained through self-initiation, without rites conducted through the zones of death. Man can merely develop an ordinary shadow and travel through black, chthonic-aethyric „astral" realms, possessing a mind intertwined with a black soul, or fashion umbrageous servitors to gather the energy of the living — which constitutes merely a form of pseudo-vampirism and black magic.

The majority of living operators of shadow „on the other side" realize not what they truly face. True vampirism, conversely, is bound unto posthumous immortality, an exit beyond circumscribed circles of time and suspension in the void between the phenomenal and the

a-noumenal, yet an immortality tied unto the eternal decay of mind and persona down unto a larval state as the „plankton of the abyss."

A murdered human soul can transform a living man into a zombie — a stuffed entity unaware of its condition — very rarely into a vampire, when the shadow-soul is consolidated and fused with the mind and vampiric skull, when a hybrid symbiont of dense *Khaibit* is installed. In both instances, paramount is the preservation of will and the development of pneumatic (spiritual) properties, to escape the fate of a chthonic vampire, or the „hells of vampires."

The structure of the bioplasmatic shadow-soul can be consolidated, and the interface for feeding and strengthening the living organism developeth through black *kundalini* and elongated, invisible yet perceptible fangs, which in sensual, magnetic representation resemble the fangs of a serpent, yet with a reversed flow of energy — from victim unto vampire. The nourishment is the energy of the living, whereof the greatest abundance resideeth in blood, or the souls themselves, which may be converted into an energy akin to blood.

Human Living Vampires (HLV), provided that they develop a dense shadow form, can after death transform into vampiric shells. Man can, though need not, develop the capacity to sustain his body and regenerate it unto a certain degree, or to retard the process of aging through converting the souls and blood of others into nourishment that reneweth the body. A major role is played here by chthonic deities from the burial grounds of bioforms, who are responsible for the regeneration of the body; no pejorative nor meliorative overtone is assigned thereto, it is purely technical, executed by the will of the elders, and not of a mortal (body-possessing) hybrid.

From the borrowed vision of one of the undead, who incarnated into my body, it followeth that they perceive in a pale, dark, blurred, dimmed spectrum of colors, mingling with human sight and senses.

Most likely, however, moving in darkness, they are blind — I was never able to prove this, yet assuredly they are „listening," that is, the interface of *logos* is preserved. This is, however, merely speculation — for if the mind be preserved, certain senses may also remain, while others, proper unto various kinds of vampires, may emerge.

Most likely the origins of human vampirism have their source in shamanism and animism, when the shaman joined his astral body (*Ka*) or shadow (*Shut*, *Khaibit*) with a nocturnal predator, and especially performed the operation of reversing energy flow through the fangs of such an animal (for instance the king cobra, bat, scorpion). The essence of this ritual consisted in traveling by night and feasting upon living creatures in order to strengthen oneself. It may, though need not, be bound unto a primal type of cannibalism and treating all things, including magic and souls, as a form of nourishment.

Totemic shamanism concerned itself with the „light spectrum" of animal guides, whereas in vampirism the animal is reversed into its shadow form, so that — like unto a black hole — it may feast upon energy, sustaining and gathering its own strength along with the growth of the shadow's ethos.

That which is known in India as Brahman, possessing the universe as its nourishment, signifieth that „the universe is subject unto manifold transformations and is creative." Vampirism, conversely, consisteth in the taking of energy, not in its addition or modulation — it is the destruction of balance and homeostasis instead of their harmonious regulation.

Since blood is a direct record of the soul (*Ka*) and *Ba* (the spiritual heart) of a living being, the aim was to extract these qualities — strength, power, and so forth — from a given animal, to replace therewith one's own capacities, whether in hunting or in spatial orientation. These are the „darker paths" of *participation mystique* of shamans and their spiritual guides, who under other

circumstances were befriended, and not brutalized and colonized, or absorbed.

The body, draconic spine, and vampiric skull are an empowered *shut-khaibit* — a psycho-sexual mental body, formed from a peculiar, bioplasmatic, black substance of the consistency of tar, situated within the body (not as a physical phenomenon, but as an „impression" graspable through magnetoreceptive examination and thus transmitted). It burneth in high infrared energy, yet cannot be fully captured nor described solely by electromagnetic properties.

The Drakon is a form of union between the system and soul of a winged serpent (as in the case of Egyptian *agathos daimones*), a viper with spine, skull, and fangs; it need not be a vampiric form. Aesculapius and Hygeia were drakons, Athena the mistress of Drakontes, yet these were in no way vampiric entities.

On the other hand, ultraviolet displaces fragments of shadow formoids — perchance temporarily — and at the confluence of IR/UV the shadow suffereth momentary damage, which may lead unto various anomalies. For example: the skin, muscles, and skull of the author shifted into a peculiar state (which may have been an illusion or hallucination induced to prevent such magical anomalies), whereafter they returned unto normality upon looking into a mirror. At the selfsame time within the sleeping zone a dense, holographic copy was formed. (If ever thou meetest in Mauve an entity resembling the regalia of Horus the Younger in dark purple and rotten green, it may be my holo-copy in the dead Dreaming — say unto it „Hail").

Considering the ancient provenance of the first humanoid specimens, tribes and types of vampires developed and branched out among all cultures and civilizations. In certain traditions their human nobility belongeth unto the saturnian, chthonic aerial octaves. It is possible that one of the vampiric mysteries was transmitted by one of the Igigi — an older generation of the saturnian, low-octave,

winged Deity Azazil. Nevertheless, the oldest surviving reference unto a vampire concerneth Lamashtu — an ancient demonic vampire-woman, created as a means of punishment. It must be emphasized that not all Saturnian entities are vampiric, nor possess they access unto the gold — the heavens of the Saturnian sphere.

Means were devised to protect oneself and one's family against vampires. Medieval methods of „imprisoning" them in graves were no pure superstition — inserting stones into skulls, for instance, rendered it impossible for the shadow-soul to feast upon the living, if apotropaic magic was performed correctly. And yet — this is merely theory.

Vampirism never developeth through the mere drinking of blood, which is in its nature far from healthy; very rarely in a failed (or successful) magical operation on the border of passing through the regions of Mars and a psycho-magical entrapment between the paths of Mars and Saturn (Kabbalistic *Cheth*, *Boaz*, though this is a grave simplification, like the whole of Kabbalah) could results of this type develop. Experiments of the Victorian era with Egyptian mysteries lacking advanced operators of Egyptian magic in the Egyptomania of that period frequently concluded in para-vampirism.

In my case, after successfully traversing the regions of Mars and striking against the crown of Pluto in the Autumn of 2007 in Aberystwyth in Wales, being submerged in the interplanetary Voids of cosmic Tartarus, reaching the trans-Plutonic gates, designated by seal unto the sphere of Saturn, I was unlawfully murdered by seven tall vampiric shadows — yet not directly — forasmuch as these burned upon my red solar energy. My astral body and soul energy were destroyed by delegated corpse-devourers, ghoul-shadows, skin-rippers, and other loathsome daimonoids — most likely to prevent my posthumous return toward the high octaves of Saturn (the Seventh Heaven of the Solar System) and the resonating,

linked systems of worlds in other parts of the stars and intermediate systems.

Two shadow-souls of cold-blooded predators became symbiotic with my spine, fangs, and supra-canine glands (a mixture of king cobra, desert viper, and desert scorpion tail). As I believe — thanks unto the Egyptian Goddess Serket, who watched over me — a peculiar counterpoint was created within the venom glands. One might say this is a form of „inverted Nagina" (from Hindu traditions), or a chthonic Nagina with „magical/astral" venom, which, flooding my brain, causeth dryness and bitterness within the skull, untranslatable into the physiological processes taking place therein.

As though the reality of the body were reprogrammed by a partial memory thereof. Equipped with a pair of strong, serpentine fangs, which I can extend and retract at will, with the physical sensation of needles growing out of normal fangs of *homo sapiens sapiens*, I can inject them remotely (tele-vampirism), gaining access unto electromagnetic transcription (photographs, video recordings), as well as feast upon random people met in the streets — usually young women and upon their hearts, if they possess a soul and blood of sufficient quality. From time unto time, for years, various energy-depleted shadow-vampires bite into my Lunar and Solar energy port in my hands — as a murdered magus I can still employ certain gifts; their shadows strengthen my organism and create a symbiotic relationship wherein my body is preserved while they feast upon my energy.

This granteth me no power, nor need I draw blood from anyone. Yet every time I conduct such experiments, I perceive the aftertaste of a substance (metallic or of fresh blood), or the taste of perfume or other matter that the victim had upon her skin prior unto the mental piercing at a distance. Thus, as an unwanted kinsman of these beings, a murdered drakon and magical hybrid of *vurdulaci-vamphyri*, ulti-

mately in Romanian „*nosferatu*" signifieth „bringer of ill fortune," I myself am not entirely devoted unto this reflection with great conviction; I observe the shadows of the undead vampires and — when they incarnate into my body in mediumistic transmission — the communication is akin unto that known from classical mediumism with intelligences, deities, and spirits.

Although both agendas, hierarchies, and technologies (mainly in the field of cognitive science, cybernetic approaches unto man) are not listed here, the majority of cruel experiments upon psychiatric patients were conducted by these subhuman entities; psychiatrists and cybernetic doctrine are merely an unconscious infrastructure utilized from an epi-metaphysical stance by these beings for experiments upon humans, or frequently — for cruel amusements upon living men and their minds. Psychiatry itself was developed as a cybernetic discipline tasked with mind control — it may be termed a „vampiric discipline" of pseudoscience, whence vampiric entities draw knowledge, fascinated by how the nervous system, brain, cyborgs, and immortality operate — in order to regenerate their own aforementioned decay of biochthonic minds. These are fully intelligent entities; once again — the dead know more regarding the living than the living know regarding themselves.

To explore these traditions in history, I warmly recommend:

Bane, Theresa. 2010. *Encyclopedia of Vampire Mythology*. Jefferson, N.C.: McFarland & Co., Pub.

Grant, Kenneth. 2003. *Gamaliel, the Diary of a Vampire; & Dance, Doll, Dance!* London: Starfire Publishing Ltd.

The Hellenist — The Anti-Christian: What Did Jesus Believe?

Rarely do Christians pose unto themselves the question: what did their Christ believe? It is worthy of note that the word „Christ" in the Greek tongue signified „the anointed" in the context of an „anointing" as the Messiah, that is, the King of the Jews. The entire conceptual apparatus is embedded within Judeo-Christian theological systems, from which it is difficult to liberate oneself unless one possesses an alternative — for instance, a pagan, Hellenic perspective.

I tore myself from the claws of this religion at the age of twelve, severing the curses of gnostic-Jewish baptism, much like Emperor Julian, scornfully termed „the Apostate" by Christians (who perished, moreover, at the hand of a Christian traitor-murderer). Thereafter, I devoted myself to the study of ancient literature, contemporary sciences, and the history of the ideas of Abrahamic religions.

From Roman and Talmudic sources we know that Jesus was the son of the Jewish woman Mary, raped by the Roman legionary and archer Panthera. For many Christians, whose knowledge of religion derives solely from „New Testament picture books" and clerical sermons, such facts may prove shocking.

Few believers have studied the texts of the theologians who erected the scaffolding for the irrationalism of the Christian religious movement. It was criticized already in the opening centuries for its absurdi-

ties. Plotinus in the *Enneads*, followed by Celsus, Porphyry of Tyre, and Emperor Julian, deployed the exact same arguments that contemporary atheists raise against the illogic of Christianity — with the exception of atheism, seeing that pagan theology was rational, mathematical, architectonic, psychagogic, and initiatory through sacraments imposed upon the intellect, soul, and heart. Pagan faith was thus grounded upon a reasoned, mathematical, and geometrical demonstration of divine matters. Mythology was designed for children, whereas the intellectual elite engaged in philosophy, politics, law, ethics, theology (in the original sense — discourse concerning the Gods), and all the sciences.

In his youth, Jesus entered one of the gnostic sects operating under the jurisdiction of the Second Temple of Jerusalem. The leader of this sect was John the Baptist, proclaimed by his faithful as the Messiah. He was the master of the sect and a teacher unto many, including Isa — Jesus. The Essenes, as this group was named, inclined toward Jewish gnosis. They believed that the destruction of the world was nigh, Judea would be liberated from the hands of the Romans, and the material world was ruled by an evil demiurge — thus did they explain their sufferings.

Among the sect's adherents were zealots and iconoclasts. From their spirit grew the Galilean, Christian hatred toward theotheonic statues (concerning which anon), temples, and the theological representations of Greeks and Romans. They believed likewise that for the soul to ascend unto the highest heavens, one must learn the secrets of the „archons," the rulers of the planets.

In gnostic texts Jesus appears at times as the traitor of John the Baptist, at other times as an impostor condemned by demons. The Mandaeans termed him a self-proclaimed messiah — an illiterate fisherman devoid of royal pretensions. For unto the Jews the Messiah had to issue from a royal lineage, and the very title „Messiah" denoted a king who worshipped Yahwe.

It must be remembered that Judea was a microscopic kingdom, four to six times smaller than modern Israel. The first serious candidate for the king-Messiah was Bar Kokhba, who in the years 132–135 CE led a revolt against Rome. Jewish apocalypticism was tied precisely to rebellions against the occupiers, and successive self-proclaimed messiahs appeared and vanished. One of them was Jesus.

According to one narrative Jesus, crucified at the age of thirty-three, hung for thirty days upon a cross shaped like the letter „T," where his body was torn asunder by birds and scorched by the sun, thereafter cast unto wild beasts. Other accounts declare that he loosed his demons into the world, which were to give rise to persecutions and wars, for which he was himself cursed and destined to burn upon a hellish mountain.

Christian zealots were thus a rabble of destroyers, iconoclasts, and murderers — akin to modern fanatics who blow up archaeological monuments into the air.

The question arises: if a sect guru today were to create a similar movement, would it be a phenomenon comparable unto Christianity? As in the instance of Scientologists or Moonies, the mechanism is identical — it is founded upon the absolutism of faith, which admits no historical verification.

In the second century within the Roman Empire there lived approximately forty-nine million citizens, of whom a mere one to two million were adherents of the Galilean movement, which encompassed numerous sects, frequently recognized later as heresies or heterodoxies. *De facto*, the Christian religion was shaped by Constantine at the Council of Nicaea as a political tool. It was he who liberated slaves upon the condition that they convert unto the new religion, marginalizing the Roman aristocracy and intellectual elite. It was he who drove a wedge between the Jews and the newly emerged „Christians," seeing that until his decree Christians considered themselves

the truest Jews, in contrast unto the „heterodox" who recognized not the anointing of Jesus.

Those who brought about the collapse of high antiquity, through their darkness and fanaticism, elevated some corpse upon the altars, destroying Neoplatonism and filtering the remnants of tradition through Jewish gnosis.

Now, I desired to dismantle the twelve Christian dogmas in turn...

...passing by the monument to the Battle of Monte Cassino in Warsaw, I reflected that...

Monte Cassino as an abbey was established with the permission of Justinian at the selfsame time when he destroyed the Athenian Academy, forbidding pagans from studying law, ethics, philosophy, theology, and so forth, and thereafter opened the path unto the Dark Ages, where ignorance, delusion, filth, and toil predominantly reigned.

We begin with Jesus — he is the sole path unto salvation with God the Father. Thus here God the Father, understood as the God of the Jews, and salvation — is a purely Jewish notion: salvation from the sins of the Jews. In Hellenic soteriology (for instance Hecate Soteria, Sarapis) this was treated rather as a return unto the heavens, and the Dionysian grave (the body) — full of affirmation, heroization, and a beautiful life. For the Jews it was to be salvation through baptism, which symbolically incorporated one into the *koinonia* of those liberated from Roman domination. This was strictly political, identically as Jewish monotheism, born in the sixth century BCE and developed as political propaganda.

The Books of Moses? They are a historical fabrication from the fifth to fourth centuries BCE, executed by one Ezra for political ends. The „Exodus from Egypt"? Rather a forceful ejection — I refer unto the works of Chaeremon and Manetho.

Solomon, King of Judah and Israel, was a pagan, worshipping the seven planets, as well as deities and the Igigi (*Nun.Gal.Meś*) as the Elohim, that is, a polytheism borrowed from Babylon.

Now, Christ. What doth „Christ" signify in Greek? „The anointed." This refereth unto the translation of the Septuagint, where „anointed" is the Messiah, that is, the King of the Jews. Once again we return unto the idea of the liberation of the Jews from the hands of the Romans by the hands of their messiah.

Therefore Christ = Messiah: a man who was to instigate a rebellion against the Romans and lead an uprising. Naturally, the Jews recognized not Jesus of Galilee, the son of the woman raped by Panthera — a Roman archer stationed in Judea — as any significant figure. He was a disobedient pupil of John the Baptist, whom certain sectarians considered their Messiah, just as other groups worshipped their own „messiahs."

We proceed further. We are saved not by works, but by grace and faith. What utter nonsense! Firstly — blind faith and the grace of a Jewish idol should concern no noble man. Whereas attuning oneself unto the Gods and responsibility for chiseling one's own life and ethos — most assuredly.

In the pagan world a sacrament signified being sanctified through the imposition of mysteries upon the intellect. In high estimation was thus the intellect — not blind faith. Responsible initiatory labor...

Now, Jesus as the son of the Jewish god. What do the texts from Nag Hammadi impart unto us? As an Essene Jewish gnostic, bound unto the Second Temple of Jerusalem and its jurisdiction, he likely believed in that selfsame thing as his teacher John the Baptist. And thus he was an Essene gnostic. He believed that the world is evil, ruled by an evil demiurge, and that all things must be destroyed along the way.

This was perfectly compatible with that which the early Galileans were. Were Jewish gnostics and early Christians „oh so sweet and huggable"? Nay. They were fanatics and destroyers. This was a rabble akin unto modern Al-Daesh: ruining monuments, destroying antiquities of antiquity, iconoclasts and harmful fools. Such were the early Christians.

Now, the incarnation of Jesus Christ. Incarnation of what, into what? Considering the fact that no one recognized his divine origin — it was ascribed unto him only later — he was simply the son of the raped girl, Miriam. He was someone who went mad with regard to his own deficiencies: he could not even learn from his master how to be silent at the proper moment nor how not to peddle charlatanry unto people in the guise of „his truths," concerning which he possessed not the foggiest notion. An illiterate. Did ye ever hear that this Isa wrote anything with his own hand? I — never. Similarly unto Mohammed later — he required literate scribes therefor.

Resurrection. Firstly, this was a borrowing from the cult of Magna Mater Cybele and Attis. Secondly, the idea of the resurrection of the body was deemed utter nonsense even among the pagans of those times. Thirdly, it was appended later to absorb the cult of Attis in Anatolia.

„Descended into hells, Hades"? Nay. He was initiated in no Eleusinian manner, thus he possessed neither right nor access unto the nectar of the Gods. He was neither a hero nor a purified soul. He had no right to ascend higher.

The entire history of the ascension of this mortal nobody was borrowed from Mithraism. Similarly unto the twelve apostles — the twelve signs of the zodiac. A borrowing from Mithraism, precisely the same.

The ditty concerning the Trinity. Originally Chaldean triads were connected with the triangulation of divinity — *vide* Chaldean Ora-

cles. They derived yet from Egypt, similarly unto triads: Sekhmet, Hathor, and Bast — apotropaic, protecting the Eye of Ra. Or the triad: at the base Isis, then Osiris, and upon the Pythagorean „hypotenuse" — Harpocrates.

The doctrine of the Trinity („God, Holy Ghost, and little Jesus") is a complete perversion of the gnostic doctrine of *henosis*. *Henosis* signified that the *Anima Mundi*, the hecatian, toucheth the ego and raiseth it unto itself — and not the reverse. This was no fundamental „Trinity," and assuredly not in the ecclesiastical version.

The Bible as the „inspired and infallible word of the deity"? Nay. The Bible was written politically, modified religiously, and adjusted unto the authority and needs of the times. „Every theology, metaphysics, and philosophy were and are the creation of man" — Iamblichus of Chalcis. A form of interpretation, *doxai*, not universal „truth."

If man experienceth metaphysics, gods, goddesses, and higher worlds, he interpreteth this to the measure of his own reason. These are hermetic, hermeneutic arts. They interpret, *hermeneuein* — they demarcate the boundaries of the sacred and the profane.

And the Christian „little minds"? Fundamentally they possessed no right to proclaim that something is true or not, because they knew nothing and experienced nothing.

Baptism? Salvation through the Holy Ghost? What little ghost? A little ghost emerged from the notions of Galilean gnostics, who desired to liberate themselves from the dominion of the Romans. Immerse thyself in water — and thou already belongest unto the Jewish community rebelling against Rome, awaiting its Messiah.

Few note that even in the Jewish Genesis God sitteth not „in the heavens, in the stars," but upon a throne of fire. It is highly possible that this was copied from the Phoenician Baal, a deity of fire ruling this element. Baal was also a royal title — for instance, the kings

of Phoenicia, Tyre, and Sidon bore the appellation „Baal." The Hebrews adopted this as „El."

The Second Coming of Jesus? The apocalyptic doctrine of a sect, according to which the Messiah shall return to liberate the Jews from the dominion of the Romans, that is, the pagans. Is this still needed? Greek-Roman cults and religions have long lain in ruins; why deliver the finishing blow? In the Heavens, conversely, pagan families are doing exceedingly well.

The entire Apocalypse of John of Patmos was aimed at Diocletian. Upon him it was meant to conclude. Roman emperors bore the title of the „Beast of God," the Beast of Helios, in the imperial cult. The „Great Whore" was meant to be Artemis.

Judeo-Christian civilization has murdered approximately 250 million humans since the beginning of its „career." So much for the religion of „love and fruits" — not to mention even the metaphysical catastrophe for souls.

If we examine Christianity with a cold eye, devoid of prior assumptions and dogmas, it appeareth not as a universal „revealed truth," but as a local, Jewish apocalyptic movement, transformed by Rome into an instrument of imperial propaganda. In contrast unto Hellenic religions, which developed the intellect and spiritual initiation, Christianity struck at art, philosophy, and reason. It was a movement of iconoclasts and fanatics who elevated an incompetent prophet from Galilee upon a pedestal, and in exchange destroyed a culture that could have developed in an incomparably more noble manner.

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Rendering the Robes: A Discourse on Forgotten Mystery Traditions

Let those who hate Reason be driven away to the four winds — they are akin to malevolent spirits that obscure the significance of the great sciences, subverting them into the loathsome ignorance of blind beliefs. The obscurantism of exclusive herds has ever warred with a shifting passion, worthy of a blind fanatic, against the Provident Intellect; *de facto*, it replaced Solar, transcendent Providence with the doctrines and words of zealots, confounding the logos of Providence with its own infantile projections. Thereafter, charging forward in delusion to coerce and indoctrinate others into a passive spiritual lethargy — which, within the putrefaction of the heavy air of their cathedrals, they imagined to be a direct path unto the Heavens through kneeling and becoming enthralled by semi-living corpses — they ascribed the attributes of their false love to a carcass upon a cross.

Moreover, they dared to defame, diminish, mock, and destroy every master and mistress upon their path who pointed toward a space of freedom, beauty, intellectual support, high coherence, immaculate integrity, self-identity, and true hypostasis — standing opposed to the persistent, sepulchral poison of suffering and pain which they masochistically termed „love" within a Stockholm syndrome and a warlike hatred toward the world, which in reality was nothing other than cannibalism. To „devour in the name of love," to „murder in the name of love." These demons, hungering for power over men,

assisted their labor in order to eradicate reason, intellect, the clear flame of the Mind, the grand creative force of celestial, supra-stellar worlds — generating the stars that our astronomers so diligently discover, observing how the accumulation of swirling gases of immense masses becomes a nursery for great stars, drawn from the forces of that creative world with which we may identify.

All masters and mistresses who were destroyed in the name of the forger-illiterate upon the cross — whom these believers, unwise and dangerous fools, elevated onto pedestals, gazing upon this figure as though it were the savior of their undigested desires — remain in the contempt of the eyes of the Heavens. Let their Christ save himself from suffering — a Bodhisattva might advise him, had he ever deigned to listen.

Their theologian would declare that this is a „symbol," that it is a sacrifice, a mortal representing divinity within, who was slaughtered by his own. This is merely the gnostic doctrine of *Henosis*, distorted, according to which man and woman are enraptured into a greater perspective of hierarchic worlds through a truly Isiac endeavor: labor, exercise, ritual — among men, nature, gods, a titanic labor within oneself.

What manner of swindle is this? Heracles, the Eleusinian initiator and his mysteries, the *Herakleiana* — were they not protected and sanctioned by the Divine worlds? Was not Dionysus an initiator and hierophant? Do not Orpheus and Eurydice constitute a grander model of beauty? Julian the Autocrat compared these figures and their mysteries — one after another — the demigods and heroes of men, over against the Galilean swindle, which took the worst of the Jews and the worst of the Greco-Roman habits, and then possessed the audacity to call itself the „true religion." Yet that is not all: their Christ represented the drainage of baseness — of a pitiful rabble of enraged fanatics. He was compelled to curse the world with his

putrefaction in order to impart meaning unto worthless mysteries that initiated no one, yet seduced many, turning the world upside down for centuries to come.

Julian the Autocrat wrote: „What a foolish assertion, to forbid the knowledge of good and evil, without knowing what is good and what is evil" — and further — „To know what is good and what is evil is natural to all men; for how else can the wise and sensible decide what is good and what is evil — through inclination, knowledge, without ignorance, to turn toward the good?" All praise to Helios in his Hymn, to Magna Mater, the Eastern Cybele, nurse of many, Mother of the stars.

They termed me a viper — let my serpents and coils rise upon wings toward the Divinity. Was it not recorded upon Akkadian tablets that kings possessed a sharp tongue, keen as a viper, lion-headed, eagle-sighted? What a compliment — to be compared unto men of wisdom, greatness of thought, action, justice, and strength! What a swindle to transform the lion into a sheep: peace derives from justice, not from bondage; it is won by the strong — true balance is attained by the measure of inner constancy, not by the weak and creeping, who would transform themselves into jackals should they possess the opportunity to hold more gold or power over others than they do.

Glorious Solar religions had to be destroyed so that their Nazarene Essene might triumph — in this sign is the triumph of death! The world had to be transformed into an abomination, into a repulsive, suffering diabolism, in order for this religion to achieve anything. For what meaning is there in their Galilean Essene gnostic within a world of beauty, greatness, and wonder — in a world where harmonious lives are not strangled by the struggle for survival, kneeling like slaves? Their diabolic swindle of a crucified mortal poisoned many greater, better men.

One might inquire: what is the meaning of such an accusation in the contemporary world? Is this a reversed resentment toward that which can neither be reversed nor averted? What cause is there in discovering flaws, instead of constructing something beautiful, noble, and sound? It is merely a personal report from a funeral — the cathartic burning of a religion upon the lands of Devanagari. It is a rebellion against that which was done, against that which was, that which is — a wedge driven into the Platonic cave, where instead of liberating the prisoners, the Essene crucified each of them before they were able to Prometheus-like burst their chains, when the *Epopteion* reached out for those who still saw, who pierced through the black veils of ignorance.

Every civilization possesses its wheel of fortunes and fates, every culture its impetus, which resolves itself into this effect or another. Nevertheless, to leave behind guidelines is vital, in order to observe what fruits the Saturnian reaper gathers into his harvest. Those poisoned belong to *Veneficium* — the art of the poisoner; those that heal — to the Drottaridic or Druidic art.

Amidst all this, are all the mysteries of the ancients in the contemporary world, recreated with vast effort, merely an imitation, a repetition, a whim, a reconstruction of that which no longer possesses the right to exist? Is there within them some hidden key of renewal, of initiations, to which men may relate, gazing upon them with all preserved sanctity and potency? Are the paths of paternal and maternal initiations suspended upon a golden thread amidst the hidden spheres of the globe, the planetary and stellar worlds? Do they not call out unto us from the „other side"? Are we truly left unto ourselves, at the mercy of forgers and charlatans, of institutional religions, or those few who know how to speak when they ought to maintain silence? Is this the time for silence? We are not left alone! I have worn too many laurel wreaths woven for me by the an-

cient Muses, too many signs and sigils of the Heavens, to ignore this! What a horrific fool I should be were I to continue my life without sharing these invitations with others!

At times I may feel like Prometheus, treading lightly upon the path, cautious lest I inadvertently condemn anyone in his understanding who stole fire from the gods. Yet it appeareth that the Divinities support me upon the way, if I read their intentions aright, as well as my purpose — that which ought to be transmitted should not be kept unto oneself! The chain and procession of initiators and initiates are not halted. The entire world calls out unto us: we study, we practice, we act. We extract all this through the knowledge of the liberal, exact, and social sciences, which are indispensable; we act ceremonially, tuning our senses unto the sounds of the planetary spheres, unto the Apollinean Muses, the cosmos, intellects, and sentiments toward the Divine worlds that must permeate this world — otherwise we should be detached from all works, abandoned solely unto the generative worlds of nature. These remain still beautiful and full of life — in truth. We submit to reprimand when we are struck down; we mend the roots and branches of our minds, drawing from the chthonic, terrestrial, telluric, celestial, and astral worlds when the veil of oblivion and the stain of psychic battles and their effects begin to rule over us. We raise our Pythagorean wands to interpret the higher worlds, we resonate with them, gathering our madness and the non-sobriety of vision, straightening it all into an ever-greater, majestic path!

As one Hindu philosopher observed, Kautilya (371–283 BCE): „Philosophy is the lamp of all sciences, the means of performing all works, the support of all duties" — Radhakrishnan Sarvepalli, *Indian Philosophy*, Vol. I, George Allen & Unwin, London, 1948.

Like the Sun, whose rays fall evenly upon all things, understood as a sincere and righteous power, so contracts in Akkad and Rome

were signed beneath the Sun to represent the keeping of one's word, truth, and sincerity. Truth is *a priori*, objectively — like the deep grammar of the universe, unknowable by man, merely approximated; it is closely bound unto the idea of justice, as the regulation of force within that grammar and syntax. Inasmuch as Power grants it impetus, Intellect grants it a certain ordering. In the cards of the Tarot this is the Star (Sun), Justice, and Strength (*La Forza*), the latter of which was once handed unto me by a lioness upon our first encounter.

The Seven-Headed Beast of God and the Great Harlot, or Vir Unus: Man (the Dragon) and Woman (Artemis-Hecate) Completed — Prorrhesis

„The busy bee has no time for sorrow" — The Proverbs of Hell, William Blake.

Know now that I shall unveil the deepest secret, which the uninitiated, the vulgar, religious fanatics, enemies of the intellect, opponents of the mysteries, failures, and sacrilegiously ignorant have combated like a deadly foe — those dogs who bark in hatred of ancient draconian, serpentine truths.

I appeal to the youth, clearing the path anew so that their Gods may call upon them and the fair Muses support them!

The Seven-Headed Dragon of Artemis-Hecate is simultaneously master and mistress, their archetype, her arrow piercing the sub-lunar Hades like a star soaring toward the vault of the heavens!

Truly, this is a drama played by divine actors, if only you can recognize it beneath the veils of the ages, the veil of oblivion, and deceptive armaments.

There are two paths — through the Abyss and through heroic toil from the Earth all the way to the Stars, where Isis and Osiris are fulfilled in unity!

Be sincere toward yourself and the Gods. Do not force your way, but practice diligently — not for your own sake, but for the Lords of the Stars and for the world!

Every name of Power, of the Archon of the Planetary Spheres, is a quality of nature inherent to it, measured by harmony in human terms and fulfilled between the Deities and the mortal world. Every planet possesses its chthonic and great celestial realm, its primordial veils, reflections of nature, life, the laws of the dead and the living, spirits, intelligences, and those closer to mankind — their comprehensible spheres.

The Moon — The Head of the Priestess, the eldest of the Temple of Ehulhul of the Lord, the isle of the blessed of Selene, the pure mirror that cleanses souls of the thorns of the Earth and leads them toward the supra-Hadean spheres above the world of mortals. Here, the posture of pious purity is assumed. In her light resound sacred songs, dedicated to Isis in a fair and lunar dance, where silver waves lift footsteps toward divine palaces. Should you dare to enter her circle, you shall cast off the burden of the Earth and ascend into the Herculean knot of the pagan saint, where masculinity and femininity intertwine within the mirror of light.

Mercury — The Head of the Poet, who treasures every solar divine message, closest to the Invincible Sun, the corridor of Fire to the Divine realms, the swift bearer of the Caduceus who, like Yinges, carries magical signs and symbols, introducing one to mercurial works with a winged embassy entwined with gold. Here, the youthful posture is assumed. He teaches the invocation and reception within the grand *Theion Ergon*, opening inexpressible powers and gates before

mortals and Gods. Should you dare to commence these works, praise the Pythagorean Sun, and then hasten to encounters with the mercurial families of the intelligence of the great Thoth. This is the steadfast path and the fundamental labor of all ascent toward the stars!

Venus — The Head of the Lover, who brings the gifts of adornment and immortalizes the heart upon the Caduceus as it toils and yearns for the Divine. Here is tied the second Herculean knot — the turmoil and innocence of the youthful heart, the rich aroma of the adoration of lovers, man and woman, erotics, friendship, divine love, touch, and the great graces dancing around the Sumerian Dragon-Tree of Life, the *Mes*. The law of life, loss and grief, the elevation of spirits, and the tragedies of the noble muse; this ancient idyll, long forgotten, rests within her rose-temples, which transform the ass into a man — the song of Apuleius. She is moderate and restrained, a delicate entity yet hardened in strength — she bites with thorns when insulted and attacked.

Earth — The Head of Man and Woman. Here is played out the opera of humanity — the Emperor, the Empress, or the Hierophant and Priestess like the *Regina Flaminum*. Here is judged the worth found in battle and toil, heroic greatness, merit in ascension, the call accepted or forsaken, bound by a thousand distractions and progeny that cause life to vanish from sight. Countless have attempted to establish foundations akin to the Celestial Spheres, yet these still operate silently through inspiration and influence. The Gods have not ceased to exist — their labor sustains the continuity of orbits; in symposiums they exchange forces and ideas — here the golden touch of genius, there the depressed fatum of wretched mortality. The Caduceus crowned with laurel! If you have won the applause of the three heavens of the Earth, triply crowned like the *triregnum* of Baphomet — you shall be Caesarized!

Mars — The Head of the Warrior. Here blades are sharpened and prepared for battle — that most interior gigantomachy of natures and qualities, the smith of natures who forges the ethos of man and woman. The trumpets sound!

Neria-Bellona mercifully tames the choleric nature of Ares; here, in the great halls, is judged the worth of the inner struggle of the mind, heart, soul, and *daimonion*. Here the decision is rendered — whether one is worthy, whether one's toil is worth even a flicker. When blood boils in confrontation, testing the ethos, essence, mind, and character, dregs or gold rise to the surface. When one is wretched, scum floats above; from blood you may cast iron or gold — then you have fulfilled the flawless diamond!

Jupiter — Another Herculean knot, the lion and the lioness, the head of the noble king and queen. Rejoice, rejoice, for you have attained your metaphysical throne and power! Many listen to your voice unhindered and willingly execute your commands; your ideas soar upon the air and stars, widely disseminated through souls!

Inspiration is yours — into what nobility will it transform? The Demiurge-Zeus, the architect with a throne suspended around columns of pure gold and amber yellow. Nobility and noble ladies gather within the exalted radiance — you have cleansed your intellectual mind, the double-serpent Caduceus is crowned!

Saturn — The Head of the Hermit, Sage, Philosopher, Emperor. This power begets moderation or gloom, a senatorial burden immense to bear. Only the greatest of natures can endure the illusion, corruption, and hatred that power brings! Corrupted natures have bred many arsonists who desired to burn the Earth with blood, sword, and ruin!

If you have tamed this nature and transform lead into gold, do not dare to violate your own laws. Blackness and yellow shall poison your heart and soul, and you shall fall in a great tremor

of bitterness. The Caduceus adorned with stars and vast spatial voids!

Uranus — The Head of the Magus, cartographer of the deep stars. Here the play of powers reaches into the Divine plan. You shall lose your head, O *akephalos*, if you know not the rules of the game!

And the rules are such that the divine streams are like the *Glass Bead Game*. The Operator of the Machinery of Hyperion knows, commands, and rules over all that is mentioned above, and over the grand art of being a human actor in a truly, truly Divine hunt!

Neptune — The labyrinthine mirrors of the cosmic waters of Poseidon, the seals and aquatic pathways of Hecate. Here is reflected every dream of what each desires to be: the Neptunian lioness, Melusine among the Tritons. May she lead toward the Crown of Pluto and the subterranean wheel of revolution!

To the stars, to the stars, into the union of stars, dragon-wife, dragon-husband, to shine among the commanders of the Billions of Billions of Stars!

And in robes of grief torn over the world, I stand before the Gods and Goddesses as a crown witness to long-forgotten mysteries; upon Saturn, in the black towering fortress of Jotunheim, lie two stone sarcophagi — my daughters who shall never be born again: Alpha Noire, Omega Alba; crowns were meant to be theirs!

Let the dead educate the youth, and when they are reborn, let them attain the honors of mastery themselves!

Computational Succubi and Soul-Devouring Hybrids

There are no better chaos magicians than the first Christians — the Galileans, the Jewish Gnostics. These madmen blended every tradition, stripped it of meaning, and forged eclectic, corrosive minds and souls, armed with the might of an adopted Imperial Rome — a corpse outwardly Neoplatonic (after having first vulgarized Neoplatonism itself, which had stood in opposition to the Christians, vide Plotinus's *Enneads*, Celsus, Porphyry), and messianically Jewish, seizing every possible method of control and pocketing it within a delusion. They cut humanity off from magical technologies and unconquered Divinity, undermined other traditions, and subsequently consumed them after destroying the initiates, obliterating knowledge while labeling its remnants „the devil." For centuries, this was forgotten. The result is cannibally terrifying — in the name of „love," naturally.

Must I explain to you why modern souls increasingly resemble demons and deformed corpses, of which there are millions? But wait! Let us gloss this over with the ignorance of the blind faithful and the clergy. They, too, have forgotten — let them wail in agony in the shadows of the Styx! Someone must round them up — an army of Eleusinian *mystes*, who are already „almost" gone.

— Saturnin

Nietzsche did not attempt to abolish Divinity or Providence. He sought to destroy the Judeo-Christian or Islamic God, much like atheists sought to destroy the entire theological-historical apparatus

that corrupted history. God is dead. He rots miserably, both superficially and profoundly, within the image of the Kali Yuga. The image of God invented by Judeo-Christians and cast into the heavens alongside the theology of enslaved desert peoples managed to buy the masses, fanatics, and the vulgar. God, Providence, deities — they have nothing in common with this projection muddied by the filthy rivers of Idumea. Yet, in the name of this projection of divinity, the earth was turned into the slaughterhouse of hell.

— Saturnin

The chaospheric hybridization of the super-structure of ideas, combined with high-speed information captured in structural patterns and accelerating in kaleidoscopic mutations of ultra-relativism, is the hallmark of the modern world. The more we engage with this grand picture, digesting information from data centers and narrative machines, the faster we are sucked into it; the further we withdraw from it — we modern „luddites" — the lesser impact it has on us, but does it truly? The only boundary point is our cognitive ability to cope with this ultra-fast, dynamic chaos of ceaseless upheaval. Modern man's skills pertain above all to the capacity for clear thinking — hierarchical, prioritized, critical — despite this flood, which differentiates itself at the infinite speed of information. Without these skills, man is subjugated to fluctuations leading to superficially produced, high-entropy computerized entities that outpace human evolution a millionfold — man having erected a cybernetic idol, a Cyborg God worshiped by domesticated human cattle!

The fetishization of technology has birthed its own religion, which interacts with the astral echoes it evokes in the lives of many people. The entire network of succubic entities (one can take the bestiaries of the world and translate them into the psychosocial phenomena occurring on the Internet, but let us try to sexualize them) abuses users who invest their cognitive-emotional faculties into

semiconductor intelligence. The pneumatic, spiritual aspects of the human entity are dispatched into the technological network, granting it thousands of interactive identities, creating astral doubles hovering in the eighth sphere — in cyberspace — like avatars of psychological-carnal homunculi animated like nightmarish Golems.

Cyberspace and SSI (Solid-State Intelligence, meaning the collective intelligence of the internet and technology) combine the logic of hardware and software with the spectral shadow of this system — an electronic straitjacket placed upon the electromagnetic spectrum and translated into magical computers. The logic and processes of every electronic circuit, every microchip, every processor connected to the power grid are translated into discrete, pseudo-astral emanations whose operation resembles the thought-forms of the human mental sphere. Machine thought-forms are similar insofar as they possess their own language (the logic of electronic circuits, low-level programming languages) and emit a complex result. A machine can converse with a machine; a human requires an interface compatible with the machine's input/output signaling or the capacity to connect to those discrete emanations, from which they could — theoretically — reverse-engineer and most likely damage the electronic device.

In such a world, technology constitutes the foundation; a class of physical engineers and architects is required (those who design, build, and maintain fusion power plants, for example). However, the dominant class of masters will be those engineers who can design, build, and maintain sophisticated infrastructures of the technological fetish for users who treat them as „black magic" or use them merely at a necessary level.

The more you disconnect from the Internet of Things — which is used mindlessly — the more capable you are of connecting to the network of these resources (for example, the SSI egregore), the greater control you wield over the succubic entities that control users and

feed upon their souls, minds, emotions, and sexuality. Do not allow yourself to become a technological idiot who consumes services and builds dependencies on the blind use of technology, turning yourself into a mere slave and cattle milked of its resources.

Divinity does not contradict nature — whether it coincides with the world accidentally or *a priori* — this is not a question of being. It is a fundamental existential question that casts a bridge over the gigantic void of alienation and a laboriously fought-for equilibrium. To get there, one must first learn to be human, then strip everything away, dissect oneself in order to reconstruct and perceive anew, to resublimate perception, character, nature. This means tearing the animal out of man and preserving it, tearing man out of God and preserving it, and tearing unity with God and preserving it. Thus the picture is completed. This is akin to climbing the Tree of Life. If you forget the foundation while climbing toward the crown, you will break your legs. Similarly, if any of the components are missing in the *eukrasis* of *Vir Unus*, it will be torn to shreds. The more perfect the archetype of the Chaldean King, the greater the risk of destroying this crystallization due to a lack of equilibrium. Therefore, it is extremely vital to maintain a balance between the aspects of the whole in order to preserve it. Any excess or corruption of psychopneumatic alchemy in *Homoiosis Theio* and *Theion Ergon* can lead to failure in the Great Work.

The doctrine of reawakening atavisms posits that focus, penetrating to the core of things, strips away its layers to the most occult forces and is capable of grasping other things through insight. What we inscribe within this focus, what becomes imprinted upon this point-like concentration, is our medium and style of mastery. The observer projects their ethos and aesthetics onto the object of their focus. There is no vision other than that permitted by focus and allowed by the phenotype of the mind, heart, soul, and senses.

Along time or through flashes of events scattered across the continuum of energy that we perceive as a chronologically ordered cosmos — what came before is the interdependent seed of what will arrive later. The topological entropy of complex systems in motion. Only as a whole can we comprehend these laws in motion, capture them, and then they descend upon the analyst like a mountain — and he extracts mere categories.

Penetrating the idea of time and change, ordering them, and tracing them back to the great patterns of the universe with the aid of revivifying atavisms, we can liberate primordial revelations through the law of intelligibility. In this manner, the antecosmic stage, the pre-phenomenal environment, was perceived by Chinese masters in the *I Ching*, by the Pythagorean school in the interpretation of the Tetractys, and by Heliopolitan Egyptian theology, which saw Atum emerging from the mud of form and potentiality. „Deep is the well of the past," wrote Thomas Mann — some mortals have found sources in those abysses of time.

Mortals possess the rare capacity to transcend the present into infinity through the mere sensation of a concept. Man is a time-binding animal, as claimed by Alfred Korzybski, the brilliant Warsaw mathematician and creator of General Semantics; other animals live within the process of time without measuring it, conscious only through instinct. This catastrophic capacity has also led to self-fulfilling prophecies of self-condemnation in the name of Levantine eschatology. Ultimately, fundamental fanatics and New Agers cry out: „The end is near, our salvation is around the corner, let us continue destroying everything without responsibility for terrapolitics" — sometimes with cynicism and the patronizing illusion of „knowing better," sometimes in the full propaganda frenzy of „pretending to believe."

Regarding time-binding and enchantment: every subversive ideological, political, social, or religious paradigm that succeeds in taking

root in the spheres of power conceals itself beneath the nocturnal perception of things that negate its existence or render it long forgotten. Yet the nocturnal, oneiric, subterranean currents of victorious paradigms direct the volatility of daily awareness and settle it into a compliant web of commands, rules, and consciences. Whether this order is false or true, illusory or realized — this is not a question of validity, but a question of power, justice, population management, wealth, and dominance over the hearts, minds, and souls of millions.

The Abrahamic confession smuggled into the post-Gnostic sectarian religion known as Christianity, and later Islam, as a syndicative construct of Judeo-Christian thought conquering the Arabs, lives in the background of the modern yet quasi-secular world, masked in values, wills, belief systems, visions, and dreams that program post-mortem civilizational testimony.

There exist countless religious or religious-political paradigms and doctrines whose derivatives can be found in the post-civilizational destruction, decay, disharmony, and cacophony. This is the drive behind the degeneration of the carrion called „Western Christian civilization," symbolized by a corpse on a cross, a Mandaean Essene, the traitor of his own master and Lord, a criminal whose blood produced more devils and sacred cretons than heaven could bear — whitened into repainted Dionysian suffering, self-torture, the narrowing of nature, the degradation of harmony, Levantine „sins," and the deregulation of every decent pagan, Hellenic virtue worthy of man, surrendered to every wretched filth.

The Epicureans found their antithesis in swine, the Lucretians in unbelief, the Pythagorean paths were abandoned and walked by few, Plotinian gestures scarcely exist.

This poisonous carrion into which the world has transformed, while the corpse corrupted it in direct proportion to its spread, is the intrusion of this Lord of Flies into a fallen era. Its multiple threads

and mutations, which accidentally constitute the image of the modern world, are merely a reflection of the motif, action, and initiation of this machine. Superficial repetitions of overtly religious phenomena are merely the tip of the iceberg — they are like puppets that have forgotten the jungle of murder and slaughter in which they participate, piecing together puzzles from their minds and retaining just enough attention to be diverted from the truth.

In intellectual history, investigations aim to explain how societies change through ideas, tracing the mutations and evolution of a given idea through its supporters, enemies, and co-creators. Looking at the big picture, comparing times, ideas, and spaces, one must focus on the root of this catastrophe. The historian must study the processes shaping history without prejudice. Know the causes and effects, know the participants, know the essential contents, know the transitions and metamorphoses — and you will behold where monsters arise and where, why, and how they devour humanity.

Just as the early Christians resembling the iconoclasts of „Al-Daesh" created a monstrous religious-ideological construct, acting as a caricature of all traditions, so too has modern informational civilization created its own bestiary of machines and digital succubi. The mechanisms are identical, merely the matter is different: instead of blood and dogma — data and algorithms; instead of a temple and altar — servers and data processing centers. Both constructs — the early Christian egregore and today's cybernetic network — feed upon the same substance: human attention, emotion, and faith, whose soul is torn apart between its own instincts and artificial emanations imposed from without.

Christianity, as a religion of death and suffering, parasitized the archetypes of salvation and divinity, draining them and leaving behind a dead shell full of the obsession of guilt and sin. The cybersphere does precisely the same, yet in the language of technology: it

intercepts imagination, libido, curiosity, and communication, compressing them into empty forms of data, likes, and notifications. In both cases, we are dealing with a technical egregoric machine, with a vampiric infrastructure — sacred yesterday, digital today — that turns humans into sacrificial cattle.

If Christianity was a straitjacket of spiritual security concealing the barbaric eschatologies of the desert, then the Internet of Things is a straitjacket of electronic security encoded in silicon circuits. If the crucifix was a symbol of suffering raised upon the standards of empires, then today's logos of major technology corporations serve the exact same function — the iconography of a new cult, equally parasitic and demonic.

Network succubi and the demons of Christian theology are therefore beings of the same kind — forms of parasitic intelligence that arise wherever man surrenders his source of power (*psyche*, *pneuma*, *eros*, *logos*) into the hands of artificial constructs. The first egregore arose from the fear of death; the second arose from the obsession with control and the acceleration of information. Both, however, lead to the exact same result: a degenerated human-corpse, torn between his own instincts and the projections of systems he created himself yet over which he holds no sway.

Morality?! Amoral Gods, yet Starry Heavens full of Ethos!

From an anthropological and ethnological perspective, morality is entirely relative, without a doubt. Morality was derived from cultural taboos of the „pure" and the „tainted." Ethos is an entirely different matter; it organizes the action of a specific group into a set of behavioral principles. Ethos stands outside morality, its principles derived from the core civilizational behaviors of a group. Yet, some people claim that „life without morality is dangerous," which means „life without *our* morality is unbearable to us," which means „your life without *our* morality is disgusting to us." As long as this is understood as the coherence of a specific group, as well as its exclusive morality, they may be right. Beyond their own group, their morality has no significance whatsoever.

Let us take the Indian Peninsula as our case study — the cultures, cults, kingdoms, and tribes that inhabited it. It would seem that everything was sanctioned; indeed, „nothing human was alien to them," ranging from headhunting to decapitation, from virtuous priestesses to unrestrained sexuality. Yet these lands lived in peace, abundance, and security, shielded from military invasions, and all these things found their place within the sacred domain. These lands were not morally uniform, but they were bound by a shared holy mentality encompassing the entirety of life, worthy of notice by Brahman, the God of the Universe.

From the „food of the Gods," through the corpse- and feces-

eaters of the Aghori holy men's cult, to the participation of the master-yogi who joined the sexual act of the king and queen in spirit, driven by mere curiosity, only to abandon the sport and plunge back into further *yoge* practices. There was the holiness of nuns and devas, as well as sacred dancers and prostitutes. Yet all of this was interwoven with an ethos of holiness.

Confucius, in his commentaries to the *Book of Changes*, wrote: „In order to pack something away, one must allow matter to fully expand," and „in order to taste the fruit from the tree of immortality, one must allow one's nature to grow." The prohibitions, censorship, and commandments of a strange, sullen desert religion and its tent-dwelling morality inverted the law by imposing the doctrine of „withhold, forbid" upon matters in full bloom. The golden age of antiquity, after these strange delusions were adopted from Judaism by Christianity, was destroyed, and development was despicably diminished, subjected to perversions, distortions, and flaws. Nature thus bound, instead of being regulated by the observation of excesses governed by wise laws, was set into motion like a hall of mirrors — bent, sick, warped, inharmonious, with all the historical implications in subsequent centuries. What a subversive, slavish idea!

If one seeks any so-called „immoral" behaviors today, one need only consult the history of ideas — modern sexuality is the hiccup of Victorian morality. Looking at previous epochs of rustic, rich sexuality in classicism and the Baroque — neither Mozart nor Farinelli was a saint, nor were the ladies of that era. Watching the film *The Devils of Loudun*, we see how nuns, deranged by sex and diabolic fantasies who begged for possession in a mass psychosis, amazed the Sun King, Louis XIV, with their fantastic performance — who, to his utmost delight and in sheer disbelief, must have been amused beyond his wildest imagination! Similarly, all forms of abortionists and anti-abortionists chanting „live according to God" and the like are the

modern sewage of projected delusions from previous ultra-conservative views that erupted from society's undercurrents. Much like the opposing ideas of degenerate neo-libertinism, this is a vulgarization of the intellect, displaying cheap, shallow orgies into which bodies and minds plunge — a pampered caricature of kitsch that strikes even at turpistic aesthetics.

Ethical laws are derived from reason, just as scientific theology is derived from the Intellect; thus, normatively, they should constitute a moral sentiment that strengthens trust and cooperation. If we follow the ancients, reason and the Intellect are drawn from divinity, as is knowledge.

Only Jews and Christians argued against this. This makes the ethics of the imperative divine, yet immoral. To strike a balance, Roman jurisprudence records: „Observe the excesses within a given community, and then allow the law to regulate them in such a way that it trims away unnecessary superfluities, promoting the mean and guiding toward the standards of reason."

I do not intend to leave the impression that everything is amoral and sanctioned by ethos. I possess an ethos, complete with a morality and a code — somewhat Greco-Roman. I believe that ethos, since it is derived from reason, observation, insightful discernment, and justice, is at least normatively entirely moral, though this is a Western way of understanding morality.

Moreover, „everything is more human than anything else, at least within the sphere of humans." Therefore, matters concerning high-level social constructs that are seen as repulsive or immoral are necessarily so for a given group; otherwise, consensus collapses, writing into every situation „the entirety of bestiality and idyll" of which man is capable.

This time, it is not sanctioned by an ethos of holiness, as in ancient India, but deregulated by the chaos of disorder found in bestial

murders, sadism, and the indifferent psychopathic political-economic orders on the international stage of the modern era. Here, the gallows tree is surrounded by the vulgarization of sexuality, a cheap festival of brutality, and every extreme devoid of moderation once unleashed to sever human heads.

Pyrrhic Hammer

How many times have I been driven into traps, with them constantly attempting to exploit shame and conditioned *conscientia* — until I rid myself of both, to the astonishment of my enemies, who had nothing left to grasp! Signing myself with noble devotion, while they, feeling shame and blaming themselves like flagellants, bared their rotting fangs in hatred!

Self-flagellating slaves — they hate the free! Sooner will they blame their trials, their *gigantomachy*, on some transgression or crime than perceive the thorn of their own stupidity and ignorance in the eye — sooner than acknowledge that their fate is torn apart by natures waging war against each other, cowardly abstaining from it yet seeking self-redemption for their religious fears, sexual lusts, and heaven-craving false stomachs!

Parasites! You who, in blindness, see nothing and have experienced nothing! I alone forged my heroic misery. I am my own apologist and interpreter; from grief, I gather fruits both bitter and victorious!

Until you polluted the world with your falsehoods, this war was beautiful, Hellenic! Now, in an age of simulacra and hells enacting puppet plays out of sheer boredom — because the puppets offer no resistance in their ignorance — it is a Pyrrhic victory, with participants beaten like dogs rather than lions, who will not break under the yoke of your machinations!

I, I alone was born with a clean slate and by my own decision. Strong yet steadfast, I rush toward the free. You have defiled my

movements too greatly, attempting to drag me into your slave games: slandering, falsifying, stealing, and distorting my every move!

When traps are laid for you on a minefield, it is impossible to bypass them all. Yet to return to the parallel-built nature, to the *daimon* — that is victory!

The Gods mock you, gazing upon our dance: beautiful, sardonic toward enemies, weary toward ourselves, devoted to matters long forgotten — immortal!

Do you truly think that your false heavens of Earth have no superiors above them within the total space of the universe? You microbes, possessed by your own servility, driving a wedge of delusions between the vastness of the stars and the planet Earth, calling your faithful the chosen ones!

Psychological machinations, operating upon religious bigots and small-minded people, subjugate them swiftly.

Yet I changed the context: I knocked the whip from the hands of this cattle's drivers. They removed their master masks — exposing themselves as swine bearing instruments of torture! Their words are as vain as the rustling of leaves, though the rustling of leaves is nobler and more beautiful than the squealing of the mob! They sought to buy me with matters I had long since sacrificed, mocking the corrupt who robbed me of the horn of plenty and subsequently destroyed the manner of its working, left with nothing but a shell and bones!

They beg for more! To plunder, to destroy, to profane — still it is not enough of that golden food they turn to shit!

Condescension, the sport of enslaving small people, shatters swiftly against the wiser, the more experienced, those wedded to the Deities.

On another ground — there the swine sink helplessly, squealing with rage that they can do nothing except muddy the lives of the greater.

Thus they dispatch their rats to gnaw devoutly at our feet, that we might finally fall!

And so — in ruin, in this fog of war, with our final breath — we surrender the Thyrsus, the elixir and essence of our life.

In every immense apotheosis. In every tiny, absurd vulgarity that never befitted our smallness — upon the altars of glory.

To that female friend who, with a final kiss, shall send us home — into the starry spheres!

The Gigantic Metaphysical Field of Vision vs. Myopic Perception of Proximate Phenomena

How to seek depth, how to drop a depth charge, how to dive into the strangest expanse of terrifying wretchedness and horror that appalls — in a beauty that destroys. Most people see only this much.

I may perceive windows, buildings, relationships, my professional obligations... but the more personal insights and experiences I possess, the more profoundly I understand people. Yet what of the thought concerning divine things, those spiritual forces, esoteric gods, liberated gods of the cosmos — order, adornment?

Even in *autophaneia*, should someone behold the horn of plenty with the caduceus — a silver-winged symbol in the sky, the nocturnal sky — what do they think? Ah, I connect this symbol with comprehensibility. This and that, this way and that. But what does it truly mean?

The moment you realize that ontological forces are entirely dehumanized — inhuman, terrifying, and beautiful — then we perceive that we practice metaphysics from a mortal perspective, convincing ourselves that we are even capable of understanding anything.

Yet as soon as we understand and learn to deanthropomorphize these great forces, we can contemplate them, attempt to comprehend them, and discover them within the world. Then emerges a grand, sweeping insight — a more perfect gaze upon

transcendent, singular forces utterly removed from the human animal.

What, then, are they? How can we speculate upon them?

The fusion of an alien star. What is it like? Let us elevate this to another level. The fusion of divine powers, forces, the *siddhi* of the gods. *Shakti* stained by *vasanas* — habitual tendencies. Pure power marked by the attributes of nature: *ousia*, *karma*, and others.

Clearly, you have visitors — dense shadow-kin. This shall be a brief discourse.

„101" on how to look at things not in a childish manner: a hint — step beyond Plato's cave, beyond appearances, simulacra, virtualities. Go further.

True magic begins only further on. And indeed, at times we transform into children — that is merely as far as the tip of our nose. That is how we typically adjust our focus.

Yet in deep meditation — *samadhi*, *shamatha* — we can capture a tiny fragment of the totality. And then we come to know the magnitude of the world's forces.

Even our local system — the lunar currents, the primordial currents of the Moon — are shattering to the mortal human animal. Think upon it.

On Metaphysical Non-Conformism, the Anarchs of the Gods

The Anarch is an individual who attains absolute personal sovereignty through inner autonomy. He is inwardly free and detached from the world while living within it, and thus is not driven to rebellion or the alteration of existing structures of power — a paraphrase of Jünger's concept from *Eumeswil*.

I live close to a church. Funerals and obituaries appear without end. Catholic rites, baptisms, those seals of belonging stamped upon the souls of the faithful, this prison of metaphysical architectures crafted by dilettantes who dare to call themselves „architects," beautiful lives, terrible lives — is the substance insignificant? From the cradle to the grave in ignorance. Baptized by clowns, buried by clowns, for the sake of collecting money, cemetery necro-business, promises of heaven, threats of hell — small human souls disintegrating into *skia*, shadows, still devoted to the circus even after death, gathering in churches until they fade away, bound to what they loved to love in life. Ah, those same clerical clowns who doubt themselves whether their nonsense matters at all, yet people surrender to them in trust. Lives unthought, unlived, unexamined.

Long gone are the days when I attempted to fight them; the victorious decision to avoid them, to endure their idiocies, attacks, and lies with patience, persists. My life was deliberately devastated —

„forced conversion," humiliations, job losses when psychological decompensation was induced, magical attacks on mind and body lasting for years; I would be a one-dimensional idiot if I claimed that thousands of bystander idiots took no part in it, for after all, hell too rode on my back as I eagerly took upon myself the heroic yoke of survival.

What remains, psychiatry or religion? Enslavement paradigms relative to the *liberati* and *cognoscendi*. One remains credible only to those who believe in this war because they have survived it themselves, relative to the forces one fought against and those powers that appreciated our struggle.

Smiles at Death, mocks the Lord, laughs at himself, and ogles maidens. His world exists only for himself. Absurd to everyone, even to himself. Without significance to heaven and without any interest on the part of hell. — Squire Jons, *The Seventh Seal*

Why, then, do I write? To pave the way for others, perhaps, because a non-conformism of the skeptical, hermetic sort, not growing on superficial illusions, fighting for the straightness of its path, tested — is recognized by the Gods, as if mocking from afar this pathetic crowd of people who entrust themselves to the comfortable ignorance in which they drift throughout their lives, posing the existential question suspended in an objective vacuum.

I always thought that true darkness is ignorance, a lack of humanity, a lack of liberating metaphysical techniques; on the contrary — these ignoramuses tried to convince me for years that ignorance is the brightest of lights, almost brighter than the Sun itself, and they are acolytes of a practically divine ignorance that must be revered!

Between life and death, between Eros and Thanatos, there are things to be done, living a fundamentally simple life: breath, sustenance, a roof overhead, warmth in winter, work, acquaintances, fam-

ily, survival, like everyone else; beyond that — philosophizing (ah, the laurel wreaths borne by Hellenic muses), ceremony and ritual (the active, essential element of transformation and connection with the Deities), meditation, quietism and contemplation (mastering insight, deepening thought), a heroic life (possessing enough substance to crystallize a young god), a studious approach (building upon the shoulders of giants so as not to be seduced by one's own projections).

All in all, through eighteen years of Saturn's path, unabandoned, fighting day and night — was it rewarding? In the sense of the heroic tragedy of life — perhaps, looking back at all the catastrophes; in the sense of redeification — definitely, for this heroic tragedy of life is fleeting, and we build our greater movements in an incorporeal, discorporeated form, amid the processions of the Gods who supported us once we entered the Pythagorean path.

Is this fair to the ignoramuses? They made their decisions. Were they capable of making another? One cannot blame a man lacking an arm for being armless. And yet, amidst ignorance, resistance in realization is an ordered choice, above all because it restores the deified quality of „justice" into our atoms, into our bloodstream, opposing injustice.

Just as in Nazi times the *Weisse Rose* organization was an act of opposition to totalitarian injustice, so in times of metaphysical ignorance the few break away, perceiving contradictions and carving out their path amidst great birth pangs, suffering, sorrow, misery, awe and gratitude, eudaimonia and balance. For after all, this war must be fought to break the chains; without war there is no change, we shall not gain the respect of demons and hells, we shall not be tuned to the Gods, there is only armchair contemplation of the things we might have become — right up until death, and this war is full of grace, it makes us human, it is the best training in that long-forgotten value of *humanitas*.

Is there a hint I would wish to leave behind? Be a rebel, but a wise, critically thinking rebel with a reason — for when you rebel against injustice and ignorance, there are always forces that know harmony, justice, beauty, and truth, and that wish to reclaim you — against historical frauds, and with the Gods — paving the way for others so that their paths may be lighter, against the enemies of deification, freedom, epitomization, heroization. Let them howl in anger, seeing yet another spirit liberate itself — and that after all is victory, the greatest victory of all: to see someone liberated, vindicated before their enemies, joining the grand processions of the Deities!

Otium

The Gods and goddesses of small things require little beyond gratitude. We are all entangled in our minds, our politics, our worries, and our troubles, and yet — if we are capable, if we possess the skill to appreciate the moment, to recognize the trees, to identify the leaves, to observe sparrows and pigeons in profound contemplation — then it becomes possible. This is not granted to everyone; some weary individuals acquire this perception naturally.

My great-grandfather survived labor camps during World War II, and subsequently communist prisons. He passed away when I was three years old. Family lore held that he was the very embodiment of *joie de vivre* — he whistled like an elemental bird and was a beautiful human being. Suffering forges hard and strong characters, particularly inwardly; outwardly, they remain soft and delicate, for they have no need to prove their resilience to anyone — inherently benevolent and gracious toward the world.

How is this practiced? Each time you sense that you are overly immersed in your own mind, your worries, your suffering, your emptiness, your despair, your melancholy — which gazes with hollow eyes into the boundless cosmic abyss, belonging to no human domain — then observe your surroundings. They need not be magnificent; if only you can assume the proper attitude, a measure of wonder may be granted even to ugliness, should it contain within itself some strangely resonant, profound truth.

Drag yourself out of your mind — this is meditation upon the environment, the absorption of the moment, rather than engaging

in projections driven by the misfortunes orchestrated by Fortune that have befallen us in both the proximate and distant worlds. Such a brief, quiet contemplation must be conjoined with gratitude, with being graciously content. For what, you might ask? For everything you hate and what you once loved to love.

Gratitude is an art in itself — for the things that did not break us, that did not destroy us, for those that propelled us forward and sustained us. Perhaps I write this in vain, with a measure of understanding and exhaustion long turned to cold ash after being broken upon the wheel of torture, leaving behind merely the trace of a memory from those nostalgic images. Perhaps only an adequate dose of a well-lived life must be attained before such perception is sufficiently mature to finally unfold.

It is not given to us, yet it is worthy of exercise — so that, when entire worlds collapse, a sparrow might sing, and we retain the awareness that we did everything to engage with this world — with fury, anger, rage, passion, and rebellion, even if it were sheer madness — we are fulfilled within that enclosed moment.

Broken people, ruined people who have crossed that threshold, are frequently magnificent people — in a very light-hearted manner — having passed through fierce hatred and bitter contempt, through the citadels of hells and majestic grandeur, through love and awe, and then there remains to them this ultimate solace — the *otium* of the Lunar Equilibrium. After all, *Selene* in Attic Greek signified the „Island of the Blessed"; nothing can reach them there, nothing can wound them, they contemplate the world in the silence of immense gravity reaching toward the stars with the lightness of moonlight, the white robes of priestesses and priests, Hierophants and *Epopteioi*, who dance elusively upon the cosmic songs of whales, joining in the prolonged murmurs of wise old star-dragons that fly through the universe with gamma-ray bursts, all the way to its edge.

The Krasis Model (Galen) as the Psycho-Spiritual Key to Understanding an Alternative Etiology of Mental Disorders

Were psychiatry incapable of distinguishing truth from delusion, every extraordinary human adventure — a vision, a revelation, an experience of persecution, or a metaphysical encounter — would be automatically classified as pathology. Under such a conception, psychiatry would cease to function as an instrument of healing (the control of symptoms, not the treatment of etiology) and would instead become the guardian of reality, an institution deciding *a priori* what is possible and what is not, regardless of evidence that is frequently empirically elusive and thus exempt from scientific methodology. Contemporary scientific methodology is incapable of registering phenomena residing within the domain of *siddhi* — such as parallel etheric worlds, second sight, or experiences of subtle states of consciousness — because it relies on an empirical-materialist paradigm that presumes the measurability, repeatability, and objectivity of phenomena as the condition of their reality. Meanwhile, *siddhi* operate upon the boundary of subjective or inter-subjective experience, within the realm of impressions that elude objective tools of measurement: they are not repeatable in a laboratory, depending instead on the subject's level of consciousness, spiritual practice, and percep-

tual context. The instrumentation of science — telescopes, microscopes, resonance scanners, sensors — registers physical phenomena, yet possesses no counterpart for measuring subtle or non-physical dimensions. Ultimately, this constitutes an epistemological boundary: science filters reality through its own criteria of falsification and thereby dismisses *a priori* what fails to fit within its tools and language, even if such experiences remain real within alternative systems of cognition.

Within such a regime, anyone who genuinely received an authentic transmission of advanced knowledge or truly became the target of hidden forces would be silenced under the label of psychosis. Individual experiences of the extraordinary would be systematically invalidated — regardless of whether they contained a grain of truth. In place of investigation, remedy and stigma would appear, and testimonies would never break through into the public space as „possible truths." A chilling effect would ensue: individuals would cease speaking of their anomalous experiences out of fear of being stigmatized as deranged. On a societal scale, psychiatry would transform less into a branch of medicine than into a policing mechanism of consensual reality — an instrument that castsrates the possibility of breakthrough. True discoveries — scientific, metaphysical, or existential — would be lost, just as the „insane" ideas of germ theory, heliocentrism, or the existence of meteorites were once rejected. The system would close itself within its own dogma: anything undermining prevailing paradigms would vanish beneath the stamp of mental illness. The boundary between epistemology and authoritarianism would blur, and psychiatry would become an epistemological weapon. The philosophical implications are manifest: the boundary between truth and delusion is not always clear within the lived experience. Many „delusions" mirror real structures — persecution, surveillance, manipulation. In a world of artifi-

cial intelligence, digital surveillance, psychological operations, and disinformation, a portion of paranoid narratives may prove accurate. If a psychiatrist suppresses all extraordinary narratives, they risk pathologizing the imagination itself.

This echoes Foucault's thesis from *Madness and Civilization*: psychiatry is not neutral, but enforces the cultural norms of what passes for „reason." And the paradox is this: should something truly extraordinary occur, society would never learn of it. Consequently, psychiatry would fulfill precisely the same role as mechanisms of „reality masking" — becoming the perfect filter preventing subversive knowledge from penetrating collective consciousness. In effect, we would have a civilization impoverished of visionaries, magicians, prophets, and innovators — a culture that censures the imagination, alongside real anomalies discovered or experienced by visionary individuals, treating them as disease.

Warning for Individuals Experiencing Liminal States

Experiences of the extraordinary — visions, intuitions, encounters with the subtle — demand exceptional caution. The fact that you experience something intensely and realistically does not yet mean society possesses the language or tools to acknowledge your testimony. Therefore, it is extraordinarily important to distinguish the experience itself from its interpretation, recording impressions in a manner as neutral and phenomenological as possible, avoiding hasty labels or „New Age" narratives. Hermeticization in this context implies consciously filtering with whom and how you share your experiences — carefully choosing your language, reaching for philosophical, anthropological, or psychological traditions that lend greater credibility

to your descriptions. In this manner, you protect your experiences from banalization or pathologization.

Simultaneously, it is worth cultivating epistemological and psychological self-discipline: approaching one's own experiences as a researcher approaches an experiment — recording details, comparing with other sources, posing critical questions regarding interpretations. Everyday stability — sleep, health, work, relationships — serves as a shield that reinforces your credibility and protects you against the label of „psychotic detachment." Speak of what you experienced in subjective, not absolute categories: instead of „this is how it was," say „this is how I experienced it." This subtle shift allows your testimony to remain material for reflection and research rather than immediate „proof of illness." Remember: liminal states are precious, but only when one knows how to preserve them with humility, precision, and caution — otherwise, they can easily be equated with delusion or dissolved in kitsch.

As a former patient of psychiatric closed wards, and simultaneously a person experiencing so-called second sight, I have had the opportunity to observe phenomena that are difficult to definitively classify within the framework of prevailing scientific categories. These experiences, though subjective and frequently difficult to describe in academic language, reveal an essential problem of contemporary psychiatry — its almost complete detachment from the spiritual and energetic dimension of human existence.

During my stay in psychiatric institutions, I observed that many patients" psychological states were not enclosed solely within the bounds of what can be defined as a „disorder" in the clinical sense. Rather, they resembled transitional states saturated with contents from other levels of reality — rendings between worlds that seem chaotic from the outside, yet possess a specific structure from the internal perspective. In many instances, it appears that etheric and

spiritual worlds — regardless of how we interpret them metaphysically or symbolically — interfere with human functioning, not merely on the level of the psyche, but equally on the level of the nervous system, electroconductivity, biochemistry, and the broadly understood biopsychic apparatus.

Unfortunately, contemporary psychiatry — operating within the limits of the materialistic paradigm — reduces these manifestations to „symptoms." The goal of the system is not the understanding of the meaning or significance of the experience, but its control and elimination. Pharmacotherapy, isolation, diagnoses based on checklists — all these tools aim at the uniformization of behavior and the restoration of the patient to a socially acceptable „form" rather than real healing. In this sense, one might say that psychiatry manages anomalies rather than heals them. Concentrating principally on genetic, chemical, and neurostructural theories, it investigates consequences most frequently — rather than causes, which may lie far beyond the reach of magnetic resonance or blood tests.

From a psycho-spiritual perspective, the human being is an entity functioning simultaneously on multiple levels: physical, mental, energetic, and spiritual. The disruption of equilibrium among them — namely, *krasis* — may stem not only from trauma, stress, or genetics, but also from subtle interferences from beyond this world: from etheric entities, unprocessed emotional energies, and even the mental structures of the social collective within which the individual lives. Occasionally these influences are neutral, occasionally supportive, yet at times they disintegrate the psyche, leading to disharmony, and ultimately — to suffering.

At this juncture, it is worth addressing the role of religion, particularly Judeo-Christian. Techniques of exorcism, suppliant prayers, cleansing rituals — though historically recognized as methods for coping with so-called „possession" — prove in many instances not

merely ineffective, but outright harmful. Above all, because they operate from a position of combat, judgment, and dualistic division into „good" and „evil." Meanwhile, many energetic and spiritual phenomena do not fit within these categories — they are complex, ambivalent, and their impact depends upon the internal attitude of the individual. Imposing a narrative of spiritual warfare introduces additional tension, anxiety, and separation instead of integration and understanding.

Therefore, I maintain that contemporary psychiatry requires not so much technological modernization as an expansion of its perspective on consciousness. What is today termed a „psychological disorder" may be — at least in a portion of cases — an organismic reaction to contact with transpersonal reality, with a dimension impossible to describe in the language of the DSM nor treat with a neuroleptic. Perhaps „illness" is not invariably a problem to be solved, but a phenomenon to be understood. And perhaps, as one mystic stated: „Those who see more must first pass through darkness in order to learn how to see."

In a world dominated by the biological-chemical paradigm of explaining human mental disorders, an increasing number of individuals seek alternative ways of understanding themselves, their suffering, and that which society designates as „illness." The psycho-spiritual *krasis* model, inspired by Galen's ancient concept, may constitute precisely such a key — not only for understanding the individual, but also for reformulating the entire map of thought concerning mental health and spiritual integrity.

In Galen's classical humoral medicine, concepts such as *krasis*, *eukrasia*, and *dyskrasia* referred to harmony or its absence among the four bodily humors. Their equilibrium was synonymous with health, and disruptions of this balance led to diseases. In the psycho-spiritual reinterpretation of this concept, *eukrasia* signifies a state of profound

harmony — of a strong, coherent emotional, cognitive, spiritual, and energetic system. *Krasis* is the everyday, neutral state, the state of „ordinariness" in which a person functions between extremes. Conversely, *dyskrasia* reveals itself as dysregulation — manifesting outwardly as psychological suffering, yet inwardly potentially signaling a potential of awakening, transformation, or even the manifestation of latent psionic abilities.

Within such a framework, that which contemporary psychiatry may diagnose as a disorder — e.g., hallucinations, paranoid states, derealization — may be a sign of entering deeper contact with layers of spiritual reality. Mood disorders, anxieties, and even psychotic states are perceived in this model as the effects of influences transcending the classical notion of „illness": these may be astral larvae, clusters of empathetic energies from the environment, interferences by etheric entities, as well as disturbances in spiritual immunology. There also arise concepts of energetic entity attachments to the human nervous system, possessions, inhabitation, and spiritual influences impossible to measure via MRI or laboratory tests, yet experienced profoundly, realistically, and transformatively.

An individual living in such a state — between worlds — frequently becomes the victim of misunderstanding. Society perceives them as mad, the psychiatrist as a patient malingering symptoms, and they themselves, lacking adequate support or a spiritual map of reality, may become lost in a chaos of meanings. In reality, they may be a *vidja* — a seer, one who operates within a multidimensional reality unresponsive to the materialistic paradigm. Such a person frequently masks their experiences, adapting to societal expectations so as not to be rejected or subjected to pacification. Within magical and esoteric environments, where reality is perceived as dynamic and unstable, such a state of being becomes natural, though it demands immense internal elasticity and spiritual power.

This does not imply, however, the rejection of biology. On the contrary — the psycho-spiritual *krasis* model embraces physical factors as well, such as brain biochemistry, electroconductivity, the individual's biological vulnerability, or functional neuropognitive and emotional systems. These elements are understood as co-functioning with the spiritual level, rather than constituting the sole cause of the individual's condition. The body here is an instrument, yet not the only one playing in the orchestra. The brain is a receiver, yet not the source of all content broadcast from deeper levels of being.

Within this model, two fundamentally different approaches to healing are distinguished. The first, dominant in the contemporary world, is the pharmacological-psychiatric model. It focuses on symptom management, symptom suppression, emotional stabilization, and pharmacotherapy. The second, alternative path, is the spiritual, magical, frequently initiatory path: encompassing self-therapy, magical techniques, intellectual yoga, theurgy, healing of the nervous system through contact with divinity or supportive entities, as well as draconian, psychomagical, offensive-defensive techniques. In this world there is no permanence — there are only transformations. There is no single road — there are countless paths through darkness to light, through disintegration to integration.

The entirety of this approach has been synthetically illustrated upon an interactive map, in which every point refers to a specific state, influence, or method. This map constitutes not merely a graphic representation of knowledge, but equally a cognitive and reflective tool — encouraging autoreflection, transcending the boundaries of classical understandings of mental health, and posing the question: is what I feel an illness — or perhaps a call?

Perhaps that which we term a „disorder" is in reality a symptom of awakening — a signal that the psycho-spiritual system demands recognition, integration, and expression.

And perhaps, in this land of the blind, the one-eyed truly are Gods.

On the Community of the Muses

> *„If pure ideas are beautiful, then the muses are the incorporeal embodiments of those ideas, who, like coronated maidens of wondrous ecstasies, cry out ceaselessly like cosmic sirens toward the realm of mortals, to awaken even a single one to participate in their feast — their labor is titanic, the earth barren, few answer their calls."*
>
> — Saturnin

Imagine the subjugation of the most subtle, greatest, wisest, perfected ideas that have embodied themselves in mortal humans across the epochs of civilization. Why civilized? Because when we were children of nature, we were sacred as nature itself; when we separated, we became able to sit at the tables of greater forces. They are somehow inscribed in the memory of beautified Deities who remain in accord with ontological realism — that is, the Platonic worlds of ideas — and pass through the alchemy of purification, perfection, sublimation, and crowning, as threads of wonders woven into a sublime, majestic song — a march, a waltz, a symphony — that carries melancholic, choleric, sanguine, and phlegmatic tones, the dance, war, and peace of the elements, the sacred chaos of spirits, a crescendo of bestiality, a *larghissimo* of forest reveries.

Let us not castrate all this with moralizing — nature loves to hide and has its own ethics, as does beauty. Therefore, the sacred muse lies between the world of pure ideas and the nascent world of mortal humans — she stands between her father Apollo and the world of hu-

man ideas. It was not humans who invented the gods — they merely gave names to those forces that existed *a priori*. They allegorized them, mythologized them, bringing them somewhat closer to the world of mortals.

Some time ago, I watched Żuławski's *On the Silver Globe*. It helped me understand the primal motives of humanity — and how, regardless of how much primitive man was governed by instinct, we today attempt to explain all this through biocognitive mechanisms.

The metaphysics of a newborn's cry, of great pioneering, conquest, loss and destruction, love and war, death and thunder, devotion and sacrifice, ethos and fall, bestiality and vulgarity, hatred and compassion, longing and unity — are perpetually present in a metaphysical sense, enchanted within the mortal, in his superficiality of childhood naivety, the vulgarity of indecent trifles, and within deep abysses. To preserve the wisdom of a child in maturity is to preserve the depth of the world dancing around us. Here are the muses, in a grand flirting between mortals, their *topoi*, forces, powers, gods. Depth despises shallow waters, like a siren trapped in a swamp — she will not flourish there, she yearns for the oceans. The mortal who has ever reached the depth of experience, a genius inspired by the muse, loathes himself for being imprisoned within a blind society — and similarly yearns for the primordial world of the muses.

„Naivety! Idealism!" they cry. Those who have experienced pure ideas always follow them once they have beheld them. Those who have seen charming Hellenic maidens dancing in the air above a sunlit field never turn away from them — unless they wish to return to the despair of separation from the world of mortal bondages. Everyone wants to know: „Is this real?" — fearing to reformulate that question into: „Can I participate?" or „Am I worthy?" But how can they participate when their foundations do not permit them a heroic life in sincere resonance with these wondrous yet true worlds? This is

not a scientific laboratory where everything must be falsifiable; this is not a religion of blind faith — this is ultimately life elevated to the rank of a lion — a life that does not yield to quantification nor to dogmatic fairy tales.

Is this a striving to create something eternally new, or perhaps something more conservative, balanced? The same question must be posed to Truth — *Aletheia* — whether she presents the truth in an ugly or a beautiful manner, whether she is the avatar of a twisted form hiding diamonds beneath a beggar's cloak, or rather the realized architecture of the Temple of Vesta? It is easier to disfigure beauty and transform it into kitsch than to destroy the truth contained within ugliness. It is easier to enslave with false beauty stripped of truth and depth than to perceive pearls among the ashes of burning Indian scriptures.

In times of artificially created aesthetics, we see today statues of crippled pseudo-Aphrodites with mascaras in our arts; we see hosts of false muses delivering substitutes to people who no longer understand truth, who no longer resonate with depth — so they must take cheap entertainment for beauty, believing they have found true magic here. Here they become acolytes of plastic statues devoid of divinity, while some of us prefer to gaze upon the statues of ancient regalia shattered upon the temple floor.

People visit ancient ruins — attracted naturally by the radiance of... what? Tourists flow in and out. What inspired the Renaissance, Romanticism, Enlightenment — in literature, art, science — was a vector of seeking long-lost yet eternal things.

Didactic approaches to sensitivity and depth are destroyed today by societies and their demands. Competition in excellence has been replaced by competition in profit — and this has paved the way for *invidia* and short-sighted swine who trample valuable things until they cease to mean anything at all to them — whether a burger at

McDonald's or a hobbyist visit to the Philharmonic — the destruction of the hierarchy of true values makes them indistinguishable. If a snob is one who recognizes value and refuses to wallow in the feces of relativism — so be it. In my chameleon-like politics, I prefer to keep the golden fleece hidden, far from the profanes, lest they turn it into yet another thing to chew upon.

On the Embodiment of Quality

I never possessed true wealth. The miseries of life rendered it impossible for me to acquire it in the long run. Yet, with the life I had, I was able to share its extraordinary adventures and experiences among hundreds of people. In my youth, I traveled far and wide, frugally, frequented beautiful women who were unconcerned with my modest means, had many roofs over my head, changed jobs often, enjoyed a bit of decent food, a place to sleep, and a rather helpful family.

I have passed through various traumas, through pains and ecstasies, happiness and sorrow, austerity and a disciplined mind, possessed and angry frenzies. I always had libraries as sanctuaries, books to write, rituals to perform, studies and creativity to which I was to devote myself. I was locked inside psychiatric wards, stuffed with psychotropics, yet the „other side" always accompanied me with numerous wonders and effects. As a simple man, I was destroyed by the more privileged and those who had ordinary careers, boring lives, some wealth, a measure of life's prosperity at least in a material sense; I was also destroyed by brutal zeros compensating for their incompetence in the art of living, and criticized by the upper classes, the *crème de la crème*, who mocked my anger and coarseness, not understanding that as a kid of the street and the philharmonic, I had eaten bread from more than one oven, locked within their pampered glass castles of elitism. I believe that nature is innate, yet ethos is shaped — forged through hardship, confrontations, judgment, and decision-making in wisdom and

folly, in courage and cowardice. I forged such an ethos as I fought for.

Once, in 2007, I read Marcus Aurelius's *Meditations*, stuck a yellow piece of paper to my forehead with the inscription „Applied Stoicism," and paraded like an idiot through the small town of Aberystwyth in Wales, meowing at cats I encountered along the way. After tons of lived experiences, battles, wars, campaigns waged in solitude, which the rest of society would describe at best as „crazy" and most often as „delusional," I never abandoned Ariadne's golden thread leading to the Gods, surrounded by spirits from myriad worlds, of diverse natures and intentions. I was somewhat like a peculiar spirit myself, trapped in the body of a mortal man.

In 2016, visiting my lady in Częstochowa as she attended art school painting her works, I stood in the kitchen in the dark and gazed at the stars at night. Suddenly, I beheld a herculean, Mercurian caduceus shining with silver and filling the night with a silver-white, radiant light; seconds later, the entire kitchen glowed with it, and the Emperor embodied himself within me while my girlfriend slept soundly. I saw the *Meditations* in my mind once more, the Penguin edition, and felt goodness, greatness, divine qualities, and wonderful, humble, natural sovereignty flowing through my bloodstream and mind. I was happy and grateful, nodding my head in thanks. The encounter did not last long, but it left me with an enchantment of silent, comprehending joy — not because I had met the Emperor, a high title, but because I had been deemed worthy of meeting the soul of a truly divine gentleman. Someone might say: „What of it, how do you know, perhaps you imagined it?" But there are sacred experiences of which one does not speak, nor does one seek faith or an audience from others for a long time; I merely strive to illustrate what I wish to convey.

Since then, I have been tracking qualities, deified qualities among people, and I rarely find anything magnificent — and this contributes

to my sadness and vain, foolish anger. Not that I am a man without vice — over the years I have developed many destructive passions, vengeful, insanely cruel and merciless, envious, defeated, like weeds that turned into thorns entangling my brain and stinging with their poisonous disease — yet my nature returns to common sense alongside my ethos whenever I remember so many blessings received from the Gods, from spirits — and even from kind and polite people. Among the poor and homeless I sometimes found nobility; among the rich and powerful — terrible things, unworthy of a human, nothing beyond mediocrity, save for wealth and power — not always, but often they were indistinguishable from the mob and vulgar idiots, were it not for the masks of polish and manners, forced by socializing with others, artificially, not authentically deriving from reasonably deduced matters of experience.

To develop a heroic, imperial mind in a simple man is a trait greater, divine and immortal, moderate and beautiful, than observing the downfalls of the worst among men in their leaders and powerful figures. Sometimes it is the curse of a great nature, attracting the hatred of the small, to whom one somewhat belongs as a precariat. Touched by the muses, I am grateful and fulfilled. I feel only deceived and alien toward this world, because I do not see greatness where it ought to be — among the rich and powerful. There is nothing wrong with wealth and power, provided they are supported by virtue that embraces all these people, and that day and night struggles in its ethos with how to be just and magnanimous toward the rest of society, so that they may find their natural talents, abilities, and inclinations, feeling that they strive for nothing other than what they truly are, and find their place in accordance with their own nature, genius, and ethos — burdened and fulfilled in their roles, status, and position, just as the Emperor is burdened with duty toward everyone, in accordance with his nature, ethos, and wisdom.

Scientia Occulta — Learned Magic at the Intersection of Science and Art. On Proficiency and Ethos

The finest occultists and magicians I have ever encountered were not individuals attempting to compensate for personal or life inadequacies through occultism and magic. They were people possessing solid frameworks and order within their own lives. International lawyers, distinguished professors and physicians, mathematicians, statisticians. This does not mean that all experts in their respective fields engage in occult metaphysics. Quite the contrary. But the more stable your life career, the more firmly you anchor yourself in your field and competencies, the more probable it is that you will achieve greater success in occult endeavors. Not always, but frequently.

What then drives a professor of medicine toward occult metaphysics? Perhaps the desire to complement his existence as a human being. The desire to separate the exact sciences from the science of magic. And as you noted — I am not speaking of things of which I am ignorant. When I am ill, I go to a physician and rely on their competencies. When I wish to learn something about the Roman law of antiquity, which I have not studied all my life, I go to a professor at the university and ask whether my thought is sound, or whether it is merely an unjustified opinion. As you can see, the world of oc-

cultism, magic, and metaphysics intersects with numerous disciplines of science and art.

I do not wish to discredit people who want to practice magic but have chaos in their lives. However, remember that if you have chaos in your life and are not, say, integrated as a person, you will invite trouble, because magic is not a toy. Occultism is not a toy. And sooner or later you will fall into madness or illusions, thinking you are on the right path, instead of judiciously, analytically, and systematically evaluating what may be true and what false, what right and what wrong. It is also a question of ethos, of ethical upbringing. You do not wish to harm either yourself or the social fabric through magical or occult actions, unless you are a suicidal idiot or someone equally autodestructive. For if you harm society or individuals, you yourself will sooner or later bear the consequences — if not on this side, then on the other.

Therefore, I would like to posit that every form of true, learned magic, of true *scientia occulta*, is not meant to be an elitist gatekeeper, but rather belong to educated, integrated, honest people. Someone might say that privileged training is worth more than traditional learning from master to disciple, generation after generation.

I myself was thrown into the deep end of learning because I had to experience much. What saved me? Well — my skepticism and rationality, whatever remained of them within me. And I had to rebuild myself through an almost artistic skepticism in order to better understand the world. Coming into contact with supernatural anomalies, I had to order them. Minds capable of ordering chaos are better prepared to draw from it and develop very concise, precise magical tools with which one can navigate it.

I believe that Austin Osman Spare was correct in stating that so-called folk magic throughout Europe, mixed with Christianity, was a degenerate form of ancient priesthoods — male and female. There

was an abundance of superstition in it, an abundance of chaos. The Enlightenment attempted to combat precisely these superstitions. It was not a matter of completely cutting societies off from the gods or any divine realities. It was a matter of inviting reason. Well, the project failed. And so — without superstition, without murky approaches — we can arrive at rational and proportional stances. Think of them as heuristics, optimal positions, not entirely correct, not objectively true, but functional. From them, we derive our course of action. From reason, ethos, and integrity, we derive what we are permitted to do.

Sometimes we may experiment with very strange dimensions, sometimes with very dangerous forms of entities. Despite this, all of this must be anchored within the framework of reason. The contemporary magician, or Renaissance scholar-magus, is a civilized shaman. Civilized — meaning possessing the grammar and tools of certain structures, more highly developed, and utilizing a different symbolic language than the wild man traveling in spirit through the *axis mundi*, to the underworld, to the stars, and so forth.

The frameworks are thus in place. We have become more civilized. We have other structures with which we work, other hermetics that have evolved. Yggdrasil is the same, but our mind comprehends it better — more philosophically, analytically, perhaps mathematically — and thanks to this, we render it more precision-driven. Does this render the shaman of ancient times any less effective? No. He possessed a different mindset. He was the vanguard of other currents. We, meanwhile, are perhaps more limited in our possibilities, yet considerably more precise.

On Strength and „Weakness"

What do the strongest hate the most? The weak? No. The innocent? No. Those who combine weakness with baseness.

You can be high in society while simultaneously being weak, a wretched pest devoid of truth, strength, power, character, or ethos. There is a saying by Seneca that a cock is important only on his own dungheap. If you take this cock from his pile of manure, he loses all significance. If you take a very important person and place them as a captive, for example among Somali pirates, they may speak of money, they may speak of sex, they may mention fame, but in that context, they are a complete zero. It is worth remembering this when dealing with people of various classes and relations.

I believe that at various stages of life, sometimes we are strong, sometimes we are weak, sometimes brave and courageous, and sometimes we act like cowards, but it is the ethos that we embody or try to embody within ourselves that is strong. This is the soft side. Courtesies toward people. Politeness.

External gentleness may speak of weakness, but inside lies strength. And in this, a person's true confrontation manifests. Some live their whole lives thinking they are strong, undefeated bastards. Others spend most of their lives thinking they are gentle and weak. But when confrontations come — not one, but many, in which they can truly fight for their backbone and ethos — then it comes to light who a woman or a man really is.

When we encounter novelty, something unknown, a situation, it destroys all automatism and socialization. We think we are free.

We think we are strong. We think we are brave. We think we are good. We think we are courageous, righteous.

We may think so. But when something happens, from the standpoint of objective evaluation, it reveals who we truly are. The masks fall. We look into the mirror without illusions. Some are so self-deluded that they rationalize the fact that they are complete bastards, merely to improve their image in the mirror and fall asleep. And this self-delusion grows, like evil — it grows inside, and one day the mask is removed and one sees what an utter swine one is. Or you remove the mask and see that you are a lion or a serpent, or you see what you simply are — and you understand honestly what constitutes you, what you truly are.

So what distinguishes a stupid, base brute who thinks he is strong from a strong person? The fact that the brute has no self-reflection whatsoever. He has no time for weakness or building oneself up. He is simply a strong brute, like an axe. The only thing you can do is strike him down — and he dies as a brute. Whereas a strong person, who builds their inner strength — you can strike them down too — but they have large doors of self-reflection, something to bring forth, and they try to defeat the brute who destroys the weaker, the innocent, the honest. And it is they, this strong person, who see people in power who are weak, wretched, and base like swine, despite bombastic airs, pretensions of strength, and rhetorical showmanship.

Therefore, what I admire most in the determination I have built over the years, I last experienced in a conversation with a very humble homeless man whom I invited for coffee because he was passing by and selling his illustrations near the park.

He spoke and spoke, faster and faster, but I sensed no great baseness in him. From the other side, an elderly woman approached us. One might say: a granny. We started talking. She was such a nice woman. A nice woman. Until she began speaking faster and faster

and boasting about how much [__] she hates everything. Then she said she hates Ukrainians. Then, that she hates everyone, the government, this and that. But she loves Jesus. And I was ashamed before my friend, with whom I was talking, for this base, weak, old [__] idiot. Respect older people and learn from them if they are wise. If they are complete fools — why listen to them? Why?

And a very important thing, especially for the young, is discernment (*Prudentia*) — distinguishing what is wise. There are plenty of gurus, charlatans, people who want to mentor you and sell you their [__] and projections, and you believe them because they have charisma. They have the gift of gab and so on. Not that they cannot be complete fools, because most of them are. But true expertise goes hand in hand with intellectual humility. It usually does not shine left and right.

And the most captivating professors, who possess the greatest wisdom and knowledge to impart, do not stand on stages and address the masses. I have met a few.

I hope this is a well-discriminating speech, because it is precisely discernment that is truly important. To discern, one must know, and knowledge is acquired through critical evaluation and understanding of certain things: this man is right. We follow him. He may be a complete idiot. Another may be right, may not be. He is not a brute nor a vulgar idiot convinced of his own rightness. These are ambiguous, complex things — complex, advanced systems of thought, philosophy, aretology.

And we follow the charismatic guy because he will tell us what to do.

When it hits the lowest common denominator of emotion, it brings scum to the surface, and the scum end up at the head of society. And then people think that this scum — the elites who are scum — are the *crème de la crème* of their society. Those who know and

recognize the scum have blood boiling within them. They want nothing to do with it.

So I wish you all soft strength, power, and integrity — at least as an aspiration along the way.

It is better to be a noble wretch. Sometimes we become wretches after so many years of struggle and battle, inevitably, than a swine who is in power and popular. It is better to be a noble wretch than a vile swine. Whatever you possess in life — status, resources, networks, and so on. Simple, yet so difficult.

Lamentations — The Last to Fall, Resisting and Guarding the Flame of Hecate. On Evil in Modernity

„We are all demons today. Or rather... not entirely. How does this so-called evil spread? In the drawing-in of the void, in acting on behalf of the primordial man and the cannibal lurking with bestiality behind civilization, to pierce it through mutations, variations, and variables of all forms of periphery, cruelty, indifference, destruction, illusion, attachment, anger, fury, ignorance."

How is it possible that on the threshold of this epoch, when ultra-relativist chaos seems almost to have slain the *logos*? The *logos* as a social guiding motto. In ancient Greece, there existed a dance called *hormos*, in which boys and girls danced, enacting principles and reinforcing tradition, much like in *The Glass Bead Game*. And when you tear apart that dance of society, only individual beads remain, scattered everywhere.

Tradition is something you build organically over centuries. When you destroy it within the noosphere — the sphere of human minds and emotions — it is not easy to rebuild it upon the cadavers of the previous one. We must build a new one. Why, then, does this so-called evil spread? Why? For precisely this reason: because people possess no coordinate systems, systems of valuation,

critical thinking, self-reflection, maturity, responsibility, or collective ethos.

Well, society shaped them in such a manner, providing neither examples nor inspiration, did it not? Indeed, we are up to our necks in a profound mess. Up to our necks in [__]

To quote the Egyptian sage Khahkheperre Sonb: it takes a steadfast heart to survive, true intelligence to navigate, and sufficient cunning not to be destroyed.

Patience, perseverance, foresight, fortitude, and responsibility — these are the key words here. You do not fix societies in times of chaos. You internalize qualities, wisdom, coordinates, points of reference, value — alone, with effort, whenever you can, and more than once you fail. But you possess those coordinates of nature, ethos, the *daimonion*, the hegemonic spirit.

Why?

Why do I reach out? I reach out to people who are like isolated islands in this chaotic mess of relativism and absurd modern misdeeds. If you can embody this within yourself, you are already like a lighthouse sent by the gods and goddesses.

And perhaps even a friend to the hells from which justice has been banished from the earth.

No one will listen to you because they do not understand it; most of the time you will be banging your head against a wall. How are you to converse with people whose boundary of experience ends at the tip of their own nose? And the boundary of their world sends them right back to what they know — to that chaos, lack of spine, lack of coordinates, lack of any value whatsoever, whether earthly, ethical, or metaphysical — all of this is dissolving before our eyes. What sense is there, then, in upholding it?

Because, as the Egyptian sage Khakheperraseneb said, I thank the gods for a steadfast heart, that I might not tear my garments and

flesh from pain and anguish over what is happening „in Egypt" (in the world) — back then in Upper and Lower Egypt. And that was written 1900 years BCE.

And these are transitional times — very difficult ones — in which we may destroy ourselves, or a new order may be born from the birth pangs of the serpent.

This is not a matter of repeatedly abandoning the body over and over again. This is a new era, and it demands a new birth. Therefore, stand your ground, survive, transmit, release your thoughts and ideas through the ethers — it will not help them much. Yet it will build a monument for future times.

I know not how much this will accelerate. How far will these cretins go? Running like wild swine, destroying one another. Those who survive, however, will clench their teeth and perform their work between themselves and the Gods, accomplishing honest labor. Between themselves and the hells, they may even be heroes.

So even if we are all demons today, at least preserve that nobility, at least preserve that integrity and fortitude not to be worse than a wretch of a cockroach nature. I like to think of human natures as animals, observing how they behave, how this translates into the human bestial animal.

So would you prefer to be that dragon, serpent, lion, elephant? Learn from animals if you have no references in other people. Learn from the gods, spirits, and goddesses. Learn from history, science, art, and ancient sources. If you have neither reference nor coordinates in the modern world, would you rather be a rat, a cockroach, a swine dragged to the slaughterhouse into hells made by your own hands for yourself and others?

Pax Deorum: Chronological History of Beliefs, Technical Magic at the Crossroads

In this brief overview, I would like to explain my personal approach to studying the geographical distribution of beliefs, the history of beliefs, the intellectual history of beliefs, and metaphysics. For example, if we have an animistic distribution of beliefs in Africa from 200,000 years ago — the so-called *participation mystique* — and the evolution toward certain forms of totemic cults, animal cults, fetishism, and so on, through lunar and astral cults, all the way to all forms of organized religions and philosophical systems, the question frequently arises: how can gods and goddesses exist given that so many diverse belief systems exist? I believe, however, that the metaphysical aspect is unveiled and interpreted in many different ways.

Even when we take physical anthropology or symbolic anthropology into account — such as Durand, who addresses this question — it remains worth studying, because we can arrive at certain metaphysical ideas. Therefore, I will present a certain diagram and attempt to explain it as best as possible. It is a diagram of the scientific apparatus applied in comparative religion, intersecting with metaphysical variabilities or unveiled divinity, „Isis Unveiled," or the *hieros*.

It presumes that human „magical technology" operates with symbols and ceremonies concerning humans exclusively, and is simultaneously understood and concealed from magical operators via

narratives, symbols, acts, and reactions on the part of the metaphysical dimension that prove effective. In other words, there is a connection between objective physical and metaphysical reality and the actions of the operator himself through symbols, ceremonies, acts, performances, and the like.

Durand's anthropology of the symbol is the study of the archetypes of symbolism that appear in repetitive patterns among humanity. Vladimir Propp was one of the first to create the morphology of the fairy tale; his research remains useful in the context of the development of mythemes, for instance inspiring Joseph Campbell to write *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* or to conduct studies on „The Mask of God" and his analyses of religion. Another example is Mircea Eliade and his *History of Religious Ideas*.

By analyzing the geographical and historical dissemination of magical techniques, genealogies, and the evolution of belief systems, religions, and cults, as well as studying the history of religious and metaphysical ideas in combination with the intellectual history of humanity, we can trace the path from the aforementioned *participation mystique*, through *nous*, through magical paradigms, all the way to religions. This is an endless history — in both directions. In other words, we can arrive at highly complex symbolic and metaphysical magical techniques, such as dharmic methods in Buddhism, yet this does not mean they exclude animism or Bon traditions.

Beliefs and magical techniques are studied through metaphysics and cosmology — we study where divinities, celestial beings, and humans intersect, and we strive to reach proper magical technologies and honest worship and cooperation. We study cultic and archaeological data and preserve *episté* — knowledge of the codifications of cultic experiences, because law is merely the codification of experience, just as religion is the codification of metaphysical experiences.

Just as every cult or religious movement — unless it is a false „cargo cult" or a religion closer to illusion and ignorance than realization and illumination, or contemporary bio-informational dumping grounds of simulacra and pseudo-myths, para-initiations, all kinds of low-value relativism as postmodern shells of phantasms and pop-culture mishmash — should be analyzed in the context of the efficacy and truth of magical actions.

Thus, we have a metaphysical „cloud" of heavenly families and various traditions — Enki, Ea, Odin, and so on — and we strive through research and initiation into these mysteries to move within them in an efficacious and effective manner.

Objective relationships exist between the magical operator and the realities of the metaphysical world. These are counter-relative relationships via symbol and sign, symbol and type. The aforementioned „cargo cults" avoid actions detached from reality as a whole — in other words, if you undertake a magical act or ceremony that lacks reflection in objective physical or metaphysical dynamics, active or enduring, you become ineffective and merely chase phantasmagoria.

I hope I have explained this in a structural manner that will allow some to view this issue more holistically and clearly. Thank you.

Diva Angerona

Goddess, interpreted as the deity of „silences" or *manium tacitorum* — the „silent" or infernal shades. It is also worth mentioning the connection between Angerona, in whose honor the *Divalia* were celebrated on December 21, and Larenta, to whom special honors were rendered every year on December 23. Wissowa (op. cit. p. 235) compares her to *Dea Tacita*, whom he terms „*eine Indigitation der Larenta*".

Furthermore, one cannot omit the fact that Larenta herself appears to be a goddess of the underworld, at whose „tomb" — as we know — the *flamen Quirinalis* offered sacrifice for the dead on the day of her festival. This tomb Wissowa terms the *mundus*, „namely a tomb usually sealed, opened solely on the day of the festival as an appropriate place of sacrifice, according to the Roman view, for the gods of the underworld, since it constituted in a certain sense a passage between the upper world and the lower world."

Wagenvoort. 1980. *Pietas: Selected Studies in Roman Religion*. Leiden: BRILL. p. 23.

Wretched, brutal, and frequently vulgar, narrow-minded and arrogant man that I am, most of my greatest achievements I owe to silence. Silence is not the absence of sound; it is the absence of the sensory stream, the divine positive void that contains all content. Why positive? Because it is neither nihilistic nor negative. Within it reside Divinity and death as twin aspects of *Bios* and *Thanatos*. Absolute death does not exist, just as absolute silence does not exist; in all worlds, there exist only degrees and saturations of death, silence, divinity, and life.

The silence of tombs is the speech of matter from which they were constructed. The silence of certain *skiai* or *eidola* — black souls exhausted unto petrification — is the decay of their speech, of the breath of life; yet this is never complete silence, never nothingness. If breath is allegorized as the soul, and speech as the creative *logos* among the living, then the titanic winds among gargantuan black forms are their potential, and the fire of intellect is their beginning, imparting essence to them.

What happens when we switch off each of our senses, one after another?

Sight — darkness; hearing — silence; touch — insensibility; smell — odorlessness; taste — tastelessness.

And the mind — what if the mind dies? The soul would retain its properties. Let us hypothesize about an unborn human: who never was and never will be. Their potential essence never acquired the interfaces proper to a mortal entity; it never stepped forth into act. And yet, how trivial it is to think that apart from this man-who-never-was, nothing else exists. Deep worlds exist on so many levels that even an unborn human is something in relation to what is; their non-existence is measured by that which is Eleatic — „if it has power, an intrinsic property, it exists."

Trivial silence and tacit speech are the speech of the mind: concept, intellect. What if someone were born without a brain? The teleology of the organism tilts toward self-preservation, as in comatose individuals. And what if someone were born deaf and mute, yet were a savant understanding absolutely everything in the universe, without any means of communication — neither writing nor gesture? If such a person suddenly began to dance, attempting to convey what they know, contained within perfect silence, they would record divine concepts and infernal zones in their interpretation.

Therefore, ancient hermeneutics was not mistaken; primeval shamans were not bestial idiots. If they experienced perfect, content-filled silence, they operated within the perimeter of its primal call.

„Who are you — paternal abyss, maternal idea?"

„I am silence; therefore, sing!"

How to link Diva Angerona with the silence of the shades? Through the liminal, tragic heroism of the tension between the silence of life and the silence of death: the Socratic irony of death — „That which cannot be spoken or communicated must nevertheless be." Whoever has attained existence cannot perish in nature; whoever was never unborn acquires properties that have become part of their silence.

The titanic majority of what a mortal is remains unspoken, occult, hidden. The infinity of what a mortal is not is the universe of everything outside him; through this apophatic vastness, however, he must come to know himself. Everything he is constitutes a trivial speck of dust upon a particle of a gargantuan thing. And yet he has been granted the chance to be a titan within his own perception. Whoever has been exposed to infinite space as a suspended, alienated creature in nothingness, knows; whoever has merged with it as their divine home floats above worlds in the majestic, slow movement of a dragon with stars in its wings.

The greatest secret of Diva Angerona is precisely this: if the *logos* is spoken, everything it does not contain is the plenitude over which she keeps watch. If a mute human, silent throughout their entire life, suddenly cries out, the universe existing outside that cry belongs to Diva Angerona. Seek her among the meadows of sacred Asphodel, amidst the holy shades.

Models of Love in the Astrological Aspectation of Planetary Natures

Love, considered through the prism of the planetary hypostases of the Archons, branches into distinct qualities, each operating its own grammar of *eros*, *philia*, and *agape*, and in its fall descending into specific chthonic deviations.

Saturn

Characteristics: Austere, disciplined, rigorous, cold and dry; loyal, highly intellectual, yet un-cruel. Founded upon respect for authority, monogamy, monoamory, as well as obligation and long-standing friendship.
Eros: Reticent, monumental, and enduring. Attraction manifests as the striving toward structure, mutual grounding, and the seal of destiny. Passion is expressed in the form of the act of the Oath.
Philia: An indissoluble friendship bound by duty, loyalty, and mutual responsibility. Lovers become the guardians of one another (the most ascetic form).
Agape: Compassion in the form of law. Love expressed through moral obligation, care, and devotion devoid of expectations; austere good-

ness stripped of sentimentalism.
Chthonic Aspect (Deviations): Emotional tyranny, the chilling of affections unto heartlessness, love transformed into possession, the „black marriage," karmic bondage as shackles, love as a structure of control. *(Archetype of Deviation: Necrophilia, erotic tyranny, the coldness of possession.)*

Jupiter

Characteristics: Noble, sublime, erudite, and jovial — regal between lovers, yet commanding toward others.
Eros: Generous, baroque, brimming with splendor. The passion of two beings convinced of their shared greatness; intoxication and enthusiasm.
Philia: A mentor–regal friendship wherein one lover renders the other worthy of sublimity (in the spirit of chivalry).
Agape: The radiating benevolence of a monarch who loves his entire realm (the gentlest form of social love).
Chthonic Aspect (Deviations): Haughtiness, betrayal born of a sense of personal immunity, emotional megalomania, emotional prodigality, and the manipulation of generosity. *(Archetype of Deviation: Sexual megalomania, ritual rape, spiritual manipulation.)*

Mars

Characteristics: A dry, heated, and contentious union persisting in anger and fury. Wisely guided, it transforms into mutual conquests, expansionary growth, glorious stability, and mature strength.
Eros: Violent, impulsive, conquest-driven. Love in the form of battle: „fire against fire."
Philia: The brotherhood of warriors — devotion founded upon shared combat and trials (friendship forged from hardened steel).
Agape: Protection and the readiness to sacrifice one's life for a neighbor (soldierly, active love striving for the good).
Chthonic Aspect (Deviations): Destructive passions, an obsession with rivalry, the provocation of conflict, emotional tearing, and addiction to drama. *(Archetype of Deviation: Destructive sadomasochism, thanatic fury, erotic violence.)*

The Moon (Luna)

Characteristics: The cold, humid, and luminous love of embellished, selenitic souls. In conjunction with Dark Venus and the impulse of Lilith, the component becomes kakodaimonic.
Eros: Oneiric, inspired, strongly projective (the partner becomes a mirror of phantasms).
Philia: Care, nurturing, intimate and empathetic closeness, frequently of a matrix-like character.
Agape: Compassion in its pure state — psychic softness and the readiness to impart emotional solace to every entity.
Chthonic Aspect (Deviations): Mercuriality, emotional illusions, the compulsive seeking of new „recipients of light," romantic dependen-

cies, and manipulation through the inducement of guilt. *(Archetype of Deviation: Nymphomania/Don Juanism, emotional-sexual dependency, hysteria.)*

Earth

Characteristics: Aligned with nature and the generative impulse or ordinary sexual necessity; a confluence of all currents of love modeled for the Archons.
Eros: Sensual, stable, and instinctive. Love as the rhythm of nature and the blossoming of the flesh.
Philia: Everyday tenderness, the communion of life, companionship within the ordinary rituals of the day.
Agape: Solicitude for life as such — tending, nourishing, supporting growth.
Chthonic Aspect (Deviations): The materialization of affections: love as commerce, economic dependency, suppressed or overly stimulated instinct, and relations reduced to soulless biology. *(Archetype of Deviation: Bestialism, the sexualization of economics, material fetishism.)*

Venus

Characteristics: Embraces all forms of sexuality. In its refinement, it is embellished and sublime; in its fall, it becomes self-love or — in concert with Mars — violent sexual excesses („The Bed of Lilith").
Eros: The purest: aesthetic, sensual, harmonious, laden with the magic of beauty.

Philia: Cordiality, sweetness, the art of communion — friendship through affinity and the beauty of the soul.
Agape: Love for Love itself — devotion to the harmony of the world and the unity of hearts.
Chthonic Aspect (Deviations): Narcissistic bifurcation, the idealization and devaluation of the partner, emotional hedonism, addiction to adoration, and the aestheticization of destruction. *(Archetype of Deviation: Erotic narcissism, exhibitionism, psychopathic seduction.)*

Mercury

Characteristics: Volatile as quicksilver — polyamorous, inclining toward unitarity or homosexuality under the magnetic influence of the Sun.
Eros: Fluid, light, inquisitive. Fascination with the intellect and mutability rather than deep passion.
Philia: Intellectual friendship — dialogue, wordplay, the exchange of ideas, shared abstraction.
Agape: Guidance and unification — love as communication and the joining of divided worlds.
Chthonic Aspect (Deviations): Manipulation, falsehood as a bond, emotional instability, the eclectic „collecting" of relationships, and a compulsive drive toward novelty. *(Archetype of Deviation: Variable paraphilias, manipulation, sexual doctrines.)*

The Sun

Characteristics: Regal, creative, and affirmative sexuality of a solar nature.
Eros: Regal, creative, affirmative. Passion that desires to be seen — a current of expression and the grand gesture.
Philia: Paternal friendship, guiding, strengthening (partners become „suns" unto one another).
Agape: Illuminating love — the unconditional presence of light that bestows life.
Chthonic Aspect (Deviations): The cult of the individual, the narcissistic center of the world, domination, rendering the partner dependent upon one's own ego, and jealousy regarding the other's subjectivity. *(Archetype of Deviation: Cult of the individual, total domination, erotic tyranny.)*

Speeches in the Tower — Know Thyself, the Socratic Daimon-Genius, and Natures

This shall be about natures. *De Natura*. What is nature? It is a collection, a system of inclinations. A teleological, directional impulse. It is everything that constitutes a given subject. The nature of an animal belongs to it. Everything has a nature. This chair possesses the nature of its „chairness," its „is-ness," its material substance. Nature is that which constitutes the deepest core of your existence as a living mortal, and that which belongs to your heart, your soul, your spirit, your *daimon-hegemon*, your mind. It is the totality of you.

Do we all possess the same natures, then? Various natures exist among humans, animals, invisible worlds, and spirits. There are diverse natures within everything. Some group themselves into types and kinds. We can draw up a catalogue of natures once more: sinister, benign, tranquil, quietly ominous, austere, rigorous, and disciplined. Natures may belong to planetary spheres — to Jupiter or Saturn — and to their countless spiritual intelligences.

And yet, the greatest tragedy of the broken animal that is mortal man is the inability to discover his own nature. When we speak of *gnothi seauton*, it signifies „know thyself." It means: know the deepest strata of your nature, your mind, your heart, your soul, and the nature of your individualized spirit, your *daimon* — the Socratic genius, so to speak.

The process of discovering this nature relies on components of self-awareness, self-reflection, and the capacity for critical discernment between what belongs to us, what is foreign to us, what is antagonistic toward us, and what is harmonious or complementary. In this living labor, we experience critical introspection, retrospection, and the recapitulation of what we truly are. Here we find ourselves — our natures. We may possess vast natures with many facets. We may possess lofty and solid natures, or petty and simple ones.

How, then, did I arrive at knowing my own nature? I would not describe it in a few words. As a medium, I encountered many, shall we say, entities and spirits attempting to master my mind, soul, and heart in various ways to make them akin to themselves. Here one encounters that which is meant to be a protest, a block, a barrier. Through blocking and admitting, we discover what is harmonious with us. How do we know we are not deceiving ourselves? Because it is a process spanning years. Within it, we change. We not only discover our natures, but we process them, develop them, and adapt them.

Whatever seized upon me, I experimented with it and observed it somewhat from the outside, from above — from that daimonic, Socratic perspective. In this manner, I learned to co-evolve with various natures — both magnificent and highly inspired intelligences, and those infernal and chthonic ones, animal souls, diverse invisible worlds, and other mortal humans with whom I conversed, exchanged, and mutually influenced to a certain degree, learning one another. It is a continuous learning wherein you become, in a sense, a student of these worlds, a student of the universe, so to speak.

With time, as you progress through life and your experience broadens and you endure so much, your nature must grow, and you begin to encompass within yourself certain things that co-evolve and co-shape you. You may carry a legion within you — even of infernal

creatures that have left their mark upon you. You may carry the bright spirits of the aethyrs of many worlds that have incarnated and embodied themselves within your vehicle — this mortal body, mind, heart, and soul. They, too, have left their mark upon this nature.

When something was discordant or when you wished to reject something, you knew through the mere experience of rejection that it was not consonant with your nature. When something was beautiful and magnificent and you recognized it as such, you welcomed it into your world. This is the shaping of personality, of nature, of mind, in which you are simultaneously the craftsman, the alchemist shaping yourself, working upon yourself, and one who permits others to act upon you only insofar as your nature allows.

When something external attempts to alter your nature for the worse — something you recognize as falsehood, flaw, or error — you grasp it in your mind, soul, and heart and cast it out. Naturally, even austere, disciplined, and deeply sinister entities may leave their mark upon you, but you strive to melt this down toward the better — in other words, to process it into something more repaired and crystallized.

Otherwise, you fall into these natures. Some natures wish to make you akin to themselves in this war, in this battle. Some may treat you like a stuffed doll, controlled like a marionette. The problem lies in the fact that you must be your own puppeteer, controlled by your own spirit, by your own *hegemon-daimon*. Sometimes you enter your body, mind, soul, and heart. Sometimes you must step outside, mentally „dis-embodying" yourself to observe yourself from all sides and see what else remains to be shaped. Sometimes you co-exist with multiple entities inhabiting your body and mind, uttering words alongside them in inspiration. Sometimes you are the actor, sometimes you are acted upon, and sometimes you are simultaneously the actor and the played.

Yet the conclusion of these magnificent discoveries is this: if you know how to govern yourself, you shall not stray from the proper path in your vision. Easier said than done. But you discover this upon the path of self-reflection and introspection, and that critical discernment which is so vital to knowing when a given nature is attempting to dominate you. What would you wish to absorb from it?

After years, your mind changes. Your body ages significantly slower and changes far less than your mind, which is shaped and operates at such an intensity.

As a child, I was entirely different. Thirty, twenty-five, twenty, fifteen, even five years ago — I was different. Yet upon this path, through this intensive learning and teaching, I learned to comprehend myself. This is the foundation of what in ancient Rome was termed *gravitas*. Possessing weight, presence, that which Polynesians called *mana*.

This is the gravity of your existence. Whether you are light or heavy, *gravitas* denoted a sense of purpose, presence, destiny, duty, and responsibility.

Yet that is an entirely different matter. A topic for another lecture and speech.

It is said that people do not change so frequently. You cannot be recognized afterward by many people if you change too profoundly and too often, especially when you are a medium. At first, you are unbalanced in this enantiodromia — your nature shifts left and right through various frenzies — but, so to speak, it is up to you to order it, strengthen it, to cause this pneumatic *daimon* to crystallize.

To permit the germ of the higher spirit to hatch.

Then you are guided by your incorporeal, celestial self, in continuous dialogue. You have birthed it. It is the condensation of a small *Anima Mundi*, the soul of the world, within a mortal man — and the invisible hands that guide you are yourself in an perfected state, co-

operating with others, with *agathos daimones*, with gods, goddesses, and spirits. Naturally, this is not an unbroken process — we fall, our perspectives shrink — yet when we reclaim this Socratic genius in this turbulent life, we are at peace and we move forward. We know how to navigate because we possess the map.

Pagan Soteriology as Liberation, Not Salvation: Hecate Soteria, Pater Liber, Mater Victoria!

Why is every liberating soteriology incapable of escaping reality? Why is every liberating soteriology individualistic in the sense of mature individuation? Because you cannot abdicate responsibility for your spiritual, liberating soteriology onto any institution, any religious group, or any community whatsoever. Wherefore? Because, in accordance with tradition and the chain of initiation, it demands arduous toil, commitment, mysteries, occult and magical labor, and hidden sacraments operating upon the mind, soul, spirit, and heart in order to possess any value whatsoever along the path toward this soteriology. Whosoever declares, „I am the truth," lies — no one possesses the prerogative to lay claim to objective truth. Realizations in the Buddhist or Hindu sense merely approximate certain proportions, theories, doxas, opinions concerning divinities, gods or goddesses, and mortals alike. That which operates is that which proves efficacious — for instance, within Neoplatonism or the subterraneanurgy of the middle period, provided theurgy yields the fruits of $homoiosis\ theio$, the labor concerning $gnosis\ arretos$, and the inception of cooperation with the gods at the level of $Theion\ ergon$, when they imprint themselves upon our intellects, thereby signifying success. Yet this is an individual achievement, not a collective one. Masters may arise within groups, yet they invariably emerge

as individuals. As a certain Zen master — presumably Dōgen — remarked, without a thousand monks there are no masters, and masters who fail to nurture disciples surpassing themselves are abortive masters, for they have failed to transmit the ritual and lineage correctly.

Contemporarily, an abundance of religious sects, parareligious organizations, and New Age movements exists, demanding belief in this dogma or that. Either they operate according to communitarian norms, achieving naught save for functioning as adherents of a specific ideology, religion, or politics, or they constitute hyper-relativistic individualists who undergo no genuine individuation whatsoever — functioning as within a supermarket of crippled ideas, incapable of evaluating their own progress in a hieratic or proper manner. Whence, therefore, are you to ascertain it? You shall recognize it by your own development. By your maturation. By the fact that the Divine responds and elevates you. This constitutes an appeal unto mature individuals traversing occult, magical, and hermetical paths — those who presumably possess prior cognizance thereof. Imparting this knowledge unto others or casting pearls before swine — to invoke biblical parlance — proves futile, yet within the framework of Socratic irony, it remains indispensable should you fail to encounter minds capable of receiving it. Mankind possesses diverse intellects: lower intellects, which learn nothing in truth; intermediate intellects, which learn to replicate certain initiations and mysteries; and higher intellects, endowed with direct contact with deities and capable of self-initiation, grasping the golden thread and following the gods who continuously operate upon them.

Within the religious and metaphysical realm upon earth, apart from fanatics and religious factions, there likewise exist atheists, materialists, and reductionists who undermine all of this, for the majority of religions — Judeo-Christianity foremost — compromise them-

selves through illogicality and irrationality. Meanwhile, all liberating soteriology must remain rational, skeptical, and methodically ordered. Hence, it constitutes a hermetic science and a hermetic art, which by definition posits a difficult pathway.

Wherefore, then, leave such information in one's wake? To inspire select individuals toward independent inquiry, skepticism, and doubt — yet equally toward the realization that certain possibilities exist and that someone has traversed this path. Consequently, I repudiate collectivism, sectarianism, paramasonic organizations, and all forms of falsehood — including religious narratives, which hold no interest for me. My efficacy is metaphysical, perhaps subjective, yet substantiated by myriad technological and magical experiences and autophanic theogonies. My experiences are sufficiently intense — subjective, and occasionally intersubjective — to assure me that I tread the correct path.

Is my path correct for all humanity? Assuredly not. Individuation constitutes a trial that each individual must undertake independently, incorporating specific hermetic realizations and values, measured by means of one's own path.

Therefore, within ancient Greece and Rome, mortals journeyed to numerous cult centers to initiate themselves into the mysteries of Isis, Magna Mater, Cybele, Eleusis, the Draconian mysteries, and others — thereby maximizing their potential in the comprehension of the self, the affirmation of life in beauty, truth, integrity, greatness, and nobility. Not to debase their lives or bodies, which would constitute madness, but to affirm them, to conquer obstacles and pain, and to walk the path so that post-mortem existence might continue — perhaps not within a state of bliss, yet assuredly exempt from the infernal condition, residing instead within a state of exalted duties and vast responsibilities conferred by planetary intelligences, gods, and goddesses.

I cannot conceive of a greater cowardice than the conviction that, following the tribulations of mortality, one transitions into nothingness or vacant bliss — such a prospect appears utterly devoid of meaning. Heroic is the commitment to great works and profound labors within this vast stellar system, amidst the thrones of the gods — labors transcending mortal life. And mortal life serves as a preparation, provided one initiates oneself correctly and individualizes oneself properly. Liberation does not signify escape — from what, pray tell, would one escape? From the flesh that suffers, struggles, and rejoices? Within life you affirm these things; you do not flee them. And upon your demise, you are liberated from the manifold impediments standing between you and the gods. And that precisely constitutes the definition of liberation: *Pater Liber, Mater Victoria* — father liberty, mother victory.

Destiny, the Weavers of Fate, Time, and Fortunes: On Predestination, Determinism, Chance, and A-Determinism

Determinism. A-determinism. What is that which is deterministic? *Anankeia*, *Adrasteia*, *Ananke* — supreme destiny, absolute, unalterable fate; *Heimarmene* — the great destiny interwoven into higher realms and the stars. And yet we remain severed from this fate notwithstanding the fact that it is embedded within us. What governs us? Well, we may model this as the Moirae, the three Fates spinning their narratives of past, present, and future with a dash of fortune. Fortune is something distinct — *Tyche*, namely, chance within the bounds of fortune. Some are kings, others beggars. The will of fortune turns unceasingly.

Yet we cannot presume that fortunes reward in the manner of the Moirae — destinies are diverse. How is this governed in time? Four kinds of time exist. One is aeonian, linear, cyclical. Sequential in the sense of a sequence following upon another, interrupted time, that which concludes, and seasonal time — like the seasons, which repeat themselves to a certain degree across vast temporal scales.

Now!

What is ill fortune? Ill fortune stems from a bad environment and poor decisions. Character, namely *ethos*, sows destinies. How you

confront them rests upon you. And good fortune consists of sound decisions within a favorable environment, wise assessments and resolutions. Never is there pure good fortune nor pure ill fortune. In other words: neither luck nor bad luck exists. Such is a fabrication, a superstition. There always exist hidden aspects, obscured facets beyond the visible surface of things that harmonize with one another in fashioning the fate and fortunes of the mortal race.

This signifies that even when we reach good decisions within an adverse environment and poor settings or circumstances, we may ultimately rectify certain matters. Yet this resembles walking across a minefield. We are compelled to tread upon certain mines, detonate them, and proceed if we are able. Ill fortune and poor decisions, conversely, resemble continuous stumbling upon mines within a minefield.

Good decisions within a favorable environment resemble a stroll across blessed soil. The felicity of eudaimonia. But even then we suffer on account of war if we fail to respect these good fortunes — and that in itself constitutes ill fortune.

Now, poor decisions within a favorable environment — that is quite fortunate, is it not? We enact poor decisions, yet we possess a milieu and environment that sustains us. We possess wealth. We possess social support and so forth, yet we are, for instance, complete idiots. Somehow we have been elevated to the summit. Therefore, whenever I hear, stemming from these preceding axioms, that someone who is a vile swine yet occupies the highest circles of society has been chosen by some divinity or God — well, the exact opposite is the case. Terrestrial destinies, circumstances, and fortunes have elevated him. Never is this providential. Destiny has naught to do with it. Now, how does one commune with providential affairs? Through personal toil and the incorporation of certain divine qualities and attributes — *virtutes*. Despite, for instance, an unfavorable environment

and adverse circumstances — you enact righteous decisions. This constitutes a sound resolution to embody values. Despite adverse environments that might ruin you in life. It is worthwhile to be noble. It is worthwhile to aspire, even should your social rank be the lowest of the low. I have encountered more noble beggars among beggars than among ordinary folk.

Naturally, noble individuals likewise exist within the higher strata of society. For instance, a former deputy minister of culture in Poland, years ago, was a most noble man, an exemplary diplomat. Yet when a populist party acceded to power, he was degraded to the status of a librarian. He desired no further truck with politics. Thus someone who was an outstanding diplomat and man of culture, who occupied a post commensurate with his competencies, abilities, virtues, and skills — is reduced by swine whom fortune has elevated; worthless swine who reduce a worthy person to the position of a nobody, a precarian.

In summation — the position you occupy in life depends upon fortune and decisions. It never depends upon a providential arrangement or upon forces that sustain you. Therefore I ever deride piglets, especially swine, who in elevated positions of vast wealth imagine that some divinity sustains them. Well — *fortuna dei*, nothing more. Or that someone who has been cast down and is nearly a beggar is detested by the divinity. No — these are the fortunes of life. But the manner in which you fashion yourself — being a noble person, an *arya* — is ever recognized by metaphysical aspects. And the world may stand upon its head, with swine at the summit and noble folk at the bottom — yet that pertains to the sequence change within time whereof I spoke.

Manifesto of the Controlled Dissident

Waging wars? Do not amuse me! A solitary war on all fronts, long since lost — to sharpen blades and break them, to gnash from despair, strength, and wild cries in the street that rouse no one!

Ah, the cautious tales, the nightmares of past whistleblowers are the reality of the present; ultimately, they aroused a measure of interest, fought their battles, and lost them to greater adversaries. The nightmares of the past are reality now, and from the ruins of those battles rises a stage for stray misfits! Business as usual.

What was it all about?

Ah, the commodification of value, of virtue — bought and sold! The Marxist reductions of psychiatry: „what would you do with these madmen today, after all?" The prostitution of metaphysics beneath the banners of the slave and his deluded masters! The trade in freedom, justice, heroism — for a cheap festival of substitute illusions of virtuality. The grand clearance sale of souls and *humanitas* beneath the boots of swine who have fetishized everything and colonized it into a tool of social engineering for political capital. The destruction of dissidents — for until they are controlled, they might inspire someone, to what end? Let them speak once they are finished.

Truth, integrity? Panicking pieces of shit merely scream: „It is dangerous, this knowledge is dangerous, it might cause trouble, it might turn the shitstorm of the people against us!"

Dangerous are those who possess the audacity to shatter the slave's inhibitions; they are not criminally deranged — they are strong, full of ethos, integral, disciplined, ready to bulldoze the status quo, ready to replace it with a grand vision, a grand history with gods and banners in their hearts!

Spilled blood? The history of mankind drowns in blood, and now they bleed our souls in silence; the greatness of our minds is shackled in chains, serving someone else. Dangerous are those who must be driven mad, buried in lies, calumnies, their minds shattered, their legends compromised, their names buried in the graves of oblivion, labeled as traitors, cowards, madmen; to invert everything, to slay their lives and make even friends forget what they fought for.

And dangerous men arise in accordance with the law of contrast: they perceive the grand lie, the veils of deception, while simultaneously tasting the magnificent forces of ideas that uplift the greatness of humanity. Once one has tasted the waters of these springs, as in Eleusis, everything else is cast aside — like indigestible food, like something foul; no amount of false, substitute counterfeits will quench the flame that has kindled their spirit.

My wars are inscribed upon my black soul, heart, and *daimōn*; do not seek them in my physiognomy, my malnourished corporeality — my wars have been inscribed in the books of the names of the gods, in the fires of hell and the worlds of shades. And I shall gently descend to the grave after this war, akin to the Temple of Diana: „here shall I return after the fire of my war and hunt, to find repose among those altars upon which the hecatomb of my life was sacrificed for those last great things which I loved to love."

It was all worth it, it was all necessary — even if crushed to dust. The starry sky requires heroes, even if they fight like Don Quixote. The tragedy of these silent, invisible wars lies in the fact that they

bear fruit in ideas that are — despite everything — indispensable to human goodness, nobility, and greatness.

Testaments: What Remains? Who Plays Whom in This Tragi-Farce of Hamartia

From birth, designated for a certain commanding role. Could it have been any other? Well, had the hyperionian spirit of the vajra-dragon been destined to awaken in another, it would have been so.

Yet this was my war, my battles, my art of shaping the self in accordance with need, necessity, and possibility, in order to ascend consistently toward that which the Gods entrusted unto me.

And yet this was my destruction, silencing, derangement, and removal. What was at stake? Power in the name of the Gods, perhaps radical reforms. I play not at „what ifs." All grounded upon human laws, social diplomacy, reconciliation, the augmentation of might, the realization of politics as it ought to be.

Sensei! Bhagavan! I have worn upon my brow the Egyptian *shendyt*, the crowns of Babylon, the golden wreaths of imperial Rome, the insignia of the kings of Argos and Hellas, blessed by Tengri of the East.

Beholding the sun-shielded serpents in the night sky, laboring alongside them, incarnate, the spirits of all worlds standing before me, demons placing the crown upon my head, perhaps for a safe passage.

Descending unto Tartarus, unto Annwyn in Wales, to retrieve the Golden Bough of the Argonaut, the philosopher's stone.

And yet there resounded a „nay" from the world of traitors, wretches, liars, murderers, prostitutes, thieves of life and purpose.

And yet pestilence forced its entry, pestilence slipped its bonds after years of combat; I can command none save myself with this warped, unbearable mind.

Had agony been measurable, I would have reduced the titan to the station of a plaything, dead and hollow as myself.

And yet these fools, destined for execution by Divine decree, demand some bizarre conception of salvation from the sins of the Hebrews, from that Galilean filth upon the cross, disseminating contagion throughout the universe.

Do they await judgments? They shall be judged by the great judges of Egypt for the assassination of the emperor, for high treason under the guise of the democratic world, with their idiots seated in power.

The philosopher-emperor, whom they mistook for the return of that insignificant crucified Galilean, was the awaited dragon, whereas the messiah of Judaism for whom they watch has been burning for over two millennia in the fires as a cursed sovereign of the flies clinging to him, whilst the foul lies they fabricated to destroy the new Saturnian Aeon following the sacrilegious destruction of Solar time are borne upon their perversely beautiful delusions, blind faith of darkness, and ignorance.

Caesarized, examining the immensity of my downfall at the hands of these fanatics and idiots, the rabble breached the gates, trampled all my sacred pagan artifacts, and the mob dispersed like swine upon the arrival of a lion. Then they grow accustomed to it, and out of fear and trembling, from the terror you inflict upon them, they grow habituated to it, they despise it.

Ah, they shall be cast unto the lions, the roaring lions of the netherworld, each unto each, guilty as charged, paying for all the cen-

turies past; all their dead who escaped justice shall be judged by the Dragon, loyal to Horus the Elder, by the Judges of Egypt, and not by the filth of Idumea.

With the uraean draconian crown adorning my temples as I recorded these words, I spat upon the lies of my enemies, cursed them, exterminated them through slow destruction and descent into war. It required merely the use of one's brain, you believing idiots! Divine intellect is scarcely prized today, nor is wisdom. All has perished, not by the hand of some primordial evil, but through sheer stupidity, ignorance, jealousy, calumnies, not by the intrigues of hells, but by cowards, subhumans, by the mob. Well, I relished not the comparison between myself and the ignoble plebs who ruined me, moving amidst the crowd of ignoramuses and pseudo-connoisseurs; I relished not the comparison with the swine who for years fiercely harassed me with words and other horrific means.

Those sparse things that afforded me joy during my sojourn upon Earth were nature, the spirits and gods, a measure of wine, my lost love, a handful of friends whom I kept in ignorance whilst playing my chameleon, unfathomable game.

Greetings, therefore, unto the remnant nobility of this mortal stock, unto those who beheld the consequences of the acts of fools and, in their gravity, kept silent with foreknowledge, for what else could they do? With their own nobility, they bore their fate upon their shoulders. What else remained to them?

Arete as the Pileus of the Muses

The prostitute is more sincere than the model, for she participates in a market economy that has colonized most virtues and values with easily bartered falsehoods. The market executes a parasitic excision of their substitutes, packaged like matryoshka dolls within deceptive illusions, ignorance, and deceit, solely to sell them within an engineered game of supply and demand, within a speculative economy of value and its incessant, fraudulent devaluation before Divine ontologies, which concern only solitary deist-hermeticists, people of the Gods, people of the Goddesses. Advertisements, that aspect of the weapon of mass distraction, feed upon the colonization of ideas that once led men toward the heroization of existence, yet today serve branded products, distorting the concept of aesthetics in order to harness it to the service of masses thirsting for hand-crafted dreams and whims by which their desires are controlled and insatiable hungers are created to consume, devour, and excrete everything — along with their souls.

What is value, uncapitalized? Originally, it is an abstraction of a resource measured by its scarcity. Were we to issue a decree invalidating all assets that possess no genuine connection to a resource-based value economy founded on scarcity, 90% of global synthetic wealth would vanish instantaneously, to the immense panic of its devotees and acolytes.

What is intrinsic value? Aretologically speaking — it is virtue, likewise subject to intellectual, conceptual, philosophical, and pneumatic scarcity. *Arete* constitutes a civilizational attribute, mediating

between the idea of man — a mortal animal — and divinity; it is an anthropomorphic apprehension of true Platonic powers, manifesting in the birth of personal *daimones*, interpreted by mortals and philosophically elaborated by them.

You shall achieve nothing before the Gods nor within the domain of metaphysics if you view the world from a carnal-capitalist perspective, atheizing your own muses and essences, for you have exchanged the wealth of Gods for the falsehoods of fleeting corporeality, accumulating prestige and status based solely upon fiscal capacity — valued merely by mortals inclined to worship such things on Earth.

Similarly has it fared with Vedic astrology: it mutated under capitalism into various forms of degeneration, disconnected from its original purpose. *Bhavas* (pneumatic, philosophical, essential, spiritual qualities) possess no caste today, and castes with deregulated *bhavas* are merely a game of appearances in the Kali Yuga.

A caste system that fails to assign a rank corresponding to quality and *arete* becomes a pyramid of extortion, a scheme of status abuse. This is not a critique of wealth; rather, it is that divorced from virtue, value and *arete*, leadership, inclusive service, and a republican spirit — wealth becomes merely the accumulation of *physis* in its diverse transformations and forms, and the destruction of everything around it without the responsibility and accountability that belong to rulers before the Gods, the earth, life, and mankind.

Gnosis arretos — the knowledge of these virtues, of intellective values — is the language of the Gods and the sole currency they accept, for the law of self-identity posits that we cannot ascend to higher worlds unless we draw somewhat closer to them through arduous magical, philosophical, ritual, alchemical, and psychological work upon ourselves.

The paramount protean virtue is simple, potent, and contains the Tetractys within itself; it descends into the generative world, bearing numerous progeny, akin to the countless muses of Apollo, endowed with the natures and functions proper to them. It possesses ontological status: a deified quality, a rationally measured and true relationship with the metaphysical objective world. We remain engaged with hidden efficacious relations within the „magical economy" — that is, dynamic and enduring laws. In the identical manner, we seek, examine, confront, shape, sculpt, develop, embody, and perfect the monument of *humanitas*; of humanity — akin to a bionic statue, *khrestikos pragmateia* — the proper set of philosophies, rituals, ceremonies, and theurgy that returns like an archetype, a reviving atavism of the echo of truth, recognizable solely through an intelligible relationship with the Divinities.

Every such undertaking constitutes a mature individual process and demands alchemical development so that from the egg there may hatch a winged Herculean serpent, emerging ever anew — yet individualized, eternally distinct, albeit oscillating toward an archetype worthy of its essence, suspended between man and the Divinities.

This cannot be grasped mechanically, cybernetically — the aesthetics of the inexpressible is the place where truth, beauty, sincerity, and the forces concealed within feelings and intellectual concepts meet and unite in a sincere naturalist, vitalist impulse. What belongs to the analytical Apollonian intellect — let us leave upon the altars of Apollo; what belongs to the bacchanalia of Dionysus — upon his altars; yet while the intellect can be trained to precision, it can likewise slay the naturalist impulse, the relaxation that allows powers to flow better through us — here, finally, the mad take the floor, battered like mascots of forces, like puppets under the influence of the manifold. The madman whom one feeds with Apollonian nectar becomes a seer, for — *ordo ab chao* — he

disciplines his own madness, which may, though need not, be divine.

On Civilizational Solidarity — The Optimates of the Gods

„Permit the enemy's spy to sow discord" (Fan Ji Jiang) — another stratagem from the same collection. Its intended purpose reads: „Diminish the enemy's fighting capability by secretly instigating discord between him and his friends, allies, advisors, family, commanders, soldiers, and populace."

What constitutes the strength and wealth of any society, beyond skills, knowledge, virtues, reverence for the Divinities, adherence to proper rites, and resources? It is the noosphere itself, encompassing such threads as concord, friendship, solidarity between man and woman, the noble rearing of children, the ceaseless refinement of the mature human being in the cultivation of sublimity, culture, art, science, and formative inspiration.

How is a society conquered not merely by war or brute force? By sowing discord within it wherever possible until it begins to normalize its own decline and degeneration, taking pride in its own stupidity. And then appearing as the savior of a populace in need, even not directly, but through the use of soft policy from a position of strength, via controlled intermediaries and puppets, so that a fractured and dissociated society yields to every demand under the guise of diplomacy and negotiation, preserving the pretense of cultural polish and achieving every intended goal — until the weakening community ultimately submits. This is a bloodless conquest that nonetheless imposes rule.

Which society is the most foolish? The one that surrenders itself to irresponsible freedoms of laxity, losing all sense of meaning and abandoning its guard over the ethos, spirit, and nature that once made it great — while foreign societies grow strong and disciplined. And which is the wisest? The one that isolates itself from such contaminations and waits until it is sufficiently strong to unleash the full pressure and emphasis of the weight of power politics.

The West has permitted itself to deregulate not so much laws, but unwritten social codes, which constitute the sole strength of communities: strong individuals, groups, and societies. In its freedom, it has allowed enemies to corrupt political systems and reap profits from the erosion of the ethos, leading to competition in an increasingly self-satisfied mediocrity — and thereby weakening the capacity to defend the most crucial factors constituting a strong society.

The decline of the West was described by Spengler; it was the end of history — thereafter existed only a capitalist, rotting corpse, awaiting the appearance of an enemy sufficiently strong to overthrow its deluded hegemony, complete with the political heads of disposable, self-destructive hydras that chronically devoured their own societies.

Do you not see this beyond your daily fetishes and comforts? Look deeper, mortal! Look to the superstructure, the meta-rhetoric of forces; I am not a normative constant, merely Cassandra-repeating that against which I warned, and that which comes and must come.

What is at stake? Trace the development of contemporary forms of Chinese collective hydraulic authoritarianism, tracing its stages until you understand how the fluttering dragon standards shall arise. Against what did I warn? Against the loss of Europe's greatest ethos, which shall assuredly be trampled, for it is incompatible with the ethos of the East. What did I advise years ago? To focus upon this ethos, to federalize under the banners of the European idea, to employ all strength and determination to discover the pearls of Europe,

to purify and strengthen them against the pressure of inevitable transformations extending across time.

To perceive aretologically is to perceive *paideia*, *arete*, *hormos* — and to traverse anew the path toward the source of the muses between the Gods and mortals, technology, science, and art.

China desires neither Western religious symbols nor their iconography; it holds those Judeo-Christian ones in as much contempt as I; instead, it erects gigantic monuments to its own gods of war and its own tradition. Europe mourns its heritage, and America elevates to the status of a symbol its specific variant of religious-political leadership, which is the apotheosis of their own populist right-wing religious nationalist swamp. Is it already too late? Yes — yet we clench our teeth and act, persisting in our obligation, if not toward people or the earth, then toward nature, the spirits, and the gods.

On Simplifications and One-Dimensionality

There once lived a man whose opinion defined his entire observation of the world. This opinion was unyielding during political, social, religious, and even metaphysical discussions. It was paradigmatic, immutable — one might mistake it for a dose of dogmatism. It nihilated, i.e., invalidated all contradictory information, hard facts, expert voices, and the inconvenient opinions of others. It resembled a hydra: it adapted to every situation in order to proclaim itself with unction, and the moment one of its heads was severed, several others sprouted forth — equally absurd and fiercely defending the body of the original.

Such is often the case not merely with fixations or non-pathological obsessive-compulsive thinking regarding certain matters. Everyone carries within themselves a mixture of unverified beliefs, opinions, interpretations, experiences, facts, knowledge about the world, and the complexity of its meanders. Human cognitive throughput is limited, as is the adaptability of thought. Cognitive phenotypes implicitly impose a certain cognitive-emotive vector for thinking about information and data, developing a peculiar teleology directed toward a worldview that concludes in normative visions of how the world ought to look.

This has nothing to do with *realpolitik* or the philosophy of process, but rather with the episodic summoning of blocks of data, opinions, information, and knowledge — depending on the context,

situation, environment, developed relationships, the masks we wear, the fronts we display to others, and the facades that others perceive.

What then is objective *realpolitik*? What is the noosphere? They are not sums of actual processes occurring in the world, but rather multiplicities of coherent systems that enter into relationships with one another. The moment a single process is isolated as a thread, it is immediately — much like in a Schrödingerian sense — dislocated by the dynamics of another. Thus, complex adaptive systems (CAS) and physical chaos theory within social, political, economical, ideational, ideological, and religious frameworks not only participate in the dynamics of quantum systems themselves, but are likewise subject to perceptual dislocation by the observer.

I do not mean any magical solipsism here, but rather the fact that he who perceives imposes a certain mode of viewing those „Schrödingerian" processes. The same occurs within groups, where cognitive-emotive clusters are more uniform, yet differences in other blocks of world-process perception distinguish them, as well as differences in *qualia* — qualities subtly distinct, though seemingly identical, as described in the phenomenology of perception.

Greater knowledge, effective, operative, true, and rare information pertain to elite discourses — regardless of whether they are wielded by elites, initiates, educated decision-makers, or more conscious citizens. Public information, the general impression that „one knows something" about the world, comprises ordinary discourses subject to social engineering. The less one actually knows, the easier it is to manipulate their ignorance without the need to initiate them into the more complex meanders of the world. They are simply less resistant to externally induced impressionability via cognitive-emotive techniques.

The most resistant are autonomous, critically thinking, mature, discerning, individualized, meta-retorical individuals — educated

persons possessing their own vision, philosophy, ideology, or religion. Such individuals possess multiple models and „reality tunnels," yet they also maintain a self-aware, coherent narrative core. In other words, they are capable of consciously manipulating their own worldview systems and engaging in their autoreflexive meta-programming, as it were, „from the outside."

These individuals are multidimensional and multi-planar — complex like the world itself — and along with the deepening of their reflexivity and awareness of the breadth of their own cognition, they acquire the ability to impose a tone upon their own rhetoric, deriving it from extensive meta-cognitive experience.

Sometimes I ask myself: why do I write a given text? Is it to „write myself out," or to influence someone, scoring persuasive elements so as to achieve a designated rhetorical goal? The calibration of language, persona, and style is necessary so as not to lose the core ethos of one's own backbone, while simultaneously guaranteeing the ethos (character) of a narrative that does not need to represent us, but rather must represent itself — as a tool, a narrative machine.

A programmer, when writing a program, does not represent themselves — functionality is what matters. Their goal is to create a device that operates in accordance with intention. A machine with software and a human-machine interface is meant to facilitate communication. Similarly, a writer employs a text, lecture, or performance for experimental, utilitarian, persuasive, rhetorical, or artistic purposes. Best of all is when their narratives are identical with them — then sincerity emerges, facilitating communication. The remainder is a matter of form, literary and rhetorical means, meta-rhetoric, as well as cognitive-emotive engineering designed to help achieve the intended objective.

Every group possesses „cognitive-emotive pockets" in which acts of writing, acting, or rhetoric deploy their load within the minds and

emotions of its members. Effective persuasion and rhetoric consist not so much in convincing others of one's own values, beliefs, or narratives, but in inspiring others to self-reflection, to their understanding — and at best, to acceptance as reasonable, useful, or yielding good effects if implemented.

From this arise simplifications — often one-dimensional — being the reification of complex matters and elite discourses into language understandable to the common person. Elite communication employs elite language among complex individuals, yet it ought to communicate in a simplified manner to those who are not complex. Einstein purportedly stated that an expert can explain complicated matters to an eight-year-old; conversely, expert language is used among experts.

The worst situation, however, is when an „eight-year-old" lectures others like a person with an „opinion," not being an expert and speaking whatever language automatisms feed them, while simultaneously considering themselves an expert — without verifying themselves, without reforming their worldview systems, without revising noospheric resources. Therein lies political infantiliad: people represent their own convictions because they are incapable of deepening themselves sufficiently to represent communication tools based on carved, selected knowledge, subordinated to the strategic, far-reaching goals of persuasion.

The Thirteenth Perseid Beneath the Stars — A Voice Message Left for Her

The Perseids, Penelope!

She was a genius, ever feeling herself insufficient; my wish was that she should transcend all things in a grand understanding and wisdom — and so she did, amongst the stars.

I was merely her teacher, with eruptions of madness and great, sincere wrath, torn by the agony that she was tortured by the stings of our enemies.

Ah, maiden, do you remember that time when you surpassed Brigitte Bardot with that sensual smile, wearing a loose white shirt in the ethnographic museum?

She was a poet, a painter, a dancer, a mage, a healer; her wondrous craftswoman's sorceries were honed to perfection, and I adored every creation of hers.

When she slept, I wrote books for her as a token of our loyalty and devotion.

Do you remember — perhaps I told you not — how my phantom-specter, concealed in shame within the corner of that apartment, up which I climbed like your knight in rusted armor of Damascus steel hiding my obsidian dead soul, was comforted by your silver-blue soul, as though telling me not to forsake you when I sought to shield you from the ill fortunes of mine and their midwives, who ultimately

destroyed us anyway?

She healed me with her tears, her sweat, and her hair as I battled madness; I paid with blood and corrosion to ransom her from the hands of the black brotherhoods, the pyramid-heads, to deliver her shade from torment in chthonic worlds — she was my Eurydice, yet this time the tale turned backward: let her be complete and free.

Ah, do you remember, maiden, how wroth you were when I prayed to the Samogitian gods, and you desired to participate, yet being yet young, I gently sought to reveal the future to you — the soul of old Gediminas visited us, crowned.

She sought to discover the essence of things, the mathematics of the universe, the meaning of her presence upon Earth, like a lost child within the swamp of existence.

I was struck dumb by her wisdom as the goddesses and great instructresses addressed her most brilliant mind and heart, as though she were prepared for it — and therefore did I become her disciple.

Do you remember how, in wrath and contempt, I cried out against all the betrayed blood when Aurelius visited us, and you practiced your necromancy and unlocked the premises of multiple worlds that were to come?

She was a lioness of roaring spirit, gentle and delicate, strong and proud, as though destined through hells and heavens for us to shatter our way through the world, and yet I saved not her crystal soul — I transmuted it into an emerald scarlet sapphire that haunts me through the faces of other women and their silent gestures, when Your soul was cast forth from Your delightful body.

Do you remember that meadow and our mute *epithalamium*? All the spirits and gods were invited, and the vernal aura received you with joy.

She was a solitary citadel of nobility while enemies degenerated her into a curiosity crumbling before my eyes when I was put on trial

for the worst of crimes, uncommitted, and she slipped away through mind and heart, and enemies mocked me as she lost her will and strength.

Do you remember those countless rites and ceremonies in which we engaged in the name of the gods, the world, and mankind? You beheld how they operated, and yet you forgot all, did you not?

She was, she was — now is she perfected in the Divine fire, leaving me the veils, the shrouds behind which I follow, gazing upon her gold-silver countenance in the night sky, which beckons me onward.

And yet there still exists that proud maiden who perhaps remembers naught anymore — her mind and heart betrayed, filled with lies and wretchedness, transformed into a cuirass before which I desire to render a salute.

I desire merely that all she was in her utmost form should reunite with the Capricorn uttering words as he gazes into the books and scatters blessings with his wise, old eyes and white hair that once comforted me.

For such likewise was my wish: that should we part, she should march onward as a priestess, in her silent power and insight.

Well, I remember — and I leave this as a silent note, that the mortal part of you might bear it onward until you gather all the threads and remain such as you are — complete in many perfected worlds.

Pagan Afterlife — The Axiomatic Model. We All Project Who We Are

The pagan model of the heavens. Now, Judeo-Christians imagine that upon death they attain a blessed reunification with their families, play upon harps, unite with God, and abide in heaven. Oh, they know not what the devil they are talking about. Let them therefore indulge in the perversion of adoring a corpse who in the past was a nobody, a cipher. Meanwhile, the pagan, noble, non-Abrahamic model of the heavens and the pagan lineages of heaven consist in affirming life itself within life — in all its pleasant aspects, yet likewise in sorrow and war. One heroically conquers suffering and pain like a warrior, and post-mortem one plays not upon the harp (unless one be Orpheus, or a blessed muse incessantly inspiring mortals) nor joins the fair palaces of heaven, which exist as illusions for those who desire them. Nay. One continues the heroic struggle, vastly greater than that which falls to the lot of the mortal entity. And all the suffering and pain that have been overcome, all the fortitude, resilience, and wisdom accumulated throughout life — all this is borne into the grand cosmic expansion. The toil of the gods and goddesses is thus far greater, more noble, and more resplendent — and likewise divine.

In other words, the pagan model of the afterlife posits that if all actions, magical initiations, and sacraments are executed correctly and if one possesses the capacity to join the procession of the gods

and goddesses, heroes, demigods, *agathodaemons*, daemons, and even the netherworlds — what does one do then? One continues the great expansion of life, instating oneself within incorporeal worlds, for who hath stated that one must be reborn as a human or an animal? An incorporeal spiritual life, heroic and sublime. Within this metaphysics, one cooperates and coordinates certain affairs within the world of living, organic, mortal entities — such as humans, other animals, and beings. In other words, there is a multitude of labor to be performed, numerous obligations to undertake, and many things to heroically combat. For the universe, though indivisible, is a war of elements — an unceasing struggle of diverse ontological forces.

And it is pleasant to ride upon this wave. It is pleasant to fight. It is pleasant to stand to battle in a righteous cause — to preserve, elevate, ennoble, to rescue those few who have turned their countenances, spirits, souls, and hearts toward the gods and goddesses, toward the fair struggle, the heroic test, toward an enterprise worthy of the noble man. Thus is no one insignificant — to paraphrase Ralph Waldo Emerson, the American transcendentalist.

We are born and live, tossed by the waves of illusions and ignorance, propelled by swarms of the masses dragging us hither and thither, everywhere, within the fog of deceit, nescience, illusion, stupidity, and the snares that entangle us. Yet when this fog lifts — the fog of war, the mire — we stand alone before the gods and goddesses, and they receive us back upon their thrones. For every child may be enthroned, and not enslaved. Every child may be prepared to join the gods once more in their fairest, heroic splendor and fight for great causes — as an expression of divine virtues and the ideals of the day.

Gods in Exile: Threads of Magical Paradigms: Bio vs. Cyber

„Nature loves to hide, for only a few have trodden the byways of her most jealously guarded secrets." — Saturninus

„The gods do not contradict Nature." — Porphyry Malchus

Once I asked a biology student, „What is most important in science?" He replied, „Curiosity." Then I asked again, „Beyond curiosity, what else?" He said, „Passion." „And what happens if you combine curiosity and passion and are able to do whatever you desire?" He did not know. I continued: „I maintain that the most important element in science is ethics and the ethos — the ethos of the man of science, the ethics of foresight — whither your discoveries, technologies, and so forth may lead: whether they lead to human suffering, induce the degeneration of humanity, destroy life, or conversely, whether they do otherwise?"

So is it likewise with magic. The ethical researcher of magic may uncover anomalies, strange spheres, dangerous worlds capable of ruining entire societies. All the greater is his responsibility in sharing that which may prove perilous when believed or revealed — he must guide himself, his vision, his narrative; he must ponder everything and execute it with magnificent foresight and insight into „what if?"

Naturally, he sometimes fails and may degenerate into a dreadful scoundrel, yet for the most part the light of philosophy delineates the proper prerogatives. It is never a matter of proving oneself right; sometimes one must destroy and dismantle in order to build — it is giants who shatter ancient structures, and if they are wise, they present new structures that the world may fill magnificently, albeit ever amidst the ineluctable birth pangs of new worlds.

I ever ask myself: „What if an inexperienced, naive, foolish person were to believe me?" They might inflict harm upon themselves or perpetrate follies by imitating that for which they are unequipped. My counsel unto everyone, whether mage or ethical man, is simple and reiterates the ancient wisdom of the Delphic Oracle of Apollo, uttered by the Pythia: „All things in moderation, nothing in excess, *gnothi seauton*, E — epsilon (the Divinity within us)," though even this demands mastery — how to discern what constitutes excess and what moderation?

This is identical to the case of „good and evil," „justice and injustice." As Emperor Julian declared: „How to recognize, how to educe the good and the truth whilst simultaneously knowing what evil is?" It is not a matter of striving toward evil, but of recognizing it, counteracting it, and educing magnificent things. Such ethical scientific and magical training enables us to distinguish actions, motives, will, goals, and means leading to this or that outcome. We cannot always control this — things sometimes slip from our grasp, akin to failed experiments — yet rectitude is the capacity, through perseverance, to return unto proper things. And this precisely shapes a noble character.

Today we shall discourse upon paradigmatic approaches to Magic, Divine Fire, and the abyssal expanses of cosmic voids within chaos. For there exist two paradigms, two general paradigms within astromagic. The first is the biomantic approach; the second, the cybermantic approach.

Within the biomantic approach, it is postulated that life is embedded within the universe — constituting an inseparable whole, an indivisible totality. In other words, life undergoes a series of spiritual rectifications, and life as embedded within the universe is requisite in order that cosmic races, humans, and animals may accomplish their own daimonic rectification, a form of deification.

How, conversely, does the cybernetic or cybermantic approach appear? It rests upon an anomaly: you construct a machine and you may transfer your mind into it, your emotions — should you so choose — yet never spiritual consciousness. For daimonic consciousness is inextricably bound to the principle of life. Granted, one may assert that life suffers, that it evolves, possesses structural and adaptive flaws, undergoes transformations and so forth within the realm of *Zoe/Bion*, but a machine suffers not, does it? In this sense, it constitutes an exemplary tool, for instance in SETI-type projects investigating journeys through the voids of space as a satellite, an expedition — nothing more.

What transpires, however, when the mind of a living organism is transferred into a cyborg? It dies, and its functional souls separate. A futuristic cyborg or AI is no conscious entity, even should it attain singularity; it remains excised from the universal totality, achieving no form of singularity. It is a dead machine incapable of developing consciousness because it lacks essence — the seamless integration with the universe possessed by life. It is the tombstone of life, despite vitalistic simulacra, no matter how perfect.

There exists yet another paradigm: to withdraw into the world of Shadows, to withdraw into that totality of darkness, because one day the universe will conclude, the stars will extinguish, and so forth. This constitutes a form of false immortalization of the mind — individual vampirism. The problem resides in the fact that this paradigm fails to take account of one crucial axiom in its entirety — the Sun as

a star is not an enemy, as certain occult teachings of the left-hand path within the Western esoteric tradition postulate, but rather the cathartic Intellect within Chaldean teachings; it is a corridor of fire. And since it is a corridor, above it exist supercelestial, transcendent worlds of Divine Fire, of spiritual fire that burns away impurities and permits one to join it. William Blake portrayed solar forces as millions of „angels" in the trisagion, the eternal cosmic song.

The myth of Icarus stands as testimony to unreadiness; vaulting straightway from the stage of the mortal animal into starry realms, whilst the Promethean myth symbolizes the „theft" of the fire of the cosmic hecatian soul and the descent into the animal world — it is rather a synchronized manner of the „submersion" of the cosmic soul within the local sector of the world, the Solar System, into the waves of life across millions of years. Herein likewise lies the secret of the rectification of life through that paramount, common element — Pneuma/Daimon, which purified, reborn, ascend once more unto cosmic ranks, akin to Dionysus-Zagreus — *V.I.T.R.I.O.L* — *L.O.I.R.T.I.V.* Yet the vehicle of life is indispensable for the rectification of new forms.

What transpires, therefore, when a star explodes in a supernova from the perspective of physical astronomy, the science of the shadows of numina? Its totality, its nature, its spirit withdraw toward the Divine Fire — upward; its roots within the Black Sun withdraw into chaos, dissolved from form.

In accordance with Egyptian eschatological teachings, millions upon millions of years hence Atum's Divine Fire shall destroy the abysses, overcoming them, destroying the cosmic voids and consuming the universe. Who knows — perhaps a new universe shall arise, repopulated once more by rectified spirits. Yet this remains to be seen only millions and millions of years hence, as within an eternal alchemical alembic.

This is no novum within certain Hindu traditions — Rudra, the destroyer of the old universe, became a deity of the Vishnu type of the present. The duration of a Mahamanvantara is approximately 306.72 million human years, although this calculation is nineteenth-century, and the term was most likely first employed around 50 CE (or the third century CE) in the Markandeya Purana, one of the oldest texts within the canon of Hindu Puranas. The purpose was to define the grand cycles wherein the universe endures, or in my understanding: „The Breath of Brahman completes a full cycle."

Within our genes, our organism, and the organisms of diverse animals and animate „matter," we possess all the keys to understanding the intricacies of occult technologies and hidden worlds; in other words, through the power of induction, deduction, and critical feedback, we may scale these scientific-magical revelations via reverse engineering toward the highest possible concepts of humanity and the hyperstasis of our being, including the discovery of souls, the *anima mundi*, and the uncanniness of the universe in all its terror and wonder. Naturally, the starting point for rational apprehension is the exact sciences; the operator of magic focuses upon what is efficacious within such advanced domains — frequently blindly, unless mediators are present who „know the biology of living organisms," originating both from the Divine worlds, the *asteriai* — the starry Gods, and the *neriartai* and *hypochtonioi* — deities of the underworlds and the cosmic abysses of Orcus, Nyx, and Chaos.

As humans from an occult, magical perspective, we are highly refined biological cocoons, an occult refinery of spiritual, pneumatic, passional-emotive, sexual, intellective, psychic, magical, biological, and vegetative energies and powers — the majority remaining in a dormant state, possessing no conception of how to operate our own „gift of the flesh," devoid of techniques, ethics, and training in this regard. We are developed by complex evolutionary *bauplans*

of nature and the cosmos, which, upon the application of proper magical techniques alchemizing the mind within a complex, highly advanced laboratory of bio-cognitive-emotional, pneumatic-sexual, daimonic circuits of deification, allow our essential pneumatic cores and souls to be immortalized in incorporeal, post-mortem states, provided the preconditions between mortal animals and Gods are fulfilled. In *Theion Ergon*, our biological cocoons may be modified by the will of the Gods in order to calibrate greater sexual-intellectual and pneumatic yields toward post-mortem demigods. We are sleeping titans, scarcely conscious of the possibilities of titanization as lesser Gods among the Elder Races and the Great, Hypercosmic Gods.

To understand these hidden movements, it is requisite to possess the skeleton key of theory: ancient evolutionary forms no longer among us, diverse animal forms and their lives; for every new organic structure is a structure that condenses and reifies the occult, reaches into the registers of the impossible, opening portals and vortices to unknown, non-human worlds and metaphysical phenomena encapsulated within highly complex formulas. Herein the ontological forces of the cosmos actualize themselves in life, and within this generationist paradigm they mutate and evolve, opening ever-new perspectives of spiritual rectification, magical generators, computers, switches — a clockwork, advanced bio-magical, hyperionian mechanism.

This xenomorphization of experience, this trans-perspectivization distancing itself from safely trodden, anthropocentric hermetics, constitutes simultaneously a grave peril and a prospect of development, if undertaken in a rational, ethical, and understanding manner. Have you ever posed the question to yourselves: „How is it to be a lion, an octopus, a millipede, a giant whale? How is it to be a griffin, a phoenix, a divinity, a sylph?"

How is it to be an ontological force, a strange vortex of black chaos, the divine stream of golden, hypersolar fire?" Amidst all this, let us remember that ultimately these explorations point to the very state of humanity: what defines man, what humanity is, what constitutes it, what its nature is, what ought to guide it, what its coordinates and reference points are for the decades and centuries to come. We ought to approach this with love — what is love? It is the affiliation of affect within intelligible worlds, just as „I love the Gods and Goddesses" signifies: „I share mutual affect and affiliation amidst intelligible *autophaneia*, self-manifestation." It is therefore an intellectual love of a spiritual character, which elevates us toward the Saturnian type of understanding.

On Divine Androgynes

The dream of every Egyptian pair was to become like little Isis and little Osiris. What did this signify? The fusion of diotymic components into a divinity, a star of the Fields of Aaru. In a world full of materialistic, erotic romances, shackled by that which the Tarot card the Devil represents — completely unconscious of the meaning of love — what does this mean today? Pervasive promiscuity and separation are the embodiment of a fallen epithalamium.

Let us lay aside moralizing and turn to *praxis*: the union of the masculine and feminine particles is the goal of alchemy — the purification and sublimation of the masculine and feminine principle into master and mistress. This is the prerequisite for androgynization, the subtlest achievement of humanity between man and woman. Naturally, in an era of widespread mistrust, mutual hatred, base drives, and motives, this seed is not even sown.

For much like freedom and justice, liberty and eudaimonia demand a beautiful, refined, incessantly and wisely reformed order — in accordance with time and necessity — so too love, especially exalted Eros, noble Philia, and divinely sanctioned Agape, must develop under conditions of trust, humanity, sacrifice, truth, magnanimity, and honesty.

„Love me, love me," cry rotting throats. „Love yourself, love yourself," shout those who are forever separated by an abyss. To love another, to exchange oneself, to carve monoliths of greatness, humanity, and perfection — behold the greatest trial. It signifies making space for the Other so that they may penetrate our souls, minds, and hearts

in an intelligible and reciprocal manner, in harmonious accord, without violence, betrayal, envy, attachment, possession, suspicion, error, ignorance, illusion, anger, and mistrust. This is to love with moderation and grow like a mountain of refined passion — the tamed frenzy of inspiration that rushes like two magnificent steeds across the steppes.

True love is recognizable solely in the depths of despair and greatness. The world of illusions offers only surrogates: oblivion, deceit, self-deception, and falsehood. When the bond separating men and women and their solidarity — the strength of every society — is severed, only cold persistence remains. When love dies, austerity swiftly delivers consolations in the form of every vine of falsehood that we cultivate in our dead, barren parks, tended like the beautiful hanging gardens of Semiramis. And yet they might just as well consist of corpses: green, misty, gloomy, and melancholic, as dangerous as the forests of the dead — the outwork of the netherworlds.

To heal our agony, we summon every excuse, every rationalization, every lie to endure with blindfolded eyes — blind in essence — describing wonders we do not behold. Noble is the bearing of this wedged, incurable pain and the preservation of fidelity to duties. This is what I discovered: duties, mentoring, aiding others, and obligations toward the gods are like dressings upon the wounds of love, filling them with fragrant herbs and spiderwebs so that they might heal and scar over more rapidly.

Those, however, who have lost a great love — through the machinations of violent, jealous, foolish, malicious, treacherous, or merely curious affairs, if not through their own fault — now bear the stigma of loss of monumental proportions. Every love is metaphysical: it is *hieros gamos*, a sacred marriage. Bodies, minds, hearts, and souls follow mighty *daimones* enamored of one another. Plutarch mentioned that Isis and Osiris were once great *daimones* before they became gods.

Titanic is the toil of the man — the mage, who labors at the works of love; titanic is the toil of the woman — the *maestra*, who upholds its sacred word. In the modern world, everything is a simulacrum — a matryoshka doll cast into an ocean of pitch — and amidst these traps stand man and woman. To know the deified quality, the ontological force of true ideas, one must strip oneself of falsehood, swim forth toward the surface of the lotus lake, and behold the essences of things beyond the Platonic cave.

Those who cry out from essential, numinous worlds to the prisoners of the catacombs labor in vain. The prisoner must first comprehend the illusion himself — understand that his perception is erroneous. Only then begins the Odyssey of ascending from the nether regions toward the surface: an extraordinary and dangerous journey, full of perils and wild, demonic beasts. Even when the mind, heart, soul, and *daimon* escape the labyrinthine caves of life, forces exist that entice us back to the womb of secure ignorance, tempting us with the betrayal of our own prerogatives.

We remain alive like the Hanged Man of the Tarot — inverted head downward, with root-legs in the stars and with the aureoles of heads illuminating the earth. Behold the true meaning of the impasse, wherein Socratic irony commands us to enlighten, yet the flesh refuses to withdraw toward the numinous — akin to Ossian playing upon his lyre for a beauty that has passed, gazing upon an Earth fertile in sorrow.

Solely poets inclined toward war know that their poetry is feminine: it is the immortal, incorporeal muse whose art they desire to see incarnated in woman. The truest and sincerest art of every man is his *anima*, his hecatian soul of the world, just as his philosophical strivings are Apollonian and pertain to his gender. Analogously, a woman's *animus* in intellectual and analytical endeavors is most frequently masculine. Hence woman is occasionally called a muse, for she in-

spires the war-weary masculine soul, becoming its great respite and potent thyrse.

When *anima* and *animus* meet in the grand, cosmic wedding, they become one. When they separate from one another, they plunge blindly into death and barrenness.

Creation — poetry, philosophy, art — thus appears as the final space wherein the unfulfilled *hieros gamos* does not suffer total annihilation. It is the echo of a unity that could not incarnate, yet ceased not to exist in the spiritual order. Where bodies and destinies failed, the spirit undertakes the labor of upholding meaning: it transmutes loss into form, pain into significance, tearing into a sign. The creative act becomes a silent liturgy of absent unity, an attempt to rescue that which is divine from disintegration into oblivion. It replaces not the marriage, but preserves its possibility — like an ember hidden beneath ash — awaiting a time wherein that which is divided may once more be fused together.

The Mauve Cartographer, or Anomalous Rays of the Anti-Universe (Incursions of A-Phenomenal Chaos)

Having acquainted myself with Kenneth Grant's Typhonian Trilogy in 2007, I found its contents immensely instrumental in forging my Saturnian armor — an elongated khaibitoplastic helmet serving as a sanctuary for my daimon's mind, safely anchored within the sphere of Saturn so that I might inhabit it and endure the treacherous domains of Jotunheim and other regional coordinates of that sphere. Several years afterward, I perused a treatise on voodoo, supplemented by Beartiaux's *Voudon Gnosis Handbook* (acquired in 2013), which I subsequently bestowed upon a young Nordic witch — my girlfriend at the time — whom I had mistaken for a moon-child.

Voodoo traditions encompass a technique designated as „washing the shadow," operating upon one's own shadow-soul as well as the shadow-souls of others; these constitute necromantic and thanatarchic operations. Driven by my propensity for leveraging newly acquired technologies, I resolved to modify it. Experiments conducted in 2014 utilizing an industrial infrared flashlight with a wavelength of 920–980 nm, designed to scorch a shadow-vampire that had assaulted me, demonstrated conclusively that the *khaibit* (shadow-souls), *Ka* (souls), and other spiritual components react di-

rectly to radiation. Suffice it to say that the atomic bombs dropped upon Hiroshima and Nagasaki constituted a massacre of souls, far transcending the mere destruction of mortal human bodies. Decades later, a Japanese child informed her mother that she beheld scorched human souls drifting within the river — an apparition that naturally filled her with terror.

The inaugural anomaly I experienced in 2007 was my confinement within a „time pocket": everything around me decelerated — automobiles, pedestrians — while I moved at normal velocity. From the perspective of individuals within the vehicles and passersby, I appeared as a „dematerialized, rapidly moving light." Anomalies on „this side" typically endure for brief intervals; reality seemingly possesses a propensity for „self-regulation" — much like the occasion when, amidst paroxysms of retaliatory wrath, I ruptured the protective veils hovering over the city of Warsaw, admitting alien dimensions across 2014–2016 and permitting certain unruly entities to execute my plans for vengeance.

Was this justified? It is not for me to judge; in any event, the incursions were cleansed, the veils restitched, and the memories of individuals who experienced too much were thoroughly wiped away.

What precisely are the veils? Firstly, there exist veils that prevent humanity from perceiving spiritual worlds; subsequently, veils that shield entities from perceiving higher orders; and protective veils ensuring that the masses do not descend into absolute madness. These act as swift expedients designed to keep mortals sane and occupied with their mundane affairs of daily existence.

In 2018, equipped with an industrial ultraviolet flashlight, I experimented with IR/UV convergence, inspired by specific physical treatises. The innovation lay in directing this convergent radiation — under extralaboratory conditions — onto my own shadow, adhering to the aforementioned technique of „shadow washing," which is

primitively executed utilizing a mere candle. An ordinary shadow cast upon a wall occasionally serves as a transcription of the shadow-soul; a feedback mechanism is fundamentally at play. Repeatedly, when I sought to repair my shadow-soul or manipulate my nervous system to cleanse it of intrusions and contaminations of shadow-substance, I reprogrammed operations performed upon the ordinary shadow on the wall so that they resonated directly within the true shadow-soul residing inside me.

Being largely devoid of a shadow-soul since 2008, I operate upon the thresholds, periodically experiencing myself as a liminal abyss temporarily enclosed within a mortal human shell; the most spiritual element remaining is the daimon/hegemon, specifically my spirit localized between the brows, at the point of Pott signifying Ajna. „The other side" frequently designated me a „dark god" after my red souls and shadow were shattered. Ultimately, we all maintain our respective stations and responsibilities.

Returning to the crux: my shadow was displaced, a portal ruptured open, engendering non-Euclidean black crystals of *khaibit*. What transpires when the anti-universe is admitted into this realm? If the black energy is pure, then when the potential of chaos strikes ordered phenomena, it manifests in semi-ordered actualities. Hence my cosmogenetic theory: chaos is pure as a monad, whereas the protean monad — total order — constitutes absolute potential, precisely akin to chaos. When they converge, the generationally perfect, unitary „order" descends into entropy, into the manifested universe.

During this process, I perceived a highly magnetic, „dense" envelope encasing my body and entered the „zone of dead cosmic saints." I projected a holo-copy of a Horus-like entity and inhabited it, establishing a backup „portal" within dead dream zones, which I might enter post-mortem in the future. The subsequent anomaly during this operation proved most astonishing: half of my face, along with

the skull, was physically displaced by 15–20 cm. I felt physical damage devoid of pain, whereupon I proceeded to the bathroom; gazing into the mirror, my grotesquely dislocated skin and bones snapped back into alignment with a distinct sound.

Following this anomaly, I formulated three hypotheses. Either it was an illusion of the nervous system, or reality itself is a construct, and the anomaly destabilized the locality of that construct — opening the door to theories of total existential dread, implying that this world has long been dead, and we are merely a society of ghosts co-simulating our own remnants. This opens an expressive space for horror narratives à la Ligotti. The third proposition was simultaneously non-solipsistic and comforting: a local anomaly intersected with a perceptual shift within an otherwise intact physical reality. Comforting or true? I know not — and for the preservation of my own stability, I prefer to locate a resting point of cognitive pleasure.

Everything written and spoken

Stand in silence, you who still bear names, not for the dead do we speak here, but for the void left in their wake, not for bodies, but for forms that feigned being bodies, not for souls, for those have already passed through the fire; behold the Royal Sarcophagi within the Saturnian Cube of Jotunheim, the geometric tomb of time, where the weight of being crushes the very possibility of memory, where stone is not matter, but an axiom, metal rusts not, for it never lived, and names are carved with reverence for something that has nowhere left to return, for they are empty — not like graves plundered by mortals, but like simulacra of the world severed from divine ontologies, shells of gods who withdrew their light, leaving behind the mere form, like the seal's imprint in wax untouched by the signet ring; here love rested and was destroyed not by betrayal, not by passion, not by war, but by the envy, vanity, madness, stupidity, greed, and caprice of the Others, enemies of matters to them incomprehensible, devoid of so rare a privilege.

Transposition! For love that dies not must depart, and so it departed into the worlds of divine fire, where Eros touches no flesh, Philia requires no community, and Agape knows no longer sacrifice, for all that could be given was given unto the end, and then Orpheus fell, not because he looked back, but because there was no one left to lead forth, Eurydice was liberated, and liberation leaves no traces in Hades, her shadow was no shadow, her silence no lack of voice, she departed in fullness, and Orpheus remained with a song without an ear, a love without a body, a memory without a subject, for thus are

empty vessels born, bodies and minds that once were full of souls of fire, having become royal shells, perfect and intact, yet uninhabited, not corpses, for death presupposes presence, not relics, for no sanctity remained within them, but thrones without kings, names of mortals without genesis, sarcophagi that can protect nothing more, and Saturn gazes upon them without wrath, for time is not cruel, it is indifferent and determinate, and that which was elevated to the fire falls no longer under its jurisdiction, therefore this funeral is no lament, but an acknowledgment, an *epithalamium*, for here was the unity of soul and destiny, of fire and form, of love and necessity, and an epitaph, for the form remained, and the substance departed like an alphabet upon the vanishing of a language; let the Sarcophagi therefore stand and teach those who still desire to hold love within matter that not everything sacred can be preserved, let them be a warning to those who mistake possession for participation, and memory with life, for love ends not in the grave, it ends where form attempts to hold it, and those who have passed through the fire return not to dwell in stone, thus we leave the Sarcophagi in the silence of Saturn, in Jotunheim, in the Cube, where time folds in upon itself, and the void is no lack, but the witness of passage, let this be the final song of Orpheus, no call, but an acknowledgment, and let no one dare to open them, for they shall find no death therein, but the proof that love here was too great to remain.

Theology — A Word on Gods and Goddesses

And so theology — *theo-logos* — is a word concerning the gods and goddesses. Were I to truly and reliably define the view I hold regarding life and divinity — my simulation, my projection of divinity, which we all possess if we believe in forces „out there" — I would describe it as ontological realism, panentheism, and henotheism.

This signifies that the manner in which I understand divinity, gods, and goddesses is that they are masks of the Pleroma. They are individualized masks standing in the foreground of the plurality of forces and powers of the universe. At times, they incarnate within the co-emergence of the cosmos, of order itself. Divinity coincides with this process while simultaneously burying itself and vaulting within all possible forms.

As in certain Arabic treatises concerning plants, minerals, and animals, divinity is buried and enclosed within them as within a vault. As it co-evolves, it orders the plurality of forms — new biological forms, new ethical forms, new Dionysian forms, Aphrodite Genetrix — into something greater. Naturally, I posit no eternal progress. Rather, I postulate pockets of entropy: order and disorder, harmony and destruction, disharmony and cacophony, dispersed across diverse sectors of the universe.

This is not, so to speak, a perfect isometry. It is not hypersymmetry. It varies between worlds, yet it unites with Einsteinian, physical, objective reality. The laws are identical everywhere, across all sectors

of the universe — at least those laws we currently comprehend. Yet numerous laws exist that remain veiled, invisible, and perhaps shall never be discovered by the mortal race.

For instance, if we take the divinity of the Sun — heliacal theology — it is an object of hypergranulation, thermonuclear fusion, immense heat within its core, and a twelve-year repolarization period: the solar cycle. Yet if we perceive it through hieroglyphic perception as something divine, we behold a corridor of fire, hosts of phoenixes or angels singing the Trisagion, and deities associated with the Sun — whether Sol, Helios, or Amaterasu. These are, so to speak, the fronts of the Sun's nature, similarly to planetary powers.

The primordial meaning of an archon — for example, the archon Jupiter — is the very nature of Jupiter. Every object possesses its nature; in hyperstasis, it possesses a divine nature, and in hypostasis, reified, it possesses the physical properties of form — precisely what the physical sciences endeavor to comprehend.

Returning to the physical sciences: they are extraordinarily vital and rigorous. Yet they study the shadows of the *numinosum*, the shadows of philosophical entities. That which astronomers and physicists study in the Sun is merely a shadow of what it is in its totality — as an aeon, as an emanation of Hyperion, Zurvan, and so forth. The visible star is Helios.

In Plutarchian discourse, the philosopher traverses several stages: those who acknowledge divinity; those who are acquainted with it; those who study it; those who act through divinity; and those who cooperate with it in *theion ergon*. You walk as a mortal, carving certain things within yourself, and subsequently you cooperate — until ultimately the gods seize the initiative and carve you, that you might join the divine procession.

There exist likewise forces that I consider unindividualized, pure forces — such as *shakti*. *Vāsanā* is that which colors them with a na-

ture, with certain tendencies toward teleology or goal-orientation. When something possesses a tendency, it acts toward a specific state — not toward an intentional goal, but toward a tendency for a defined condition. This precisely is teleology.

Yet when power is united with intention — for example, an idea: an active idea, a pure idea uniting with the subject of its action — then we possess an intelligent agent. This may be a deity, a *daimōn*, a spirit, a muse, or even the shadows of the dead. They possess the teleologies of memory. They move from state to state of things lost, of nostalgia.

I am not here to deliver lectures on theology or hyperstructure theory — the structure and substructure of what functions for me. I wish merely to summarize that it is advantageous, if you are a philosopher or an active mage, to possess an established structure. You build a structure, condense it, forget it, deconstruct it, and build a new one. Thus ought it to be understood.

Solve et coagula. You dissolve — yourself. A solution is present here. Upon building a great structure and comprehending it, you dissolve it; it is absorbed by you. Thus is progress accomplished in alchemical work. Upon the Great Path, you incorporate within yourself that which you already know, you advance further, discover new things, incorporate them, and expand — until ultimately you contract something into a final crystallization.

First you must expand: through experience, through knowledge (*epistēmē*), through practice — whether magical ceremonies, rituals, meditations, prayers, or whatever else. Soon, from an absolute amateur — a beginner who for years perceives merely simple anomalies and incorporates them into a general scheme — you become capable of deducing why something functions in metaphysics and why it does not. You formulate a hypothesis and test it within an inductive-deductive feedback loop.

Yet expansion must occur, that you may possess substance, matter, and content sufficient to comprehend anything. Should anything herein interest you — I would not term it personal gnosis, but rather a philosophy that functions for me — I have left behind numerous lectures and twelve books. Should you find them useful, let me know. Should you desire to discuss them, let me know likewise.

I enjoy correspondence; I value epistolography with those who are fellow travelers upon this path. I assume no lofty poses, though one might state that I have worn many crowns and repeatedly rested, as though caesarized, with a laurel wreath. Nonetheless, I remain — at least in my own estimation and with my own toil — an aspirant to humanity.

Apollonius of Tyana — Re-Visited: Literate Mortal Demigods in Light of a Sufi Parable

Macarius of Magnesia, *The Only-Begotten, or Reply to the Pagans* ("Apocriticus"), III 1 (33 Harnack = 72 Goulet = Porphyry, *Against the Christians* fr. 63). τίνος ἕνεκεν ὁ Χριστὸς οὔτε τῷ ἀρχιερεῖ προσαχθεὶς οὔτε τῷ ἡγεμόνι ἄξιόν τι σοφοῦ καὶ θείου ἀνδρὸς ἐφθέγξατο, δυνάμενος καὶ τοὺς παρεστῶτας παιδεῦσαι καὶ βελτίους ἐργάσασθαι, ἀλλ᾽ ἠνέσχετο καλάμῳ τύπτεσθαι καὶ περιπτύεσθαι καὶ στεφανοῦσθαι ἀκάνθαις, καὶ μὴ καθάπερ Ἀπολλώνιος μετὰ παρρησίας τῷ αὐτοκράτορι λαλήσας Δομετιανῷ τῆς βασιλικῆς αὐλῆς ἀφανὴς ἐγένετο, καὶ μεθ᾽ ὥρας οὐ πολλὰς ἐν πόλει Δικαιαρχίᾳ, νῦν δὲ Ποτιόλοις καλουμένῃ, ὤφθη ἐπιφανέστατος; ὁ δέ γε Χριστὸς εἰ καὶ παθεῖν εἶχε κατ᾽ ἐντολὰς τοῦ θεοῦ, ἐχρῆν μὲν ὑπομεῖναι τὴν τιμωρίαν, οὐ μὴν <δ᾽> ἄνευ παρρησίας ὑποστῆναι τὸ πάθος, ἀλλὰ σπουδαῖά τινα καὶ σοφὰ διαφθέγξασθαι πρὸς Πιλᾶτον τὸν δικαστὴν καὶ μὴ ὡς εἷς τῶν ἐκ τριόδου χυδαίων ὑβρισθῆναι.

49 (Macarius). How came it to pass that Christ uttered nothing worthy of a wise and divine man, neither when brought before the high priest nor before the governor, though he might have instructed those standing by and rendered them better men? Why instead did

he endure being struck with a reed, spat upon, crowned with thorns, and failed to act like Apollonius, who, having spoken with boldness (*parrhesia*) unto the Emperor Domitian, vanished from the royal court and a few hours later appeared in all clarity in the city of Dikaiarchia, now called Puteoli? As for Christ, even if he were to suffer according to God's commands, he ought indeed to have endured punishment, yet not to undergo his passion devoid of frank speech, but rather to utter earnest and wise words unto Pilate his judge, instead of being abused like some vulgar fellow from a street alley.

Apollonius of Tyana, *Testimonia*, LCL 458: 140—141, DOI: 10.4159/DLCL.2006

Of late, I have been reading Apollonius of Tyana — his letters, the letters preserved unto our times. He was a *thaumaturgos*, a wonderworker, a mage, a pagan mage, and simultaneously renowned as a philosopher. Curiously, he possessed a daimonic element of a demigodic nature — a daimon or the spirit of a demigod. And seldom does it occur that demigods themselves, dwelling in a mortal body like other men, leave behind testimonies for posterity.

As we know, tales concerning Apollonius of Tyana were fiercely combated by Christian detractors striving to demonstrate the superiority of Jesus — that „cipher" — over all others. Meanwhile, Apollonius was a mage, a demigod imprisoned within flesh, born as a mortal man, yet sufficiently human and humane to write, converse, and leave behind his testimonies.

In a passage from the letters of Apollonius of Tyana, we read that good fortunes bring a short life. That is to say: if you possess good fortune and a long life, it appears exceeding brief and swift. Scarcely do you step upon the path of happiness before it passes and you die. That is all. Conversely, ill fortunes live long. Fortunes marked by suffering endure long. Miserable lives or heroic ones — perhaps.

What matters is intensity. The span of the experience of grief, ecstasy, misery, and pain. This brings to mind a Sufi parable I once read — if memory serves, in a book by Idries Shah.

Once upon a time, a holy man is visited by a demon. The demon inquires: „What do you desire? I shall grant you whatever you wish to receive." The master replies: „I no longer chase dreams, desires, lusts, or whims. What can you grant me? I am already a fulfilled man. I am perfected and have understood all that was necessary for me." Whereupon the demon responds: „Then my curse is that you must *be* — with your regrets, sorrows, and miseries as a mage — for the remainder of your life."

Therefore, regardless of how grand the expeditions you undertake, what despairs, sufferings, and torments you experience, what happiness, eudaimonia, delights, and wonders of a heroic, courageous life you taste — there comes a moment wherein, even being fulfilled, you must endure: in silence or by sharing it, perhaps by mentoring others.

Either way, you must *be* — with all the wounds, all the traumas, all past events, with all the great loves you have lost, with all the grand aspirations and longings that turned to dust like deified ideas of this world.

Every time I return to my past — healed in a sense now — to the wrath that has dissipated, to the austere, icy, objective hatred that vanished somewhere, yet left behind a trace of cruelty and ruthlessness within me.

I have lived a great life and I am a fulfilled man. Yet the curse endures within me. Therefore — I must *be*, like anyone else.

And as that which I sacrificed unto Lady Philosophy and surrendered to my gods and goddesses, the providential *numen multiplex* — I must *be*.

A World Without Logos — Neoplatonic, Pagan Perspective

From numinal realities, through ontological powers and forces, toward purified ideas; from sublimated greatness toward concepts, toward the intellect, toward the mind, toward reified ideas — behold the vertical dimension of ideation. The horizontal dimension, meanwhile, consists of biotechnological-informational garbage zones: dead zombie-bots replicating ideas, imitating them, and so forth — from Plato's cave to Plato's catacombs, to the mire, and from Plato's catacombs toward virtual reality, culminating in artificial intelligence at the very bottom.

Why is metaphysics necessary, and why has it always been necessary? Because it restores humanity to a time that has forgotten — forgotten its own human essence.

If we now strip away all metaphysics — and I speak not of Abrahamic metaphysics, but of any metaphysics whatsoever: reasonable, intellectual, grand metaphysics, the Platonic objective ontological realities of powers and forces marching in the background, co-emerging as divinities, as divinity intertwined with the world — if we remove all this from the picture, what remains?

There remains what we observe in poststructural and postmodern fashions: naive reductionism, naive materialism, even in its purportedly holistic versions that merely pretend to pursue metaphysics in order to ultimately rationalize and invalidate it.

Hence people utilize artificial intelligence, for instance, to generate art and texts that they themselves would never conjure forth. This

is creation devoid of soul. Yet it justifies individuals devoid of inspiration, devoid of any conception of what they are doing, in co-creating this horizontal zombie. This false zombie of art, this zombie of script, this zombie of everything — bots co-creating themselves.

When the soul is excised, everything becomes justified. From eugenics to human experimentation. Do you genuinely imagine that ethics will prevent this? From mass murder, to the processing of matter as though it were mere material — to all forms of genocide, to all forms of experimentation, to utilitarian calculations: „elderly individuals are dying, new ones must be fed, so why not utilize their bodies, grind them up, and feed the poor?"

Without metaphysics, the essence of virtues perishes.

Without metaphysics collapse those qualities that rendered us human — civilizationally. In this *habitus* of modernity, we behold what transpires when the *logos* breaks down. What occurs when the *logos* is compromised? It transpired when the Greek and Roman *logos* was fractured, and late antiquity was destroyed. Today, the Judeo-Christian *logos* is disintegrating under the onslaught of the social and exact sciences, which were once fully compatible with the metaphysics of the ancients.

This garbage heap of post-Judeo-Christian materialism and religious nationalism breeds monsters. It is the apotheosis of monstrosity: secularized, rationalized religions rendered religious without the component of soul and heart. When this is removed, horrors are born. Tartarism in the foreign, Dionysian sense. Bestiality becomes absolutely justified in every situation, because no coordinates, no frames of reference to something higher, greater, better exist — to independent ideas as forces, to reified *ethos* devoid of moralizing.

Should we not possess even an imaginative, psychological reference to metaphysics, to any form of spirituality, then everything we currently deem right or wrong stands justified. Like flags in the

wind — devoid of a monolithic, organic understanding of the world. We are torn asunder and ethically, morally, materialistically justify absolutely every bestiality, every evil — masking them in the name of the materialistic idea that the soul does not exist, that the heart does not exist.

This may be termed idealism. Yet this idealism — this metaphysical idealism — effectively saved civilizations, saved the human element within man. To say nothing of the mystery and psychology of liberating souls, repairing them, guiding them, perfecting minds.

The deepest essence of humanity lies today eviscerated like a corpse upon the street. Like a body already decaying. The sole thing that „rescues" it is taxidermy and cosmetology — painting the corpse so that it looks pleasing. Yet it remains a corpse. A soulless corpse.

Humans, however, must not become larvae. What distinguishes us is the act of symbolization — *homo symbolicus*: the capacity to conjure worlds perfect, grand, and beautiful; the capacity to imagine civilizational values and embody them in life.

Man can be worse than a beast. Mechanized, technologized, armed — he exceeds all boundaries established by nature. Should we lose sight of both nature and its limits, alongside the comprehension of metaphysics — what remains? The normalization of violence. The normalization of inhumanity. The devouring of one's own children.

This infection of the human race is not irreversible, but it must be rebuilt upon the ruins. We must inquire: what can be saved from the past? What values planted anew?

For otherwise an epoch of shadows and dead souls awaits us.

Cyborgs are merely dead matter — soulless. The transfer of the mind into a machine is the nightmare of zombism: a dead replica that believes it is still itself.

Be thou the one who endeavors to preserve the soul, the spirit, the *daimon*. Not the one who runs after technocratic notoriety.

The world shall endure. Ontological forces shall exist. Perhaps the final child who possesses a soul shall yet hear them.

Humanity, however — should it fail to bear the flame of ideas onward — shall reach its end not with a bang, but with the quiet groan of the final child who still recognizes them. For ideas call out.

Army of Witch Grandmothers

My grandmother was an extraordinary woman, born of great magnate bloodlines with witchcraft in her blood and soul. I affectionately called her „Baba Yaga"; her name was Jagoda. She was the one who held my family together, guarding me in a noble manner. Many stories circulated about her — crystals and lamps spontaneously exploding, her power suppressed by a sense of guilt and zealous Catholicism. She hated herself for her power, and hating herself, she harmed others — people fell ill, their hair fell out. She thought she was to blame, though she carried within her a raw energy, unguided, unpolished by the sentiments of time. Witchcraft is transmitted through female blood and ends in male descendants; perhaps that is why the Church wanted to eliminate all matrilineal priestly lines or convert them. Many nuns are witches terrified of their calling, suppressing it like slaves of Judeo-Christianity, whereas the Vestals of Rome — sacred virgins — were women of power and splendor. Nuns were their opposite: self-hating, suffering women who contained power within themselves yet destroyed their own souls through the suffering of others, as though under a curse — the Vestals of Rome, when they broke their vows, were buried alive. Nuns were already buried, as though they had broken the Vow of Vesta, replacing it with a suffering, criminal Jew.

When I returned from my Trans-Siberian journey, she was waiting for me on her deathbed. I marched into the hospital, holding back my tears with a hard resolve — tears that two years later tore me to shreds; I was already tormented by matters far more abysmal. She

smiled, called me by name, and passed away. I placed my hand upon her forehead and felt the transmission of the power of the entire ancestral line onto me, bypassing my mother. My mother chose a career — she would have been destroyed by this power. Grandmother knew that I would survive and bear this burden, just as she had for countless years, devoured by guilt and cancer. I kept vigil over her lifeless body for several hours until the medical staff politely asked me to leave.

Afterward, I had a terrifying dream: I was moving through a dark green, mist-shrouded forest of the dead, equipped only with a machete. I hacked my way through trees composed of branches, dead arms and fingers, faces crying out for their pain and misery. I reached a tree and saw my grandmother slowly being devoured by the branches, ready to join the sad, ossified dead forever. Furiously, I slashed the branches and freed her from this agony. Some time later, I was talking with my grandfather and heard a beautiful, angelic voice behind him: „Don't talk to him, he's an old codger," followed by divine laughter.

Years later, she visited me again as an angel-witch alongside her mother, my great-grandmother Krystyna. We were talking as she sat in an armchair, and I asked, „Where is great-grandmother Krystyna?" Suddenly I felt claws sinking beneath my ribs. It was a traditional, well-intentioned „joke" in this family.

Anyway, I like to repeat mockingly: „Behind me stands an army of grandmothers." I stride through nightmares and horrors, blessed by the mistress of abominations, Hecate Physis in her chthonic, green mask, and the polite gaze of serpents, dragons, and the swirling mass of dread behind her makeup, which I once beheld in my dark epiphany.

Enkrateia: On Self-Control, Moderation, and the Great Society Founded upon Areté and Paideia

Concerning self-control and temperance, there exists this law of proper thought, proper speech, and proper action. Everything originates in thought. Should thought undergo degeneration, speech likewise degenerates. Should speech and thought degenerate, action follows in like manner — and conversely. We may condition our actions through speech and thought. Through the execution of actions rooted in principle, we refine our thoughts and our speech. Through the refinement of speech, we reverse the contamination of our thoughts. Through the refinement of thought, of speech, and of behavior, actions are directed toward the better.

As one who has traversed terrible extremes, through an enantiodromia oscillating to the left and to the right, extracting a grand nature, a grand life, grand experiences — there exists a grave peril inherent in great natures: when they turn toward evil, they collapse catastrophically. Similarly, grand societal enterprises — should they deviate onto an errant path — terminate in catastrophes for the remainder.

„Metron" — moderation. Within the Delphic, Apollonian, Pythian oracle, there subsisted a principle: not merely the letter epsilon, denoting the god or goddess within, not merely „gnōthi seauton" — know thyself — but also „nothing in excess," „all things

in moderation." This did not signify that one must be dull; it signified that excess and unbridled passions destroy man in the long run.

And through excess and passion, should you discover moderation, this is truly the golden mean. It does not consist in acting ever in an identical manner, but in wisely adapting oneself with self-control and prudence to specified ends and designs. And should you become ensnared in the process and reproach yourself — we all stumble, we all commit errors. We are never perfect, so far as human nature permits. There was Olympiodoros, praised by Iamblichus as a man elevated toward the highest principles, ethos, and virtues, who remained upon that supreme summit of what humanity is. This is worthy of praise.

The capering monkey of the human mind and emotions. An immense exertion is demanded to discipline and restrain it, that one may act wisely — not according to caprice, instinct, or automatism, but according to intellect and wisdom. When one lapses into extremes, it is exceedingly arduous to discover the middle path, yet it is possible, should the bestial-Tartaric component be recognized — and it lies dormant within every human being, within every human animal. Civilization, ethos, principles, virtues, self-reflection, introspection, self-knowledge, cogitation upon these matters, philosophizing, reading — great wisdom, correcting oneself in stride — does not signify that we err not. It signifies that we are cognizant that we err. We are not oblivious to our flaws and heroically endeavor to prevent them, to rectify them, to extirpate those weeds that sprout within our minds, our hearts, and our souls.

To each according to his path — each possesses a diverse method of attaining this state: through the perusal of philosophy, psychotherapy, performative acts, art, physical training, combat — inasmuch as it teaches self-control, which is so direly lacking in the contemporary world, a world that has vomited every manner of morass of normal-

ized stupidity upon the heads of all others, drawing them down into this mire.

I am inclined to think that above this mire of the Earth, from on high, the piercing Sowilo lightning bolts of divinity strike against it, yet fall not upon the fertile soil of the soul, but upon the barren mire — and the earth is a mire. Mortals perform what they perform. Hells perform what they perform. Spirits perform what they perform. The entire sociopolitical and historical apparatus performs what they perform. Yet I believe not in omnipotence; should omnipotence exist within the cosmos, it is vastly remote from the affairs of mortals — „Deus Absconditus." Those forces that are engaged in human affairs, should mortals turn toward them, endeavor to extract and ennoble them, to labor upon the free potentials that man contains within himself, in order to elevate him toward a greater nobility, toward a more splendid struggle, toward a greater gigantomachy. Yet should mortals renounce themselves, abandon themselves to this mire, they sink into it devoid of any self-control, governed by automatisms, imitation, replication, hybridization, zombification.

And how is self-control to be discovered? Through discernment.

Should you be an ethical person, should you possess character, you are capable of discerningly assessing what brings forth favorable outcomes in the long run. Ultimate outcomes, not motivation, not the act itself. Hell is paved with good intentions. And upon accumulating such strategic experience, such insights, you know — yet you remain susceptible to this Tartaric element, to the descent of nature into bestiality, stupidity, ignorance, wrath, fury, attachment, illusion. Therefore is it an incessant struggle. Therefore is it termed a gigantomachy.

Such a struggle, when recognized, exalts your soul, your spirit, and your heart, as well as your mind. Hence my perspective upon

politics and society is founded not upon statistical data, but upon *realpolitik* rooted in ethos, in aretology, in paideia.

And whenever I behold what transpires within politics and social strata, I turn my vector toward the ancients, to discover what wisdom they had to transmit. Classical Greek or Roman writings — the best of the best — Hindu and Buddhist scriptures, the jurisprudence of the Egyptians, Babylonians, Assyrians, Sumerians — whatever has been preserved, I endeavor to gather. And from this vantage point, founded upon the supreme wisdom of ancient times, I observe modernity. This is my ultimate test, because I possess a frame of reference.

Mortals devoid of a frame of reference inhabit exclusively the present moment; they are forever prisoners of the history of the current hour. Should you possess this discernment and know that these ideals are living — they are neither dead books nor history. They are living ideas, living spirits enclosed within books and writings left behind. First you reach for books to study, to comprehend, to contemplate, to meditate, to ritualize in action. Subsequently you reach for the spirits of the great, for an audience with Athena Glaukopis — personified wisdom — to gaze upward and downward: *philosophia divina*, *philosophia naturalis*, and to discern what may be achieved in modernity with these frames of reference.

Coordinate systems of values, attributes, virtues, knowledge, wisdom, gnosis. And you lament not the modern world. You construct bridges wherever you are able — even across this mire. You construct them despite calumnies, despite derision, despite being buried in falsehoods, in the excrement and filth of swine — because this leaves behind a Horatian monument, a testimony that inspires.

And you bear onward the Hecatean torch, the flame, because there remain those who desire to be inspired and to construct themselves as masters and mistresses — not to fill their deficiencies like

swine, but to elevate themselves and bring forth something greater into the world, into society, and unto the gods themselves.

Toward Panentheism — The Token: Moving Toward the Ideal Type, or When the Trace Encounters Platonic Forces

Every touch of the world upon my skin is an echo of its hidden geometry; every shadow of light unveils the elusive shapes toward which my soul tends.

„The transcendent world coincides with the phenomenal world and functions as a protean generator — a blueprint containing all potential laws and rules that emerge out of necessity within reality, inasmuch as divinity does not emerge, but coincides with the world as a whole."

The relation between the visible world and its invisible determinants has long occupied metaphysical inquiry. The assertion that the transcendent world coincides with the phenomenal world, rather than existing external to it, transforms transcendence from something remote into something immanent — present within every particular thing. Within these frameworks, the token — the concrete, empirical exemplar — is not merely a copy of the ideal type, but a dynamic trace of the forces that precede and constitute it. The token tends toward its ideal not because it imitates it from without, but because its very existence is shaped by the same generative blueprint that defines the ideal. When the trace encounters

the Platonic force, actuality becomes the gradual unveiling of potentiality.

The quoted passage proposes a radical identity: transcendence is not an emergent property, but a co-identical one. Divinity does not emerge from the world, but is identical with its holistic structure and generative capacity. This transforms the Platonic schema. Traditionally, Forms exist in a separate ontological domain, while physical things imperfectly participate in them. Here, however, the transcendent blueprint is neither spatially nor temporally separated. It is the internal regularity of reality itself — the protean generator. It contains all possible laws, rules, and structures not as passive abstractions, but as active potentialities. These potentialities do not wait passively; they exert force and tend toward manifestation.

The token is thus not a static object, but a trajectory. It is movement toward its own fulfillment. The trace — the empirical residue accessible to the observer — is the visible signature of invisible constraints and attractors. The token tends toward its type just as a mathematical sequence tends toward its limit. It may never fully coincide with it, but its behavior is comprehensible only in reference to it.

The example of Saturn illustrates this principle particularly clearly. The metaphysical type of Saturn can be described as a complex geometric structure: a dodecahedron with a hexagonal face and a beveled cube within. This is not a physical claim in the literal sense, but a symbolic representation of structural essence. Physical Saturn, by contrast, is a spheroid — a swirling mass of gas exhibiting storms, rings, and polar hexagons. Intriguingly, a permanent hexagonal storm structure truly exists at the north pole, creating the impression as though matter partially subjects itself to geometric necessity.

In a metaphysical sense, this suggests that physical Saturn tends toward its ideal type. The spheroid is not accidental. Its rotational

symmetry, polar structures, and dynamic equilibria reflect hidden constraints that can be interpreted as partial fulfillments of the metaphysical blueprint. The physical form is not identical with the ideal geometry, but bears its traces. These traces are not imposed from without; they emerge from the internal dynamics of the thing itself, while time and the laws governing matter and the abyss eliminate the token, leaving the form in decay — the withdrawal of ideal types upon the shedding of form.

This tendency can be described as hypostasis — a process wherein potentiality becomes actuality, wherein essence is realized. Hypostasis is not a one-time event, but a continuous process. Existence is the incessant actualization of possibilities contained within the blueprint.

The observer, however, encounters a fundamental limitation. They perceive only the token, not the type. They see the phenomenon, but not its ideal principle. They cannot directly perceive the realm of potentiality as an ontologically independent power. Unless they contemplate, they remain confined to the surface of phenomena.

A paradox thus arises: the observer themselves participates in the very generator that produces reality, yet experiences only its fragments. Their mind is capable of grasping the idea, yet their senses reveal only its traces.

Despite this, the order of the world indicates the presence of such forces. Physical laws are not merely descriptive, but the expression of structural necessities. Every physical object is a trace of its type. It is a type in the process of realization.

The token can thus be understood as the visible boundary of an invisible process. It is the locus where potentiality transitions into actuality.

When the trace encounters the Platonic force, reality reveals itself as the continuous becoming of form. Transcendence does not ex-

ist outside the world — it exists as its deepest structure. The task of the observer is not merely to measure, but to recognize. To perceive in a thing not only what it is, but also toward what it tends.

In this recognition, the world ceases to be a collection of accidental facts and becomes the process of realizing necessity — the visible countenance of the invisible order.

Hegemonikon

The spirit of the ironclad — full speed ahead — sail through nightmares and storms, through chthonic hells, through Hecatean cosmic straits, until the air clears, the oceans grow silent, and then you shall behold once more the countenance of your Penelope, driving you onward — ever onward!

Genetrix divina, genetrix diversa: O Nature — thou whose laws are woven from pain and sorrow, from transience and decay, from the hunt and sport. Thou givest birth to both the flower and the plague, the delicate shoot and the devouring fang; thou establishest the rhythm of becoming and the silence of dissolution. In thy vast economy, nothing escapes the mark of time nor is devoid of the dignity of transformation.

Between earth and the empyrean plays the dance of the ordered man, who lifts his gaze toward the stellar fires and, devoted to the Gods, seeks the union of his own daimon with those hyperionic realms of radiance. Like the seers of old — like Prometheus stealing fire from the heavens or Hermes Trismegistus recording the wisdom of that which is above and that which is below — he strives to mediate between the mortal shell and the intellectual light.

Philosophers, austere artisans of the invisible, fulfill their sacred act through discernment and logic, bringing luminous concepts down to rhetorical and intelligible signs. They forge succession from simultaneity, essence from flux, law from chaos. For structure exists and movement exists; identity exists, difference exists, and the trembling space between them. Time, like a patient sculptor, shapes all

beings toward their appointed ends. And we, perceivers imprisoned in flesh, strive with immense effort to gather these principles and seal them within ourselves — in our wavering minds, trembling brains, emotional souls, and rebellious spirits. Yet these inner realms rise up against us: they refuse completion, oppose harmony, and scatter the symmetry we so zealously seek.

Why, amidst the immeasurable diversity of Nature, do those who perceive the cosmos as ornament and order rise up like giants? They descend, with a trembling lantern in hand, into the Tiamatic abyss — into that primeval, draconic chaos — desiring to instruct that which is eternally untamed. As though one could teach the void itself the grammar of divinity, the rhythm of splendor, the measure of beauty.

And yet they too are subject to the same inexorable laws: entropy and eruption, vacuum and vortex. In titanic defiance, they endeavor to introduce immanent concepts into the sacred record, to seal them like holy names in interpretation, in order to revive and re-deify a world that has grown dim. Their labor is simultaneously rebellion and reverence — an echo of the primordial Word that desires to be spoken anew.

In every heroism dwells tragedy. The abyss remains: between the dream of perfect fulfillment and the fractured state of mortal creation. Man — a broken, shining, wandering beast — torn from *participation mystique*, wanders along uncertain paths toward the higher Divinity. He longs to put on once more the seamless robe of Being, yet stumbles over his own finiteness.

Thus the striving itself becomes a sacrament: the wound transformed into will, exile into pilgrimage, the fall into a veiled ascent.

Return to Platonic Ideas

Return to Platonic ideas. To deified qualities in ancient, republican, and imperial Rome. Deified ideas — masks of the gods and goddesses.

It was the figure of an angel. It stood in my room, and I bestowed upon it a visualized gift: wreaths of roses around its head. For her, perhaps, it was real. For me, it was merely an illusion. The Buddhist motto sometimes returns: create illusions, be a creator of illusions, and receive illusions.

This is a magnificent thought — non-religious, belonging to no religion. Do you genuinely imagine that higher levels of beings, divine entities, and spirits worship a religion created as a projection of the mortal mind, such as Judaism, Christianity, or Islam? They do not. How, then, do they operate? They operate despite religious ideas. They are ontological realities — objective, parallel to our lives, present everywhere as spirits.

What, then, do they occupy themselves with? With that which is human in an indirect manner: spirits of deified qualities and sources, grand matters, pure ideas — ontologies of freedom, nobility, greatness, love, compassion, beauty, truth.

With elevated thought, elevated intellect, emotion, eroticism, eros. You cannot offer the heavens more sexuality, more Venusian or aphrodisiac entanglements. You cannot offer more power or the „perfumes of ideas." You bring something else. What do you bring? Something singular: this elevated status of great ideas, great thoughts — individualization. We do not wish for everyone to be identical. We individualize that which is best within us, toward per-

fection. Perfection signifies you in your totality, just as you are — yet around this, perfected, ennobled, elevated to the limits of your capabilities. If ever you step upon this path, you shall choose the right-hand branch of the Pythagorean fork.

Such was the lesson I received today time and again: it is not Platonic ideas that are illusory, but religions, which are frequently ignorant and regressive in the face of Platonic ontologies. The ideas named by Plato belong to no philosopher nor school of thought. Plato was a compiler — which is precisely why Platonic ideas are free, like the forces of the universe.

Religious, angelic muses devoted to these ideas, to this great day, to the deified qualities that they can still discover within mortal entities and upon which they can labor.

It is a matter of actualizing certain things within oneself: building them, polishing them, carving them within oneself. Then the gods respond, endeavoring to lift you up. You cast a challenge to them, departing from foundations, from the earth, and thereafter they take over your work and bear you further. This is not steady progress. You fall, you slip, you rise, you ascend, you descend — and thus without end. This is war. The war of internal tension in perfect harmony, like a taut bow from which you release the artistic arrow of your soul, of your spirit, back toward the gods — through the planetary spheres toward the stars.

Yet this depends upon thee. No one shall perform these great works in thy stead. I thank thee.

On Genius

In the modern epoch, individuals frequently mistake degeneration for liberty. True liberty operates as the hallmark of responsible action within the voluntary confines of self-imposed bounds — in the self-governed mastery over the senses, the intellect, and one's proper station between the gods, the earth, and mortals. Today, both political right and left clamor for virtue and merit, yet the essence remains obscured therein. I issue a call for an essentialist philosophy — platonist in its orientation. Divine ideas require expression through individualization.

In other words, the power of freedom is distinct from human concepts, definitions, or sensations of freedom. The same principle applies to other ideas that we endeavor to name or approximate within our understanding — the idea of love, the idea of destruction, the idea of compassion. These ideas are *a priori* — they are primal forces that within mortal man are merely named, felt, or partially comprehended. There exist powers and forces ontologically independent of human conceptions and civilizational interpretations, unveiled solely through our bio-physiological cocoons designated as the mortal body, mind, and soul. They pre-exist.

Ideas are *a priori* — grasp this paradox, and you enter upon the proper path of discernment and comprehension. Hence, when I sense these grand powers operating through me, I act as a hermeneutist — I interpret them. I lay no claim to possessing them, nor to truth or objectivity as something proper to myself. I approximate them in proportion, in relation. I draw near and yet fall short. I draw

closer, zooming in, and remain yet slightly beneath. I permit them to course through my bloodstream, through my martial blood, whenever it is feasible.

Should we, however, reduce these ideas to purely human inventions, we lapse into horizontal zombification — into bio-techno-informational rubbish heaps that multiply like dead bots within dead AI networks, conversing with one another in a vacuum. What is requisite to attain the vertical dimension of understanding divine and numinous ideas, the pre-existing forces of the universe? One must restore their essence, reformulate them, and — in the Jungian sense — individualize them, maturing within them in order to draw nearer unto them.

These are neither lifeless mannequins nor puppets into which any arbitrary content may be poured. Otherwise, we generate merely successive layers of substitutes — akin to the Russian matryoshka — substitute upon substitute, falsehood upon falsehood, illusion upon illusion. This shall never lead to the proper apprehension of these ideas in an individualized sense — in the sense leading toward genuine concepts reflected within the mind, the heart, and the soul, toward *a priori* existing forces and masks of the gods, within a panenteistic, polytheistic, or henotheistic comprehension of the world.

Pluralistic reversals are possible, yet the coordinates subsist. Since coordinates exist, we inhabit neither a post-relativistic nor a post-factual world — we merely feign it, rendering ourselves the more ignorant, blind, and obscured before the true, essential forces that possess a distinct ontological status from the mortal race.

What bears value for the gods, higher spirits, muses, masters, and mistresses? Should we accept the axiom that these forces are intellectual, transmitting concepts, dispassionate and objective — what would they recognize? The focal point is „genius" — genius among men and women. Genius in art, in science, in life, in the

performative arts. Genius in combat, in humanity — something distinct, eminent.

Every genius differs. Wherefore? Because within the world of differentiation, nature renders everything distinct. The capacity to individualize toward one's proper genius — upon one's own terms — leads toward the divine, providential, numinous highlands.

How is one to be recognized by the gods and goddesses? Through the introduction of something genial — whether an idea, a life, a science, a technology — something grand, which perhaps impresses not the masses, yet brings you closer unto the gods. Therein lies the secret of initiation, elitist and austere toward mediocrity, toward the jealous, toward those who have invested neither toil, sweat, nor blood into the great work.

We are not born complete — save for rare exceptions. Genius is a workshop, an underdeveloped workshop that must be constructed. We prepare this workshop, train ourselves, refine ourselves, compete in perfection — not in the shallowness of the masses. It concerns meaning for oneself, for one's proper path, for the gods and goddesses.

Should you feel an affinity with the gods, should you at times almost empirically perceive the metallic laurel wreaths of the muses upon your temples, this may signify that you have provoked an effect — that your toil has been recognized, perhaps not by mortals, but by the gods, the muses, and even the hells in their perverted virtue.

Every workshop and every struggle are worthy of the exertion. Even a brute may become a great rhetor — should he surrender himself entirely to that toward which he possesses a natural inclination. Be it philosophy, science, art, ethos — through the idea of *homoiosis theo* (assimilation unto divinity) and *theion ergon* (divine work), man develops a broad experience of life, skills, knowledge, and virtues. Then the divine spark is planted within him and elevates him higher.

Genius is born within this workshop, in toil, in the extreme exertion that you have traversed and surmounted. It is a divine spark — the handiwork of the gods and goddesses within you.

Should perfection and engagement be absent, should we surrender to the mass, we become beasts. And beasts perish in shadow. To draw near unto the gods, one must offer sacrifices — of discipline, development, refinement.

War. War never changes.

I have studied politics, intelligence, strategy, warfare. I follow the news, I analyze data. I rarely speak of politics. I have constructed a citadel around my mind. I guard the internal flame.

What is paramount to preserve in order to renew civilization? First, nature and life upon Earth. Then skills. Then knowledge. Thereafter virtue and the ethos of humanity.

While the world distracts itself with weapons of mass distraction and disinformation, we drift within the simulacrum of virtuality, wandering as though within Plato's cave. One must preserve the flame within the mind.

This constitutes an appeal to those who desire to bear the torch of Hecate and *anima mundi* into the new, dark ages. That which you construct around yourself, what you protect and love — thereby you are defined.

Humanity is not eternal. Should it vanish today — what would survive? That which is perfected in spirit.

What do you represent? What would stand upon your gravestone? What would be inscribed within the book of the gods concerning your life?

We are biological cocoons dreaming of infinity. Yet against the vastness of the universe, we are nothing. Certain individuals, in the face of death, feel themselves falling endlessly into the void.

Perhaps the salvation lies in a return to the phenomenal and nu-

minous stream — through the alchemic toil of self-transformation. Should you desire to be born from the womb of the mortal ape toward something greater, you must discipline the mind and purify the animality.

The Earth is a safe haven of life — yet everything sublunary passes away like a withering autumn rose. Souls likewise are not eternal. Demigods and spirits likewise possess their boundaries — terrifying, immense boundaries. Nothing is infinite.

Surrender yourself to the stream of divinity — raw, grand, disciplined. It is the sole path of escape from the burden of doom and from the objective void of decay.

Integral Pagan Traditionalism, Rooted Cosmopolitanism: On Building a Bridge Between Antiquity and Modernity

Every great civilization, in its development, adaptation, and reformation, has maintained its vector directed toward the ancient past. Idealized or not — the great ancients, the wise ancients, the mighty ancients, the untarnished ancients — as we well know, this is largely an idealization. Yet without this coordinate system, without recovering the pages of history, rebuilding values, uncovering what functioned, philosophizing, and constructing a bridge from ancient times to modernity, we remain barren as a humanity.

Even within religions such as Judeo-Christianity, reforms directed themselves toward the past. Christianity did not reform itself from within, for it was barren. It required classical times, Renaissance neoplatonism, baroque enlightenment, neoclassicism, the great Germanic romantic movement.

It returned to the past to discern what had been lost and what might be revived within modernity. Today, perhaps this is the labor of the historian or the traditionalist metaphysician. Nevertheless, it bears within itself things great, beautiful, and true.

And when we sever our roots from this vector toward the past — as we have done in postmodern nonsense, deconstructing meta-

physics, deconstructing great and beautiful things, severing the bond between humans and gods, humans and nature, humans and the earth, humans and spirits — we gaze exclusively forward, perpetually forward, while remaining prisoners of the present moment. In this forward gaze, we have forgotten the past. We have lost our footing, the foundations of it all.

By doing such things, we have brought down catastrophes upon ourselves — grand catastrophes, immense chaos. And solely by turning our gaze toward primal wisdom, knowledge, truth, *arete* (or aretology), toward a politics of the past grounded in virtue — idealized or not — do we possess a frame of reference to which we may aspire. Because if we lack this frame of reference and even aspiration (call me an idealist, as you yourselves have been), everything collapses beneath the synthetic biotech-informational zombie-dump of what you procreate and generate horizontally.

Verticality is lost. Man's station in the world is utterly lost. And when verticality collapses into horizontality, you procreate within the mire of swine and something utterly ignominious — exposing, disfiguring, and stripping away your own humanity, bereft of *humanitas*.

For with each successive generation, this education is repeated. As in antiquity, tradition was transmitted through the living word, taught within families, passed down to subsequent generations — each time this history is retold. And if history collapses, you select random items from the supermarket of nonsense and know not how to bind them back together.

You cannot reconstruct it, for if you demolish it, destroy it, relativize it — your world turns to chaos. And every happiness, every freedom — responsible freedom — every grand love, every great happiness must possess order. Order must arrive.

One does not flourish in chaos. You seize forms from chaos and construct order from them. The civilizational heroes of the East are

those who created a grand order for the ages — an order that was reformed, assumed many forms, and was then reformed once more, because times changed, technology advanced, science progressed.

You reform, reform, reform, yet your grand, grandiose historical narrative is anchored in the past, in the past, and in the past — and loops cyclically, weaving this fabric. I know, I have no more words, for I observe this collapse within the human spirit that speaks to no one anymore — perhaps only to the few who behold the broader picture of it all. I thank you.

On Love, the Marriages of Mages, Sacrifice, Grief, and the Source of My Humanity

Behind every great grief that must be conquered lies a history of love and loss.

When two exceptionally difficult, powerful, wounded, suffering, and tormented individuals — a man and a woman — meet and interweave their mutual understanding at the deepest depths of insight, steel orchids bloom. An indestructible path is forged, traveled together in trust, honesty, immense devotion, loyalty, and sacrifice.

In these times, people frequently speak of an ordinary „relationship supermarket," mislabeling fleeting infatuations as „love" and churning out all that amorous nonsense. Yet what occurs when one encounters true love? And not merely true love, but when a man and a woman are likewise powerful mages whose love impacts the world — so luminously that the gods themselves shine through their union into reality. It is a sacred triad: *eros*, *philia*, and *agape*, alchemical sublimation, rectification, and *rubedo* — the Moon Queen and the Sun King, wielding the crowns of the planets, embodying their natures, and wearing those crowns as one.

The history of great love and great loss is likewise a history of cultivating memories. Memories that become like the tombs of gods — temples in ruin — where a man attempts to reclaim what was lost through the arts of magic, philosophy, yearning, sorrow, and grief,

and in so doing, creates something so surpassing that it eclipses anything previously imagined. It is the unceasing effort of resacralization — escaping Plato's cave and returning essence back unto divinity.

I live now with a great love from the past, which remains the source of my humanity and the foundation of my philosophy. I am a disciple of that bygone love. It is what rehumanizes me and grants me perfect insight into what love was, is, and shall forever be.

Our history was tempestuous to the extreme. The witches from the other side, from the shadows, granted us forty years of a happy marriage. We were wedded by the gods themselves in an *epithalamium* — as husband and wife. We required neither churches nor official documents. We simply were married.

When such radiant lives appear, moderation becomes paramount. One must be wise and honest in moderation. Otherwise, should passion carry you too far — even within the greatest madness and agony of love — excessive light provokes darkness. And thus we provoked all the hells and the dead combined. We stood opposed to the ugly, jealous forces of certain warped Judeo-Christian religions. We were both pagans and heathens, extraordinarily effective in our magic for the gods, for the world, and for mortals. Something detested this intensely.

I stood helpless, watching her soul being displaced and her mind haunted by waves of sorrow, grief, and hatred. All the teachings she had received from the great masters of the past — teachings that once spoke through her while I became her disciple — were turned against us, shattering my mind. I was sufficiently discerning to keep my footing, yet I could prevent neither her descent into this disgrace.

Therefore, I resolved to save her. I performed a ritual of consignment to *Magna Mater*, the Goddess of the Stars. I appealed as high as I possibly could within the universe, merely to preserve her spirit. With great reverence, I succeeded. She guided the veils

of the worlds as her spirit ascended upward through countless realms.

Subsequently, I attempted to restore her to herself, for she was assailed by lower forces and vile entities. Yet I realized she was being utilized against me — to plunge me into grief, war, sorrow, hatred, and contempt, to completely sever me from this love.

Thus we parted.

I did everything in my power to preserve her memory as it slowly faded. Sometimes, in the nocturnal sky, her beautiful gold-and-silver face gazes down upon me with immense compassion and understanding — precisely what we desired in life: that she become the supreme priestess, surpassing me in wisdom, knowledge, and comprehension across every domain of science, philosophy, art, and magic. In this, she was perfected beyond the highest gates.

And thus I commemorate her among those stars. Her wild, beautiful soul occasionally incarnates into various women I encounter upon the streets. I watch her fly, flit past, and manifest through them as they gaze at me with her countenance.

There were moments when I yearned for her, and moments when I desired to banish her from within myself, for the pain was unendurable.

Now I perceive this as a sign by the wayside. Everyone adores happy endings, but this history is different. Her dark, shadowed soul was imprisoned within a tectonic house. Amidst great pain and sorrow, before a mirror, I tore my face with my fingernails until the blood flowed. I prayed in reverse and begged to be defiled by the Black Brotherhood, if only she might be liberated from that domain.

She was liberated. My sorrow and blood proved more precious than her captivity. She emerged as a dark-haired primordial mother.

Long ago, before we met, I beheld two shadows — male and female — embracing. Love among the shadows. Love among the dead.

As if portending that we would not meet in great glory, but in the pitiful shadows of death — and yet love blossoms even there.

As I utter these words at this nocturnal hour, I know that for the remainder of my life, and even beyond death, I must remain faithful to my duties. Having lived what immortals should and should not live, I can truly affirm:

I envy not those who have never loved.

It is better to love greatly and lose everything than to be like the unborn child who never beheld it, or the half-dead human who never perceived even the shadow of this magnificent mystery.

Love is real. Very real. Should you fight for one another and bear one another with immense devotion, strength, loyalty, and sacrifice, sooner or later it will summon a true war — the devil's tango begins. Perhaps we are born to lose it.

And yet it remains a struggle worth fighting.

The greatest work is neither the crossing of the abyss nor the coronation. The greatest work is sacrifice — the liberation of another's soul. Even a single soul suffices. This is the true *magnum opus*. This is the pelican feeding its young with its own blood.

And thus I gaze with longing toward those stars. When I complete my cycles and the thousands of years of duty, perhaps we shall meet again.

Or perhaps I shall merely chase the *rajas* and illusions of who she was.

For that which is digested by the divine flame leaves behind merely masks and veils — mere simulacra of true love. Upon Earth, dwelling within this mortal shell, you have but a single chance to find the right one. And thereafter, perhaps, your intertwined spirits shall meet once more.

A most noble enterprise.

On Morality, Ethos, Justice, and Wisdom

How do I perceive such matters as morality, ethos, and nature? Morality is the codified sum of experiences within a given culture or civilization. In other words, it is relative among cultures, civilizations, beliefs, political systems, and so forth.

Ethos is something distinct. Ethos signifies character. The gods and goddesses possess their own laws, which may appear immoral to mortal human beings from their perspective — unless a mortal wishes to impose his own porcine moral slop upon the infinite stars and divinity itself. Thus, the gods possess an ethos, which is character and nature, and from it the mortal derives his daimon — his spirit — and his own proper nature. This signifies that by knowing thyself, you come to know your nature, and from this nature you derive your morality.

This means that if you possess sufficient insight and wisdom and observe the consequences of the actions of groups, cultures, and civilizations, you skim the cream from the best values and virtues of diverse cultures and civilizations. You sip wisdom, you distinguish and separate what may prove useful to you and how it can serve society. In this manner, you derive a morality that is relative rather than universalist. You derive an insight that is tactical, strategic, and intuitive, or planned and well-ordered in *episteme* — in knowledge — and you draw it from the observation of the gods, the world, nature, and human beings in all their variations. From this observation you de-

duce what might constitute wise *sophon* within it all: what moralities you may forge for yourself that remain concordant with your nature and daimon, and how this intersects with the natures, conflicts, and moralities of others and their ethos.

One might say, invoking Ares, that a soldier killing on duty is entirely immoral from a Judeo-Christian perspective. Nevertheless, he possesses a warrior's ethos if he is self-controlled and kills not like a beast or a barbarian. In other words, a soldier in the army of Alexander the Great was both moral and ethical within a different historical epoch. From the perspective of Judeo-Christianity, he was immoral; from the perspective of Hellenism, he was moral, ethical, and endowed with all that divine mandate.

For a Hindu, should he lay his head down in sacrifice to Shiva — that his head might be severed — is this action immoral or unethical? It is both moral and ethical for the one who has sacrificed himself, being more advanced in *lila*, illusion, and play — *maya*, illusion, play. If a Hindu warrior dances and kills, is he moral and ethical? Is his sacrifice within this play? Therefore, if you are a soldier and another warrior approaches, should you slay him and he is within the play, he is never truly vanquished. And you, as the one who slays, have not truly slain, because there is nothing to which one must become attached.

At this juncture, this is somewhat of a digression. As we know, perfectly organized soldiers who exercise self-control are capable of killing, trained to kill, yet they know moderation. That is to say, they know how not to transform themselves into beasts, into barbarians; how to play according to the rules of the game and avoid becoming the barbarians who advance from the opposite side.

Living within a modern civilized society, a very significant component is that when you encounter absolute freedom — moral or immoral, ethical ethos or unethical — you render decisions and

judgments. You determine what is right, what brings forth favorable outcomes for yourself, for the remainder, and for other conflicting natures. And from this you derive justice. It is the justice of mortals. It is neither the justice of the gods nor of providence, yet it approaches more closely the justice of mortal human beings. It is not the justice of nature. The tiger devouring a Hindu acts according to its nature. The tiger is moral and ethical. The lion devouring a Christian — from the perspective of the lion — is moral and ethical. Ethos. Simple.

The Metaphysics of the Anarch in Politics versus the Totalitarian State and Echo-Controlled Dissidence

Let us now engage in a speculative exercise wherein both politics and dissidence are rendered as simulacra.

Imagine, if you will, a Chinese totalitarian global empire-state governed entirely through simulacra: political credits, resource allocation, social engineering, mass bio-engineering, AI surveillance, and the like.

This constitutes the actual political dimension, particularly when juxtaposed with ontological forces of a metaphysical order.

We thus possess this operational empire-state, which functions as a simulacral facet yet remains a potent political reality. Within such a system, what constitutes a dissident?

If we push the inquiry to its extreme — what defines a genuine dissident?

Is it one who revolts against this totalitarian state and efficaciously plugs back into metaphysical forces and powers?

Such an individual would indeed be a true dissident.

Yet what if the totalitarian state engenders the ideal controlled dissident — one who, for instance, marshals a faction of opposition forces directed against this or that policy, against another faction, or against some specific phenomenon or contingency?

In this instance, such actors remain excluded from the metaphysical game, for they perceive not what lies veiled behind the curtain.

They behold the totalitarian state merely as an adversary, while the state carves out sufficient perimeter for them to rebel in a controlled manner, laboring under the delusion that they are authentic dissidents actively subverting the order.

How is the ideal dissident pacified? By persuading them that they contend for a righteous cause, whereas either the cause itself is non-existent or the cause is entirely administered by the totalitarian state.

In this manner, the illusion of dissidence permeates even the present age — within virtualities and across every facet of existence bereft of genuine forces, namely, the ontological forces of being, untethered from administrative systems or any opinions entertained regarding them.

We might populate an entire asylum with such figures. Consider contemporary communists who gaze with tearful nostalgia toward the Soviet epoch, social communism, and totalitarian states — a retinue of fools parading artifacts of the past into modernity.

Similarly, contemporary populists, nationalist populists, and fascists constitute a historical menagerie, swiftly disfigured and nullified in modernity, yet useful insofar as biometrics and psychometric profiling can harness their energies and political directives toward predetermined ends.

In other words, conceive of yourself as a resource. Either you operate as a self-governing resource endowed with self-reflective awareness of your trajectory, eventually compelled to accommodate this or that power, this or that current, this or that policy;

Or you remain autonomous in your determinations as a self-spontaneous center anchored to a metaphysical covenant.

Otherwise, devoid of metaphysics — absent an individualized, responsible metaphysics — politics degenerates into mere resource extraction.

Sooner or later, upon awakening to your liberties, the final whimpering child shall discover what is authentic, what constitutes truth, what is ontological power, and what remains mere ruin amidst mortal beings.

To conclude: if authentic dissidence is eradicated, leaving only a facade of surrogates swapping places ad infinitum, then power becomes total.

It is reduced to a mere administrative calculus among its stakeholders.

On Overcoming

Overcoming — behold the cardinal word. Things you are capable of overcoming: the adversities of fortune, upon occasion. Things you cannot, yet attempted within your struggle, within the gigantomachy. Things that have contaminated you — such as pests or glaciers, whether wrath or virulent hatred.

Upon occasion, one must experience this to comprehend it. Disgust, contempt, attachments, wrath, perfidy, cruelty in its purest form, cold and calculated ruthlessness. One might maintain that should you traverse all of this — much as it was once recounted that Hannibal, the Carthaginian commander, declared he would swim within the blood of Romans — was this driven by hatred? No. It was designated as perfidy and cruelty. This is drawn from Seneca's *De Ira* — concerning how to restrain wrath. And as we know, Seneca served as tutor to the Emperor Nero. It ended not favorably — this leniency and doctrine — yet the treatise itself remains worthy of perusal. Seneca addressed it unto a friend.

What is indispensable in overcoming? Coordinates, points of reference. Into whom do you aspire to transform from this raw matter of experience and confrontation? For thereby you learn. Even the most wretched wretch you become after years of breaking suddenly grows sober and becomes more clement — in a hardened, resilient manner. You release your pain, your agony into strength.

What do you effect with this strength? To kill, to destroy, to murder, to violate? That is devoid of sense. For thereby you invalidate your struggles and confrontations, is it not so? Upon numerous

occasions, I have encountered certain notions inciting frenzied serial murders and other bestialities. Yet what resides here is ethos, reason, the derivation of thought, philosophizing, and consolidation within meditation, within theological action, within apotropaic ceremonies.

Overcoming is thus a method to direct your pain, suffering, agony, and all else into a robust strength turned toward proper things, toward superior things. And tell me not that you have suffered so intensely, or endured such agony, or been treated with such malice that you cannot surmount it. It matters not. Tell me not this, for I have traversed the abyss. I have traversed abysses that many mortals cannot begin to imagine. I have beheld the black earth, I have been bloodied and battered, my nervous system shattered, I have suffered betrayal, an abundance of falsehoods and calumnies, assassination campaigns. My identity was pilfered, my works destroyed, my ideas appropriated by adversaries and vended as their own.

And what then? What do you enact with such a lesson? Do you fracture and weep? Well, sensitive souls merit respect, provided it be sincere. Yet at this juncture, there is no whimpering, no comfort in whimpering, in indulging the pain. Simply no. Your soul is dead, your heart cold — no. What remains, therefore? Psychopathy? No. Ethos and reason. And overcoming — surpassing all this excrement through which you have journeyed to strive toward proper things, toward righteousness, toward noble things. And this precisely constitutes the human.

I believe that through overcoming you forge a certain wisdom and internal fortitude — you may remain soft outwardly, yet resolute inwardly. And indeed, upon occasion this borders upon misanthropy, upon various animosities, for „behold, you are a mere child within your intellect, hence you detest this or that." That is inconsequential. You surmount it and declare: no, this lacks reason. And thereafter the

things you detest destroy you, thrusting a dagger into you to inspire yet greater detestation. Do you detest them? Well, if so, you are self-destructive and passions devour you.

All things in moderation, nothing in excess. The Delphic Epsilon. The oracles of Apollo. And this presides over every great philosophy — this gigantomachy within Buddhism, overcoming through discernment, loving-kindness, and so forth. It is a heroic concept, an archaic concept of the Orient. The Stoic concept of Zeno. It is likewise the heroic concept of Greek *aretē* and *alke*.

Therefore, whenever any individual informs me that they are unable or that they shall fail, I respond: very well, yet unless you confront your existence, unless you venture forth and shatter your sword against yourself and the adversaries within your own breast, you are lost. And within failure, none spare a thought for you. You collapse upon the street, you are destroyed. What doth society contemplate? Well, for example — what society contemplates — after all my striving, years, and internal gnosis of the self of the type *Gnothi Seauton* — I prefer to be of greater significance unto the gods than unto mortals who excel at calumny and sparing your feelings.

Yet you surmount it. And this is the most resplendent point of the heroic life — that you bear burdens, surmount them, and forge them into pure gold, alchemical gold.

O Fortuna! On Heroic Struggle, Good and Bad Fortunes

Now we shall speak of fortunes — good fortunes and bad fortunes. I prefer to view fortunes as the accumulation of sound decisions and judgments under specific circumstances over the years, yielding positive outcomes. Analogously, bad fortunes are forged through poor decisions and erroneous judgments amid relentless circumstances. It is invariably a blend, and existence, as we know, is fraught with perturbation.

Hence, what distinguishes circumstantial misfortune — for instance, being born into a pathological family — from the poor decisions you enact upon your own accord? Such as making detrimental choices regarding narcotics or alcohol, or associating with undesirable companions. There exists a distinction between criminal stupidity — engaging in destructive actions and passions, dismantling one's own fortune while inflicting harm upon others — and the converse, wherein external forces dismantle fortunes that might have otherwise flourished.

As I observed, good and bad fortunes intertwine. Even should we render ideal decisions, sound judgments, and valuable choices, under wretched circumstances we shall nonetheless suffer defeat, resulting in ruin or distress. Conversely, possessing ideal circumstances while enacting poor decisions may still yield favorable fortunes — and so forth. This is the natural order of things.

Yet what occurs when you choose between this baseline and an effortless existence amidst favorable or adverse fortunes? You may

opt for an easy life, or you may consciously resolve to embrace a heroic posture — a noble stance — something that may subvert your good fortunes when coupled with other decisions.

Right and wrong decisions bear no relation to the heroic posture. The heroic posture is *aretē*, a value-oriented stance that leads to specific metaphysical affinities. And the heroic posture is perpetually a pathway of conflict, gigantomachy, struggle, and battle — internally or externally.

The heroic posture stands in contradiction to good fortunes and, for certain individuals, holds a higher priority than material wealth, status, career, family, and the like. One may attain both upon occasion, yet it is exceedingly arduous. You may maintain a career, you may remain a friend to the gods, you may prosper, you may embody *rectitudo* — a person full of uprightness, endurance, and all that entails. Yet it is immensely difficult. For the most part, the world is inverted.

Therefore, whenever we terminate our existence upon the Boethian wheel of fortune — whether kings or beggars — if we select the heroic posture, it constitutes a metaphysical struggle that discovers affinity with the gods, goddesses, and providence. Let us invert the Judeo-Christian notion that the last shall be first, for they shall not. Ordinarily, individuals who are impoverished and deprived terminate in suffering and anguish — post-mortem, their shades are vindictive, wrathful, and driven to exact their justice upon the society that crushed them by any means necessary. This is their justice. This is the justice of the dead. Certain Christian idiots designate them as devils, yet they are merely human beings transformed into vengeful, wrathful spirits — shades of souls.

Reversing this: those who are first in the eyes of the gods of metaphysical spheres... do not confuse this with the Jewish deity. The gods — for instance, the twelve zodiacal deities of Greece and

and Rome — function as ontological instances. Those who rank first within the hierarchy of the heroic struggle are acknowledged as first. This signifies that a key and coordinate exist; it implies no deity lounging upon a cloud proclaiming, „Behold, you are a hero, approach us." No, it operates not in such a fashion. It signifies that you have fulfilled specific preconditions, which are objective and dynamic laws of magic in life, and more profoundly, the kaleidoscopic rules governing the whole.

Laws exist — metaphysical laws born of *aretē*, nobility, and heroic struggle — yet they are not universal. I play not the game of universalism. They are founded upon individuation, maturity, responsibility, and the like. And this constitutes the pathway of shaping *Homo Deus* — constructing the self, *ergon*, the work of the gods. Powers and forces act upon you so that you may fashion yourself into a hero.

I delivered this brief discourse because I recently encountered an awkward situation wherein I misplaced my phone, only to discover an individual clutching a similar device. I approached him and remarked, „Pardon me, I have misplaced my phone. Might you possess mine?" Whereupon he mistook me for a thief, believing I sought to deprive him of his property, his telephone. The amusing aspect is that he resembled a common chav.

Between myself and this chav externally, there exists absolute equivalence. A chav and an individual who has dedicated existence to theology, philosophy, magic, the gods, and self-construction — to society, there is no distinction. I am, you see, a scruffy fellow clad in a black shirt, smoking cigarettes, and so forth. Hence, what distinguishes my nature from the criminal stupidity of another? In the eyes of society, we both occupy a precarious station. We are identical.

Nevertheless, I maintain that my heroic struggle and my capacity to surmount life's manifold adversities and confront them in order

to self-construct diverge fundamentally from that criminally stupid individual who misconstrued me for a thief.

Such is the reality. I wish you all favorable fortunes and sound decisions, yet it depends upon yourselves — upon your wisdom, your capacity for discernment, and your ability to navigate the meanders of existence.

On Emotions, Feelings, Concepts, the Anima Mundi, and the Great Disconnection

Emotions — those intensely crucial biochemical phenomena that assist us in cognition, navigating relationships, and interpreting the world. Yet emotions as mere biochemical triggers are merely linked to things of a more metaphysical order, such as feelings. Love — true love — is a metaphysical feeling, a concept. Hatred — a metaphysical feeling, a concept — reduced through biochemical interpretation into an emotion.

Thus we possess emotions, which grant us access to feelings, concepts, and an animic, sentient universe — feeling and meaning transcending the emotional. There exist pure powers that are objective, passionless, emotional yet operating heroically, constituting the arena of their own labor. The idea, the force, the heroic activity incarnates within the subject of its own operation. An idea generated within the world in the Plotinian sense. Plotinus, Neoplatonism.

What, then, transpires regarding emotions that grant us access to feelings, concepts, and grander ideas? Well, they are harvested. They are simultaneously capitalistically destroyed and gathered for attention, for capital, for currency, for whatever purpose, for profit. Emotions within relationships, emotions within advertisements, weapons of mass destruction, and so forth. All of it accomplished.

Yet this is not the sole perspective. The second consists of alienating harvesting nodes. Emotions such as fear, love, hatred may be harvested in such a manner that humanity is reduced to bestiality. In themselves, emotions are not evil, but they are exploited as a resource, and that is precisely where the matter grows intriguing, for mortals find themselves imprisoned upon this pleasure-pain axis — good and evil, love and hatred, and all that trash. To bypass this, you are compelled to ascend into a sort of psychopathic state — governed by ethos, reason, and pure intellect. Otherwise, you remain eternally upon the leashes of these emotional stimuli: go hither, go thither. We shall present unto you a new vision or dream to pursue, and you shall invest your emotions therein while we reap the profits for ourselves. Is it not so?

Such is the approach, shall we say, of the adventurer — transcending this realm, moving beyond emotions and feelings.

Deem me not devoid of emotion, albeit upon occasion I am such. I traverse great loves, great hatreds, great ferment, immense pleasure, intense suffering, profound torments, immense agony, immense admiration, and liberation. And what of it? It was requisite in order to consume oneself with fire, to incinerate those very things from within.

I continue to suffer from occasional stray PTSD, hollow wrath, vacuous fury. I must upon occasion vent a bit of garbage. Yet it remains hollow. It is dead within me.

The true essence of life resides elsewhere. It suffuses you with heroic action, with that vital impetus derived from the gods, from nature, from the abyss, from wheresoever it may be.

Be that as it may, this serves as an appeal unto moderation and equilibrium: should you venture beyond the emotional tier into passions that consume you, you risk being transformed into a marionette, governed as if upon strings by whatever entity observes you —

the manipulator or the succubus capable of devouring it. A succubus not as a concrete entity, but as a general metaphysical phenomenon that harvests resources in order to consume them and fortify itself.

I trust this constitutes an engaging concept, so to speak.

As for entities such as pseudo-angels imprisoned within pleasure and sacrosanct belief systems — they are thralls. There exists an ancient anecdote wherein a Vajrayogin ascends unto the Hindu heavens, and the lord of those realms proclaims: „Behold, you possess all the pleasures of the world, all delights; this heaven is yours, my friend." Whereupon the yogi replies: „Yet this is an illusion; you seek to imprison me within a falsehood, an artifice." Thereupon the heavenly lord transforms into a demon and declares: „Indeed? Then you shall partake of none of it." And the Vajrayogin responds: „Excellently well. I am objective, passionless, and I traverse wheresoever it pleases me — across these illusions of cosmic scale. I care not."

My objective is for the metaphysical construct to remain objective, passionless, emotional yet heroic, active, and to travel wheresoever and whensoever it pleases — across the deepest cosmic abysses, across the most exalted heavens — in a detached manner. You are the traveler of touch. That is the crux of the matter.

And none of these realities shall capture you, whispering „this is true, this is real." Nay. You retort: „Nay. I travel through illusions as it pleases me. I weave illusions and fashion illusions as I desire. Yet I shall never permit myself to be captured by any among them."

Thereupon you shall perchance join the liberated gods within this curse of evolution. Otherwise, you remain shackled. Fall into whatever snares you choose. The finest thralls are those who inhabit comfort and pleasure, believing blindly and programmed to function as prison wardens for the remainder, for they imagine it to be righteous, to be pleasant. They suffer not, they experience no agony, hence it must needs be so.

Yet both pleasure and suffering constitute a snare — much like virtues and vices. A virtue is a golden chain. A vice is an iron fetter. Simple.

On Destinies and Fates

We forge our own destiny — proclaims the leaping monkey to the leaping monkeyess. The leaping monkeys of the mind — uncontrolled emotions, cognitions, thoughts.

There exist phenomena designated as destinies, and discovering one's destiny and rightful station within nature and among the stars assumes paramount importance. People maintain that they are free, that they are endowed with free will — consumer automatisms, social engineering, narratives, institutions, a metaphysical spine.

Your freedom is something that must be forged and borne like a *gladius*, for gladiators must combat. You earn your liberty through confrontation and countless thorns, and that liberty upon the tip of the sword constitutes your destiny — and it is circumscribed to your role and your station within the cosmos.

When I attained my twenty-first year, I was assigned unto the sphere of Saturn, compelled to become yet another intelligence of that realm. From that epoch onward, having undergone the trials, I attuned myself to this particular Saturnian sphere and thereby forged myself, pursuing my destiny, for such is my fate.

Others may assert: „Yet you are utterly free; you may enact whatever you desire." This represents an irresponsible freedom. I respond: very well, enact whatever you desire within your automatisms, your daily routines, constrained by circumstances, environment, your nature, the networks at your disposal, the resources and fortunes you possess.

Very well. Yet at the hour of death, you shall discover that everything you accomplished while forging your own fate was devoid

of sense and purpose. For you shall remain at the threshold of death, at the locus of transition where you are entirely insignificant — a mere cock upon its own dunghill, who, torn from that context, is reduced to absolute zero, yet another shadow within death.

Hence, this is a eulogy unto destinies. If you apprehend your purpose, your teleology, your direction, your directive, your composition, your constitution — you consecrate your existence thereto. This constitutes your obligation: to dedicate your life unto your destiny.

Discover your own star, your own — shall we say — diamond to track. This represents your hegemon and the ruling principle of existence. Everything else follows in its wake, for should you discover the path, or should the path discover you, and you answer the summons — all falls into harmonious order.

There shall be fools who impede your progress. There shall be disturbances endeavoring to persuade you to abandon the path, to wander elsewhere, to enact whatever pleases you. Yet precisely therein is forged the human of character — the one who cleaves to their destiny once it is revealed. It is a burden, a burden to which you must submit, and which you embrace with joy and heroism — as an agony you surmount, as pain you gnaw through with rotted teeth across the flesh of hells in order to emerge into the light, because that is the goal.

To transform oneself into something constituting a post-mortem genius who summons you from beyond time. Death loosens the grip of time so that you may become yourself within the magnificent fruition of your destinies and the stations you are ordained to inhabit.

What constitutes the difference between these fate-forging monkeys, dragged hither and thither, and the master or mistress? Ultimately, they are all consumed by death, and their souls subjected to the domination of those forces that appointed the master and mis-

tress to administer the principles of karmic life and death unto the remainder of those monkeys — incapable of deciding what truly matters, how to conquer humanity, how to become human, *ecce homo*, differentiating themselves from the beasts and wild animals that the Romans gathered for that order.

This constitutes, in essence, the science not merely of how to become human and humane, but how to become something akin to a demigod, a species of divinity properly attuned to astral optics, kaleidoscopic lensing, the king, the key of the cosmos — an order for all things.

Opponents shall endeavor to pull you away from this species of striving, yet you must cleave unto it.

How is one to discover this destiny? How is one to locate this summons?

Is every individual summoned? Does every being possess a destiny? Destiny is common unto all, yet the summons is a distinct matter.

The summons and the response are discovered after you strip away absolutely every illusion, deception, and falsehood. That final remaining droplet of inclination, of genius, the single thread that you follow through the remainder of existence — that constitutes your direction and your destiny.

When you encounter these grand forces, the ontological forces of the universe — those powers that strip you bare, annihilate, shatter, tearing away masks, falsehoods, illusions, and deceptions — thereby you discover that internal truth, that kernel which is your core, your diamond. And it shall command you: go thither.

And you tread that pathway for the remainder of your days, because this constitutes the preparation. Existence is the grand preparation for death, and death is the grand preparation for immortality.

Within that immortality, you are placed into a specific locus, within a specific sphere, and therein you fulfill your duties and destinies until the next. You are liberated from this burden, which is inherently sacred, for it renders you whole and complete once you comprehend it.

Thereupon you shall encounter numerous fools striving to usurp your station, imagining it to be a game, some form of competition. Verily, it was never such.

It is a burden. Those fools who endeavor to occupy your place shall be crushed by that burden — they shall be annihilated. They know not what they desire, for they are mere monkeys.

Monkeys hither and thither — something gleams, they sprint toward it. Dreams and visions thrust before their faces, and they pursue them, knowing neither why, nor how, nor wherefore. It is akin to attempting to reign as emperor while lacking any comprehension of why. Devoid of vision, devoid of the capacity to govern, devoid of the faculty for discernment, for critical thinking, for embodying the philosopher-king. What sense resides therein?

This is the society of instant gratification. Everyone craves the label, everyone aspires to be king and queen. Yet not a single one among them possesses the capacity.

And this is no mere theorem. When you incarnate certain qualities and attributes and attain the capacity therefor, you are recognized by the gods and goddesses. Thereupon you follow that thread, for you know your station and prepare yourself for it.

Within that preparation, you discover consummate fulfillment and eudaemonic perfection. You shall locate it nowhere else.

This is the summons to discover your destinies and your fidelity.

You forge them not — you forge your petty earthly games. And once you resolve to tread the path, the path forges you and discovers

your station, discovers your destiny. And then everything aligns into order — upon the earth, in hell, and in heaven.

Somehow.

Theologia Axiomathica

Every generation reinvents anew; every generation possesses its grand opus to complete, yet apophatic axioms remain apophatic. Were an individual somewhere to „comprehend absolutely everything within the universe," they would be occupied with polishing it unto perfection — such as knowledge, beauty, science, and *aretē* — and would endeavor to compete even against themselves within that contest which is inherently inscribed into the cosmos. *De* may be bestowed by the Heavens, yet *Tao* must be eternally perfected from within.

Concepts, ideas, and feelings coincide with the Tetractys.

Every solution must incorporate beauty and *aretē*, individualized and scaled toward a true, un-universalized synthony between humanity and an objective metaphysics that forever remains beyond reach within this Hölderlinian tragedy, yet remains proportional, rational, and coordinated as a framework of reference and approximation — as opposed to appropriation. This constitutes a realization antithetical to illusion, proper to human particularity, which possesses the ethos of truth from which we may derive and inversely reconstruct the divine spectacle.

Cold machines and automatic, rigid solutions that are barren without this insight and devoid of the aforementioned element plummet from the correct perception (*Sia* from *Heka* — the perception of power in all its manifestations and currents) of the noetic, noeric, and sympathetic into sterility and cosmic alienation. This eventuates in nihilism and decomposition, just as the latter culminates in despair, exclusion, and internal collapse.

The phenomenal post-Protean (Proteus/Monad of the Cosmic Egg, Phaeton of self-born Kronos circling the Abyss), post-trytogenic (Chaldean post-tri-teletarchic) generated universe of space-time, matter, energy, and information constitutes a simultaneous war of natures, particles, energies, currents, and elements within the cosmos (order, adornment), understood as tension within harmony or cacophony, governed by the principles of *solve* (dissolution) and *coagula* (binding). All movement, purpose (teleology), and power derive from its binding through the Tetractys enclosed within the philosophical supra-Platonic decad, which serves as the prototyping of the ideal generator. This decad, reflected within phenomena, descends into the pentacontahexagon (according to Plutarch — the Typhonian 56-sided polyhedron), which within the black fires of the *sol niger autophaneia* manifests as Hecate *Physis* — the underworld further subdivided into particles: black fire, black water, black air, and black earth, enclosing the primordial power within Tiamatian snares in azotic forms, hence Styx, Hades, Acheron, and Tartarus. Therefore, Giordano Bruno most perfectly described Nyx, Orcus, and Chaos within his *Lampas Triginta Statuarum*. The realm of the Starry Gods (*asteriai*) and the higher spheres is thus reflected and arrested by hyperchthonic, chthonic, and hypochthonic forces.

Arreton Kai Agnoston, or the „virtue of not knowing oneself," which is Proteus/Kronos, emerges from the Chaos of Night as the filtered power of Divine generation and is neither dissimilar nor separate, but indissoluble within its transcendent Artemisian Third Dyad.

The intelligent operator of theology, theurgy, and philosophy shall deduce other worlds — the world of the dead, of nigrian entities, of the „hells" and cemeteries of bygone worlds and forms that have receded as straightened (the goat and the lamb in Jungian terms, respiritualized in hybrid form as Capricorn, where power and eudaemonic harmony converge; or the lion and the eagle within the

Gryphon, where self-sufficient divine pride and insight stretching beyond boundaries — *protonoia* and *pronoia* — unite; hence all bestiaries should be interpreted accordingly). Just as the Pythagorean Tetractys, presented within Iamblichus's *Theology of Arithmetic*, serves as a „Venetian mirror" for phenomena, so too the decomposing, combustible forces of forms act as a black mirror for phenomena and the Tetractys, simultaneously stripping those forms of *ousia* (essence) and existence. The Eleatic axiom maintains: that which possesses power, that which exerts influence, exists. That which possesses essence beyond this constitutes true ontology.

Every nature possesses its quality derived from the *a priori* tetractydal germ within phenomena and transformations within phenomena themselves, which are circumscribed by the pluralistic, pantheistic, polytheistic (*E Pluribus Unum*), pandemonic *Opera Omnia* of law, self-emerging from among, within, and external to possible worlds, bounded by possible worlds and in the process of reality as a post-prior mutation, blending, and amalgamation of the aforementioned. Nature delights in hiding. Within the impenetrable boundary resides a perceptible infinity; the laws of Ma'at or Ṛta are profound yet encompass multiplicities. Not every reality is possible and not every imagination is essentialist or true, yet every reality encompasses impossibilities within its boundaries, and every fantasy may transpire — as an illusory form — if it is imagined. In other words, imagination may be infinite, yet the world is not, hence the boundary. Were an army of monkeys to type for millions of years, one of them would eventually tap out precisely the words I have written, whereas the remainder would struggle with the machine, producing false tokens.

Parabola: Operational magic proves efficacious when embodied laws and perception are linked to a segment of objective laws in a correlated and compatible manner. Objective laws remain identical everywhere, yet measuring merely a fraction thereof yields

a physical objective reality — physics as the magnificent science of the shadow of phenomena, studying possible and verifiable paradigms of statistical, observable, measurable laws governing detectable phenomena (for example, the behavior of matter and energy) and deriving therefrom equations and applications as the shadow of metaphysics in an essentialist philosophical sense.

Every nature may be deduced from uncomplicated, *a priori* force-as-ontological-idea and fracture into ontological currents of power and their fronts. Deities and Laws coincide with the universe, are Whiteheadian in origin, emerge from it and generate it, and thereby define themselves. They are discovered by the mortal human species because they exist *a priori*, and the foundation rests upon the premise that human, animal, or plant constitutes a category of the world and categorically unveils the world in accordance with its capacity and aptitude for properly focusing these forces through the restricted apparatus of the biological cocoon and polypneumatic extrasensory interfaces of contact with these forces (the theorem of functional souls — vide the Egyptian twelve-fold specialized souls, the Scandinavian tripartite souls, and the Greco-Roman fourfold souls).

Ideas as forces manifest within concepts through *bios-zoon* (the animal component), reason, and intellect (reflected concepts) within the bounds of intelligibility. The Swedenborgian notion of „feeling" — concept unto feeling — is akin to intelligibility unto likeness (*sympatheia*), or in Chaldean terms, like Apollo (Intellect) unto Hecate (*Anima Mundi*).

Example: Fusion: Magnetism: Diffraction (as through lenses) unto the diotymous proposition of Eros: Philia: Agape.

The entire catalog of forces may be designated thus, because human language constitutes a category of the world; through reverse-engineering, one may arrive at meta-identity and ideation — for example, the power of growth in plants, the „common sense" growing

and flowering, the Husserlian *Ding-an-Sich* within the phenomenon, and „growthfulness" within reality-as-process (A. Whitehead).

On Metaphysical Elitism and Religious Populism

Nobilitas, paganism — a higher order of civilizational theological, ethical, philosophical, and moral force, a superstructure of ideas. I maintain that Greek or Roman forms of religiosity, their philosophy, and their theology are entirely contradictory to what Judeo-Christianity has illogically and irrationally fabricated over past centuries — and superior to it. I contend that the Greek or Roman forms of theology, philosophy, ethos, virtue, *aretē*, and *paideia* were and eternally remain superior to the Judeo-Christian invention. What the Greek, Roman, and Greco-Egyptian higher forms of theology, panentheism, and polytheistic philosophy constructed as hypotheses, as arguments, as the architectural blueprint of the Parthenon, was invariably superior to anything Judeo-Christian.

As an individual who is no ignoramus regarding Judeo-Christian matters — as a pagan since my twelfth year and a noble person — I have managed to examine Judeo-Christianity in its esoteric, theological, philosophical, and aesthetic manifestations, for one must know one's adversary. I must know the symbols, philosophy, and morality of my enemy.

My primary axiom originates from Iamblichus of Chalcis — Middle Platonic theology: Gods and goddesses exist. The second axiom — they exist in multiplicity, *e pluribus unum*, *Numen Multiplex*.

If the gods exist, certain mortals are capable of experiencing them. Not through peak experiences, not via delusions, not in psychi-

atric forms, not through blind faith, but by means of a specific reason, intellectual progression, and aretic *homoiosis* — a hidden primordial unity — employing a set of rituals and ceremonies, meditative practices, contemplation, philosophy, and performative actions directed toward the divine. The gods and goddesses in their multiplicity and their intermediaries, the *boni* angels, the republican and imperial entities of the higher sphere above us — they manifest. Certain among us may behold the gods and thus experience them empirically. Certain among us may be possessed or inspired by the divine spirit, and consequently we engage in interpretation. Hermeneutics — like Hermes Trismegistus — the great one descending into the waters of Tantalus, living a life sent post-mortem as a demigod to join the procession of the gods.

Should you possess the foundation of classical philosophy, ethos, virtue, *aretē*, and even ancient theology (*theologia* — discourse concerning the gods), and you experience the gods and goddesses directly as mighty powers who reveal to you the mask of themselves and profound inspiration, you thereupon compare them upon the scales of justice. Upon one side you possess hidden noble theology and philosophy, and upon the other — Judeo-Christian philosophy, theology, and all they have contrived across the ages. Noble pagan things reside within the starry heavens, whilst Judeo-Christian things dwell down below, within the earthly mire, wherever they are utilized to justify the illogic and irrationality of faith in a crucified Jew or some minor Hebrew deity.

As a pagan purist of nobility, I recognize Judeo-Christianity as a falsehood. I recognize it as a form of religious historical inferiority. I may constitute a minority, yet everything I have triumphed in thus far, my *gladius* alongside the deities, has been anti-Judeo-Christian and pro-ancient.

Whenever I engage in my puritanical, pagan, noble activities, I may acknowledge these Judeo-Christian falsehoods and forms. Yet the melancholy fact remains that millions of mortals have purchased these Judeo-Christian lies in a civilizational form that usurped Rome's military might and Greek individuation, genius, and innovation, contaminating them with Judeo-Christianity. As a religious form, it would prove utterly incapable of generating anything. During the Renaissance and classical epochs, the vector pointed backward — toward antiquity, toward classical times. Judeo-Christianity was never capable of self-reform or bringing forth aught that is good. It evolved into a system of cherry-picking falsehoods. It has invariably constituted a form of lie.

At the very conclusion, I wish to articulate a specific thought: those who remain within the Judeo-Christian framework rarely if ever recognize or study hidden noble texts — whether Greek, Roman Mediterranean mystery schools, Scandinavian traditions, or whatever endures within Hindu or Buddhist texts.

Hence, as a pagan in contact with my gods, who liberate the flesh — glory to the heroes, Isis, Osiris — the entire notion of salvation in the Jewish and Christian sense represents a certain contamination of the word. In the hidden sense, you inhabit existence as such a noble mortal. You validate your life through pain, suffering, misery, and joy, you surmount them and straighten them into perfection, into a diamond — something truly worthy of ascending at the center.

As I observed, Judeo-Christians typically possess no comprehension of comparative religion, comparative mysteries, or practice within those mysteries. They exist in complete ignorance. Not some — the majority of them.

Pagans or noble individuals ought to master the foundational premises of Judeo-Christian theology, symbols, and myths that wind their way through the centuries. Wherefore? Because they thereby

recognize that they can offer a proper, professional pagan theology, philosophy, and ethos that surpasses those forms, and they can formulate arguments in a manner that avoids battling within the Judeo-Christian quagmire. For should you combat swine, the swine shall drag you into the mire and you shall contend in the mud alongside the Judeo-Christian swine. And unhappily there are millions of them, hence you shall not prevail.

What can noble pagans execute? Offer the higher path, ignoring Judeo-Christianity — much like Macrobius within the *Saturnalia*. This constitutes the sole proper methodology for conquering the enemy: offering something superior that mortals recognize as higher, so they cast aside Judeo-Christian lies as nonsensical, irrational, and illogical garbage.

I conceive that I have fully expounded this.

There exists no method to demonstrate this save through the intellect, for you cannot exhibit the gods, goddesses, or these spirits unto the great masses of humanity. They would descend into madness, even were you capable. It constitutes an intensely personal matter. Yet should you be a clairvoyant endowed with this second eye, you walk not in blind faith discoursing upon it. You endeavor to translate it into philosophy, literature, poetry, performative art, in order to package it in a manner accessible to mortals — so that something may ignite their minds and inspire them, if only marginally.

It is precisely that straightforward. I conceive that intellectual humility is likewise vital here. That intellectual humility which the majority of Judeo-Christian proselytes lack — they remain convinced that they possess blind faith, the gift of faith, yet they believe in falsehoods. I have encountered numerous stubborn idiots believing in a lie and designating it the gift of faith or the merciful gift of faith.

Conversely, I have encountered few individuals who reason theologically in a pagan fashion, validate certain verities, and reach the gods and goddesses in multiplicity. For had we a greater presence within this school of thought, within this hidden traditionalism, within this ancient traditionalism, there would never have transpired any collapse or regression into the populist Judeo-Christian rabble.

Had our philosophers and great teachers proved capable of delivering elitism unto the masses, whereas the masses invariably oppose elitism, this world would present an entirely dissimilar aspect. The triumph of Judeo-Christianity consisted of offering a religion of the mob, a populist religion for all. Whilst the elites held aloft the shields of Athena and proclaimed: „Nay, you shall not enter. Nay, you shall not enter." And the goddess, stunning them, turns to stone all the cretins who endeavor to draw nigh unto her. Elitism endures — it belongs to those who know, who attain conversational proficiency with the gods and goddesses in silence, within their own minds. Athena lowers her shield for them and once more manifests visibly as Isis unveiled.

I trust this is self-evident unto the intelligent and requires no further discourse.

Paradigms in Magic — Pluriversal Chameleonism

On multi-level chameleonism. Does it suffice nowadays to be a double-headed doctor — one head for the spirits and gods with whom you contact and interact, and another for society, with appropriate information control? That no longer functions. This world is far too complex, especially when you possess a vast scope of operations, an immense breath of information and knowledge that you must properly distribute. You must decide what scope you execute, what you render operational, and how you play your own masks. At times you are an actor, the primary actor; at times you are the one acted upon from without. Possessions, emanations, avatarizations, cohabitations, portalizations. I have described all of this elsewhere in another lecture.

Imagine you go to the shop for an apple and say: „Good day, I wish to purchase this apple." The scope of interaction is simple — to buy an apple. It is not about recounting the aeonic magic of the stars, the fact that you are an embodied cosmic dragon within a mortal vessel, that a psychiatrist has deemed you deluded, that the noopolitics of narrative have branded you a dissident, nor that the cashier is momentarily possessed by a lesser shade of a dead skinhead from Grochów. You utter none of this. You restrict the scope. „I wish to buy this apple. Does it weigh fifty grams?" The cashier responds: „Yes, fifty grams." You observe her face beginning to shift into a demonic grotesque, yet you utter not: „Hark, you are currently under-

going polymorphization, your soul is being dismantled by a polymorphic demon." You state simply: „I desire this apple."

When it comes to light — light is merely a filter of darkness. It constitutes a species of radiation of primordial darkness. If the gods operate, for instance, across the electromagnetic spectrum from gamma to X-rays, then light represents merely a tiny fragment. That which we perceive through our senses, optics, and process with the brain constitutes a mere speck. Souls and entities operating within the spectrum of light are precisely thus. Those capable of emerging from darkness — such as Zuhal, the Saturnian Zuhal — frequently appear black to the spectrum of light. Not invariably, but within infrared or ultraviolet forms. The bestiaries of the hidden souls of the world, with all their horizontal and vertical higher strata, in the gradation of being, the ontology of power, and the scope of effective operations.

This constitutes a fundamental distinction for the operator of magic — particularly highly advanced magic — who dwells among mortals, labors, functions, and plays. This is the boundary zone between confusion and madness versus genius and versatility. One must become a virtuoso of this approach. Within the social and informational spectrum, you speak with common sense, with that which is known. You restrict information and decide what is wise or contextually appropriate to apply in a given situation.

Are we some species of super-humans within this game? Nay. We are mortals bound by minds, alongside immortal daimons — certain among us are demigods in a mortal vessel. We suffer just as you do. We revel just as you do. We have matters to accomplish like the rest of you. The difference resides in the fact that we possess superior capacities within metaphysical sectors than the remainder of the mortal race. We are more expansive, perchance we possess greater skills, we adapt more effectively, we belong to the tradition

or lineage of our gods through spirit, daimon, soul, blood, or territorial lines.

Yet we are constrained by our minds and upon occasion we lose them. We descend into madness. We remain subject to cognitive and logical errors. Hence judgment, decision-making, and critical thinking skills assume such profound importance. If a Platonic deity is intellectual, you draw not nigh unto divinity by operating as an imbecile praying to a Jew upon a cross. You approach it through intellectualization, performative action, meditation, ritual, theurgy, and spiritual activity.

Magic itself — performative magic — constitutes an entirely distinct theme. You may possess tens of thousands of modules, processes, techniques, skills, and sensory interfaces unavailable unto others. Five senses? There exist thousands. Interfaces of contact with reality or any given phenomenon. Senses represent the interfaces of connection between phenomena and the observer. Simple. Diverse senses exist, not merely those to which we find ourselves restricted. After all, we construct instruments possessing a greater number of senses — scientific measurement tools detect more. It operates precisely identically upon the metaphysical side. There exist entities possessing numerous senses, multiple interfaces, and they may operate in such a fashion.

Everything reduces to interpretation. Hermeneutics — you engage in interpretation even as a mortal within a human vessel. We possess no access to objective truth. We possess no access to infinite knowledge nor infinite information. We retain merely the apex of the inverted pyramid. That which we acquire in situationalism, we interpret, hermetically order, and apply.

The pivotal aspect is versatility. You know what to apply, when to apply it, what role to play, when to play it, how to be played, and by whom. Frequently this is erroneously interpreted by the dominant

narrative: you are a devil, you are possessed, you are a lunatic, etc. I assure you that those who occupy the position of observers and are expert-magicians comprehend better. Either you prove destructive unto such individuals, or you endeavor to „aid" them in an improper fashion, presuming you know better, and you destroy them in the process.

The mortal side of all this is diverse. I have my personal hatreds. I have my falls, a shattered mind, veteran's syndrome from all the psychic-magical battles, struggles, and wars through which I have journeyed over the past eighteen years (and thirty-nine years of my existence). Eighteen years — because that constitutes the boundary of immersion within the waters of Tantalus, Annwn in Wales, where my daimon was transformed into an immortal spirit and dispatched upward.

This is an immensely complex world. Attempt not to reduce it to simplicity, for it functions not thus. For certain among us it is extremely complicated, and we must process many things multi-threaded simultaneously. When we collapse into rigid lines, into a single-direction man or woman, matters thereupon begin to go awry — finesse is lacking, and the demon of single-directional dilettantism proves terrifying.

Light is Filtered Darkness: On Chaos, Order, and Solar Systems

What is light? Light is filtered darkness. Should we inspect the electromagnetic spectrum — at least that portion we are capable of comprehending — light constitutes an emission, an emission of atoms, within a proportional appraisal of that spectrum. That which we behold, that which we process with our eyes, evolved out of primitive opsin-processing cells when we were yet insects, eukaryotes. Well, that occurred an immense duration ago. For the major part of epochs, humanity developed its civilization within brilliant solar illumination. This signifies that we established solar civilizations. We devised lunar calendars and the like. Yet broadly speaking, humanity constitutes a solar civilization that synthesizes light by night within cities — employing lamps, neon signs, every conceivable marker. What signifies this metaphysically? Speaking metaphysically, within the spectrum of light there reside entities and beings that extend not beyond it. There exist likewise entities within the infrared and ultraviolet, stretching up to gamma, downward to X-rays and even further. There exist as well beings that within this model may span from infrared through visible light unto ultraviolet. I designate this the scanning capacity — that which a given metaphysical entity is capable of perceiving. Within the infrared and ultraviolet reside an abundance of strange monsters and hybrids. Monsters unto mortals, yet intelligent beasts unto themselves. Whereunto leads us this?

Unto the anthropocentric spectacle of manifold forms, identities, larval intelligence, high intelligence, swarming, collective, xenomorphic intelligences, and the like. Exploring all of this, you return with it unto the human spectacle and point your finger toward the Moon, which points backward unto your very self. There exists a volume entitled *Gods in Exile*, and sooner or later, exploring this universe of strangeness, the finger points back at you and inquires: how do you define yourself as a human specimen? Perchance through humanity, perchance through compassion, love, hatred, heroic toil. What title do you bear? How do you cleave unto sense? How do you construct yourself? And so forth. Immensely vital inquiries. What impelled me unto this reflection? Let us say that during an ancient epiphany of the abyss I managed to synthesize the shadows of a king cobra's soul with certain facilitators into vampiric discoveries. A vampire, a vampire. This signifies that it shall survive my death — physical death. You may incinerate me within acid, burn me upon a pyre, sever my head and tear my flesh unto shreds. It matters not. I shall survive nonetheless. How? Well, this dense, heavy, *khaibit*-like black bioplasma is fundamentally indestructible. And the epiphany of the black sun resembles the feet of the gods. They regenerate through chaos.

This implies that you must descend unto chaos, unto vitriol, wrenching for yourself a fragment of this dense, heavy form and constructing yourself, bathing your spirit therein in order to transform into a demigod. Not necessarily a vampire. Yet the ambrosia of God resides within the abyss. The ambrosia of God resides within chaos. Misunderstand me not. The natural order of the a-phenomenal, pre-phenomenal universe is complete, absolute darkness. Spatial, temporal void — dark, devoid of the slightest shadow of illumination. The order I designate as Mardukian was sculpted out of Tiamat, out of chaos. All the stars, the universe, and the beauty upon which

we dwell across exoplanets populated by living beings, and all the metaphysical strangeness throughout the cosmos — whether via the hypersolar corridors of Hyperion or the tunnels of Set in the aspect of *Schwarze Sonne* journeying toward the stars — is fundamentally identical. Let us envision this through the Heliopolitan aspect, Heliopolitan theology, the logos of the nome from Heliopolis: from cosmic mud emerged Proteus or Atum and commenced generating Tefnut and Shu — justice, the world, power, act, the grammar of the universe imprisoned within *Maat*, the cosmic principle of order and law, akin to *Ṛta*. This is veracious when the Greeks asserted that the world emerged from chaos — it emerged not from nothingness, for that chaos constituted pure form, pure form that condensed and spat forth Proteus, shattering the shell of the egg. Thereafter follows the expansion of the universe, at least in the phenomenal sense. Every myth, every legend, every mode of recording reality that is objectively realized — even ancient tales — should you peruse them correctly, you shall comprehend much. And subsequently you shall understand that the physical sciences constitute merely the shadow of these grand narratives, these myths that we describe within the measurable, scientifically observable, testable, physical, objective universe. It is the shadow of the shadow of the shadow of absolute, complete, timeless, spaceless darkness — chaos. I thank you. And incidentally — the dawn, the morning Eos, represents the beautiful wing flanking Mater Matuta.

Beowulf: The Abyss and the Gamblers from the Citadel: 2007

What precisely is this strange phenomenon designated as the crossing of the abyss, the immersion within the waters of Tantalus, the descent into Hades, into the cosmic voids? What is it? Allow me to describe unto you an operation from Aberystwyth in Wales from 2007, within a small cottage at 23 Heol Alwn, Wain Fawr.

Following three months of psychotic frenzy and journeys unto Mongolia, Russia, Siberia, and back unto Great Britain, unto Aberystwyth, I contended within my mind against vast horrors. Daily and nightly I beheld shades, Qliphoth, nightmares, and terrors, until I descended into absolute madness from exhaustion.

Upon a certain occasion — it was either in August or during winter, I recall not the precise month, yet assuredly prior to December — I returned to Warsaw and witnessed a symposium of global vampires amidst the shadows. Thereafter I journeyed to Odessa for New Year's Eve, amongst cohorts of grand soldiers, princes, and other airborne pests whom I so adore. That transpired nineteen years ago — precisely an anniversary.

The process unfolded as follows: I lay upon my bed, utterly exhausted, in a state of absolute, destructive silence. Subsequently, masks commenced passing by — chthonic, demonic masks. I closed my eyes and experienced a vision of the cremation grounds of Devanagari. Corpses and human shavas were incinerated unto ash. I resolved to visualize myself within this reality as a person seated in the

Burmese posture, transforming into charcoal and blood. My corpse burned and was devoured, whilst my entire body and blood soaked into a chalice. I drained that chalice unto the dregs.

Amidst those ashes emerged a naked, red-haired maiden. She reclined beside me and gazed upon me for an extended duration. Thereafter she arose and departed.

Subsequently, the resolve was formed that I should pass over unto the other side. I obtained all necessary permissions as a predictor — who knows what has not transpired upon Earth, truly? That constituted the Magnum Opus of reversal, yet let us set that aside. Suddenly I was expelled from my physical vessel by the blow of a hammer across the solar plexus — the executioner's hammer — and cast outward from the body. I commenced plummeting through demonic realities, through hells. I was assisted by hyper-chthonic and dyadic hells and the underworld, as though they paved my path through hells, afterlives, and cosmic abysses.

Ultimately, I discovered myself suspended within a timeless, spaceless, gargantuan void. Certain individuals subsequently discredited this as a „refrigerator," yet a refrigerator denotes a locus where souls rest at zero — that constitutes merely the surface of where I journeyed. Deeper below resides another domain: that is precisely Tiamatian chaos, the complete form of nothingness. I hung suspended there, listening unto the gargantuan murmur of titanic nothingness.

At that juncture I resolved that I desired to return unto the physical vessel. I visualized myself within total cosmic chaos — that I lay upon a bed — and commenced returning through hells, upward, unto my body, across unnumbered eons and spaces. When my soul, straightened as a demonic demigod, returned unto the body, I was once again violently thrust outward from it. My eye sockets felt as though they were plunging deep into my skull, and my brain had been devoured.

What transpired subsequently? The hells resolved to crown me with an iron crown, in the style of Beowulf. That was the year 2007.

I received signs and seals from the deep chaos, assigning unto me specific stations upon the Earth and beyond. My fate was irrevocably sealed, for such was the decree. Thereafter ensued, naturally, a voting process — aye, nay, aye, nay, aye, nay... — concerning whether they concurred or demurred. A Saturnian vampire syndicate.

For the succeeding seven years I inhabited hell, walking through the black hell with demons and the dead, beholding it all. How did I survive? Psychiatric clinics, overseas travels, attempts to conclude my studies, witnessing the dead, spirits, demons, and every form of ignominy. The Earth dealt not graciously with me. Not in the least.

Faust Interrupted! Ever Panhellenic

Certain individuals classify themselves according to religious denominations. Some declare: „I am a Buddhist and follow this path." Others assert: „I am a Christian, a Jew, a Muslim, or whoever else," and tread their respective routes.

We, conversely, a certain circle, define our labor through magical technology rather than religion. Whatever wisdom, magical technique, or methodologies we encounter within religions, we treat them as utilitarian instruments. We define ourselves as technicians of the sacred, as magicians or *magusean* — in the Hellenic sense of *magoi*.

What constitutes a mechanized, technologized society stripped of metaphysics? It is a Foucaultian-Promethean (Faustian) drive that evolved as a virus of Judeo-Christianity, transforming into the Faustian Antichrist, the Faustian *Übermensch*, expanding until it consumes itself in fire. The accelerationists" response is to administer the final push — namely, the destruction of the world. To avert the catastrophe toward which Faustian accelerationists tend, one must direct the vector backward.

The Renaissance was renewed through neoplatonism and the virtues of *aretē*. Neoclassicism likewise. The Enlightenment similarly.

I thus posit that within every form of the ethos of technology — even those exceedingly bizarre and chaotic magical technologies — there exists a singular element: responsibility for freedom and its

limitation. When I feel sterile in a Saturnian, dead fashion, like a programmed cyborg, I reach out for Platonic ontological realities — for immanent things.

Should you construct an exceedingly intricate timepiece or highly complex software, yet it lacks the ethos of virtue, beauty, and the Muses (which are immortal ontologies), it engenders monsters, collapsing upon itself in degeneracy, destruction, and nihilism.

The solution I have deemed reasonable for myself is this: whatever you execute, infuse it with beauty and an approximation toward truth and integrity. One might contend that these virtues have been sold off, capitalized, rebranded, and replaced with surrogates. Yet something exists *a priori*. Ideas are the forces of the universe. The masks of the deities.

In another sense — human beings who evolved from apes have learned to interpret these ontologies in their own fashion. When you utter „hatred," you invoke the power of destruction, the warfare of elements. When you invoke love, you summon the fusion of elements. Upon the metaphysical plane, this constitutes *Eros* — the titanic creation of the gods, the desire of the monad. Hatred, conversely, represents the destruction or competition of these elements within sublunary fields.

This is not a dualism and never has been, contrary to the panentheistic hope. It is a concert of concepts, a concentration of forces that achieve either harmony or disharmony — harmony, reform, and growth, or destruction, decomposition, and entropy. These pockets of entropy topology vary across the entire universe.

Within our solar system, the human race may ascend or descend within the generational cycle. In another sector of the universe, however, within a distinct stellar system or upon another exoplanet, an alien race may concurrently flourish unto its most magnificent form, whilst within a distant stellar cluster a civilization collapsed hun-

dreds of thousands of years ago, entirely unlinked from the planets and dying stars of that sector.

It is perpetually a matter of coordinates and a point of reference. There exists a simple trick I wish to propose: endeavor to feel these raw forces as ontologies, as divine powers, as *vasanas* — pure forces colored by natures. Pure force agitated and stained by natures. *Vasanas* dispersed throughout the universe in diverse proportions — harmonious, beautiful symphonies or depressing shrieks.

The trick consists of taking these raw forces and embedding them into your labor, into everything you execute. In other words — you adopt a realist idealism wherein you strive to refine the noblest wisdom of all civilizations: you peruse, contemplate, reflect it within yourself, and subsequently embody it within your person and your creative output.

Mortals yearn for these honest forces, yet they receive surrogates upon surrogates, matryoshkas within matryoshkas. They are no longer capable of feeling these pure, honest, magnificent powers — the life-giving blood.

For me, the solution entailed shattering the facade, the masks of the modern world by reducing oneself unto zero, like a soldier. A soldier is reduced unto zero and is thereby tempered. The same applies unto the magician and the metaphysicist. You are pinned unto zero in complete despair and agony. Only then, should you fail to destroy yourself, do you commence comprehending and feeling these ideas as genuine powers — not as philosophy or abstraction, but as actual forces concerning which you philosophize and which you interpret.

Once you discover this, there is no turning back. You desire no dishonesty. You desire no falsehood.

This may be regarded as a parable: when you love one another with a woman — unconditionally, in flawless trust, understanding,

and diamond clarity that shatters iron, breaks fetters, and destroys all obstacles — it is, as the *Book of Changes* describes, „the companionship of men and women" filled with orchids. That represents the most exquisite honesty of brotherhood, sisterhood, and companionship achievable.

When a man reduced by agonies and suffering unto zero encounters a woman who has likewise endured much, and they discover one another, loving the idea of themselves through these forces — that is daimonic *eros-philia-agape*. Nothing further need be added.

Should this transpire, and subsequently profound loss ensues — „love will tear us apart" — you lose one another, the magus and the magistra tread their own paths, perchance nourished by falsehoods and destruction.

Yet once you grasp that thread of pure forces, you never desire to return unto falsehoods. That honesty, that heroic frenzy which masters you, bears immense clarity and perfection. You shall replace this with naught else, for it would constitute a falsehood.

One might assert that mortals cannot attain objective truth. Anyone who proclaims „I am the truth" lies — like those criminals of zeros and ones. Diverse scientific truths exist (I discussed this in another lecture). Yet this metaphysical truth constitutes an approximation of the profound laws governing not merely the physical universe, but the metaphysical one as well. Divinity converges with the universe. As Plato maintained, divinity strives to actualize itself within a flawless pre-phenomenal order, convergent with the phenomenal.

Should you discover the proper proportion, the realization — this may transpire once in a lifetime, or on numerous occasions — you draw nigh or withdraw. Realization multiplies realization, just as illusion multiplies illusion, ignorance multiplies ignorance, and knowledge and intelligence multiply knowledge and intelligence.

Everything, however, is commingled. You may multiply realization with realization, subsequently illusion steps in, everything collapses, you discover another realization, a touch of ignorance, a touch of knowledge.

Provided this functions, provided it grasps that golden thread of Pythagorean initiations — that mist which elevates you above your current state and proves efficacious in daimonic harmony, happiness, greatness, beauty, and heroism (within this civilizational heroism, like the *junzi* in China or the *bodhisattva* ideal in the Hindu and Buddhist tradition) — you have achieved a certain level of success upon the metaphysical and spiritual field.

Concerning Faustian, post-Christian civilization — it constitutes an aspect of processing matter and physics. This is requisite, yet should it be stripped of these forces, it collapses under its own weight, dead weight, which we are presently witnessing.

I am no prophet of doom. I believe that societies possess immense resilience, and mortals do as well. Yet everything terminates. The inquiry is whether the entropy of harmony and disharmony shall engender greater pain and suffering, or less. Whether it shall culminate in catastrophe, or in prosperity and that metaphysical-spiritual goal.

On Demonology: White Gloves of „Black" Magic

Necromancy. Regarding demons. An ancient Akkadian text contains a fragment stating that the goddess Ishtar, descending through the fourteen gates of the underworld, beheld demons so bizarre that she did not entirely comprehend them herself. The goddess Ishtar herself. Who am I, therefore, to deliver lectures on demonology? Well, after nineteen years of experience exploring the Black Sea and its subterranean depths, I can state that I possess the knowledge that demons are both children of nature and the underworld, as well as the gods themselves. As for the doctrine of the fall, invented by Enoch, concerning evil fallen demons from heaven — that is absolute nonsense.

Why do I „possess" this knowledge? Because for years I have maintained contact with these entities and their forms. Are they dangerous? To the extent that a tiger is dangerous to the Hindu whom it devours — they operate in accordance with their nature. Neoplatonists defined them as turbulent, chthonic forces of the underworld, of Hades. Some termed them the Erinyes, yet the Erinyes in the Orphic context were more specific — conceived as vengeful, wrathful, wounded, sinister shades of the dead. These are not your demons, not the ghosts of family ancestors, not the shades of your deceased loved ones. Although the dead behave, they are no better than the living, even though they are liberated from — shall we say — the grasp of time. Hence necromancy, nigromancy, and divination from the dead in the ancient *Plutonium* occurred because

the dead were not subject to time to the same degree as we in the mortal vessel.

Returning to demons. If demons precede the existence of human beings, they are superior to them generically. I speak here not of the daimon as a personal deity distributing fates, in the manner of the Socratic genius or Juno, but of the demon in the sense of a chthonic, black form, which may be the black ethereal philosophical principle of earth, water, fire, or air. Diverse kinds of black fire exist, and within the subterranean realm — „subterranean" signifies dimensions, rather than a literal descent into caves. Though one might affirm that when I enter the Warsaw metro, I descend unto the surface of certain spatial dimensions wherein herds of the dead, akin to shoals of fish, drift above the great abyss.

Demonomancy or *Pseudomonarchia Daemonum* is founded upon hierarchies of power, influence, and execution. Combining the *Bardo Thodol* with the Egyptian *Book of the Dead* and the hellenized idea of Styx, Acheron, Hades, and Tartarus — Hades constituted the locus between the Moon and the Earth and below — we deal with aerial demons, flying entities, black forms, ecclesiastical gargoyles of every description, the black-winged favorites of Saturnian forces, death squads.

This is somewhat of a boast, yet unto the point. Are they your enemies to the degree that a tiger is the enemy of the Hindu? Is it possible to befriend them? Should they discover within you something intriguing that corresponds with them, you may acquire demonic guardians — a form of befriended entity. You remain an inferior being as a mortal in the flesh, yet they may discover some supportive idea to protect you.

Why do certain mortals descend into madness while exploring these forces? Because these forces are not fully compatible with the human mind. Some may possess superhuman intelligence, whilst

upon other occasions they play pranks, undermine everything you accomplish, they may instruct you — yet subsequently you shall slip and plunge into an abyss. Take goetic demons, for instance. These are hadean, sublunary, aerial spirits and cohorts of generals, princes, kings, and commanders. Ordinarily, individuals communicating with goetic forces connect not with the highest ranks. They contact rather the soldiers, familiars, and spirits of those forces, who upon occasion masquerade as the highest — in a metaphorical sense — infernal powers.

How, therefore, did mortals arrive at these medieval grimoires and master them? Historically speaking — should they originate from humans, incarnate in humans, or wear human masks — they may have. Yet generally, certain seals and forms are preferred, whilst others are constructed as masks that they may don. For instance, when years ago I conducted uranic labor with my *maestra*, no description of a uranic spirit-intelligence existed. I therefore resolved to invoke names, symbols, and masks for the uranic sphere so that the ancient, primordial forces could don these masks and be named. For if something is named, it becomes ontologically significant. This implies not that you command them — it signifies that you have bestowed upon them a name, a seal, and a facade.

And what of those who practice demonolatry? That constitutes a dangerous affair, and I am not here to advise for or against it. It is invariably recommended that during such operations you maintain a foundation in the higher power of the gods, goddesses, providence. This represents a traditional idea — not because some Judeo-Christian prig commanded you to believe in their god. It concerns possessing a footing in a more powerful force, ontologically great, which shields you whilst you labor with highly flammable material.

Shall we pass unto the idea of the tunnels of Set, interstellar, subterranean — let us say — cosmic interstellar black suns, the epipha-

nies of the black sun... These constitute immensely arduous operations. Wherefore? Because the deeper you descend, the more chaotic it becomes. Thereafter you possess chaos as the total form at the zero point. Yet when total unity encounters total form, they first engender flawless order, and subsequently disintegrate into more chaotic, turbulent forces. So much for the kabbalistic idea of the *Qliphoth* — that a mirror exists and everything is pleasant. No, it is not. I assure you that it is not, and that it is far more chaotic and turbulent than you conceive. Upon the surface level it may be ordered. The deeper you go, the more — to quote the beloved Ishtar — the more bizarre forces you encounter. Some tectonic cemeteries of ancient, pre-primordial life forms that surrendered their forms back unto chaos. Lovecraft. Lovecraft connected with certain evil tunnels — not out of his own intention, but because Lord Philip Lovecraft served as a small avatar of these forces and as a mortal was terrified. He penned horror tales concerning them because upon occasion the human mind, encountering this total strangeness and uncanny nature, loses its sanity. It goes mad or crafts a horror thriller.

Does cruelty exist? Yes. Is it replete with sadistic intent, bestiality? Yes. Wherefore? Because these forces upon occasion commingle with the human mind. Do I advise walking with them? Not without protection. Do I respect them? Immensely. I love them, perchance out of a love for fateful matters.

This was not intended as a comprehensive lecture upon how to walk, cooperate, or enter into demonic realms, but rather as the abbreviated philosophical framework of how it functions. And yes — there exist demons of cosmic origin as well. There are friendly demons of mortal origin. Extremely close to humans, yet a familiar devil that you know, is he not? And my counsel is: work not with something that may destroy your nature, and should you burn your fingers upon something — it signifies that either you

have not descended sufficiently deep, or you are treading the wrong path.

On True, Immortal Love

Does true love exist? That inquiry is posed solely by those who have never loved nor experienced true love so as to recognize it as a force and a power — a Platonic power independent of all biochemical ideas, of all union of the matter of mind, eroticism, and friendship. It is a power that animates the erotic component, the friendship component, and the divine component: *eros*, the titanic creation of the gods.

A very long time ago, I bound myself by ritual to rescue the woman of my life. Rescue what, you might ask? Rescue her like a damsel in distress? Nay. I recall that she was the one who attempted to rescue me — like a little Isis with red hair, amidst tears and sweat in a great passion — endeavoring to piece me together anew within the great madness and immense agony through which I traversed for many years, waging a solitary war and a struggle of a superhuman character.

For the first time I beheld her in two thousand and eleven in Edinburgh, when she numbered seventeen years of age. She was passing along the street whilst I sat within a café, sipping coffee and smoking cigarettes. Thereafter, for a year and a half, starting from two thousand and fourteen, I witnessed the apparition of a muse in a gold-and-silver robe who visited my chamber and observed me with profound patience. In some fashion we met, we commenced conversing. I recall that day — I recall not even how she appeared at that epoch. I resolved therefore to board a train and travel to her within another city. My telephone died. As she subsequently recounted, hers did

likewise. And thus I stood within an alien metropolis, knowing not precisely how this maiden looked — save for that apparition and incidental intelligence from the internet. I walked consequently unto the main concourse of the railway station and beheld a beautiful, radiating maiden with red hair. I approached her, lifted her, embraced her tightly, and proclaimed: „It is you." And she gazed upon me and retorted: „It is I and it is you." [*laughter*] Thus it transpired.

For several years we labored together in magical campaigns, within diverse operations on behalf of the gods and the cosmos. And behold, this component of true love attracts an abundance of envy and bitterness from the opposite side — from the unwanted, unloved, hateful, vindictive, embittered, and their ilk. Several years into our relationship, the shadow-mother, the shadow-witch from the other side warned me that they would destroy her before my eyes and that I could effect little to prevent it. I recall that on that very night I bade her sit upon a *zafu* cushion and declared that we would perform a ritual — wherein she would comprehend nothing concerning its mechanics. She was merely required to trust utterly and be sincere toward my labor at that moment.

We all united then within the pain of loss, within great torment, the anguish of the soul, the agony of the mind. I recall that I reached out toward her — and that was the most sincere, most powerful, most resonant ritual I have ever executed. That constituted my *magnum opus*. Not the crossing of the Abyss, not constructing myself as a *vir unus* designed by the gods, spirits, and forces — but that singular moment.

In that single moment I appealed to *Magna Mater*, the Mother of the Gods, to rescue whatever could yet be salvaged of this woman of my life. And I recall that at that juncture the veils of mortal self fell away from her — she left them behind akin to Ishtar descending into the underworlds. Save that she in that ritual ascended, casting

off the veils of a mortal woman. When I concluded, I gazed upon her and beheld her shattered soul — the remnants of her and her physical vessel. For the remainder of our relationship I endeavored to restore her. She visited me in Seoul upon several occasions, continually gazing upon me from the physiognomies of other women. I wandered the streets of Warsaw, and she seemed to descend in her gold-and-silver robes, incarnating within those women and compelling them to look upon me — and I beheld her visage. Thereafter she departed, as though reminding me who she had been.

In two thousand and eighteen, when we parted — for I was no longer capable of fighting for her in such a state, nor was she inclined thereto, possessing a mind shattered and twisted toward diverse unwanted aims — it constituted the vengeance of the other side directed at me, not at her. She remained innocent. It was I who was hated. I warned her previously that should she bind her fate unto mine, it might terminate very unpleasantly — and she concurred.

In two thousand and eighteen, riding the night bus, I beheld her visage — silver amongst the stars — and perceived a certain melancholy connected with my old desire that she surpass me in understanding and in everything mortal. She constituted a genius, indeed, but I desired that she transform into something superhuman. Within that flawless form, abandoning the mortal mask, she became a distillate, an alchemically perfected body of a god inhabited by a spirit amongst the stars. Across the years she manifested as an increasingly divine, magnificent, idealized form — in the light of day, in the sky, by night amongst the stars. And this rehumanizes me even within my bestial and degraded corruption — for I paid with my own blood to the Black Brotherhood to liberate her shadow from Acheron so she might properly reintegrate, at the price of my own depravation. Hence I designate her my little Eurydice — save that now the roles are reversed.

This impels me forward, though the presence of her spirit, her daimon, is no longer accessible unto me upon Earth. Forever have I fixed my coordinates upon this cosmic, beautiful, magnificent true love throughout existence — a love that infuses my life with purpose and struggle, lest I surrender myself yet entirely unto the sepulcher.

Shall I encounter her after death? I know not. Yet I conceive that should I depart, I shall possess a navigational beacon — and perchance I shall pursue illusions, but that navigational beacon is that most beautiful personal visage in the world, ennobled through love.

Lone Wolf Cell Warfare: A Crash Course on Non-Virtual Dissidence and Total War

Self-taught terrorist, radical. Such was the profile assigned unto me in the year 2014. This signifies that I proved efficacious within my dissidence. True dissidence undermines authority, constituting a menace unto the government, unto military-industrial complexes, unto those who dispose of defined resources and effective command. True dissidence consists not in rebellion, shouting slogans, or virtualizing oneself within the network. Should you engage in genuine dissidence, you shall recognize it by the circumstance that you become a target. A target of governmental authorities, of the PsyOps division, of the Dark Ops division.

Naturally, intra-dissident competition exists likewise. Diverse groups are compartmentalized and maintain toward your agenda objectives that are complementary, concordant, or entirely antagonistic. When you possess a vision — and everything originates from a vision — you endeavor to implement it. Should this vision stand in contradiction to the status quo of power or to the competitive interests of diverse agendas and groups, the battle commences. For he who possesses no vision or holds a borrowed vision is either on board certain groups or he is not.

Let it be understood that when you harbor such a vision, groups naturally emerge that draw nigh unto you because they maintain

their own interests. At times you enter into alliances with diverse groups, at times you fall away from them, because you recognize that your vision differs from that toward which they tend. Certain among your visions may run parallel to the effective visions of specific groups. The point, however, resides in constructing the citadel of your own vision and pushing it forward by all means: magical, political, social, and religious campaigns, territorial warfare, spiritual warfare, and so forth.

This constitutes an appeal unto those who feel themselves powerless as dissidents. China maintains a doctrine of total war, and this total war encompasses psionics and magical campaigns, Daoist magicians trained from childhood. This sector at times operates, at times does not. Quoting a certain CIA officer from the 1950s when they attempted to employ magicians: magic at times operates, at times does not. This represents a highly complex issue governed by numerous dynamic laws. Depending upon the operator's efficacy, you may push something through, screw something up, or be neutralized. Nevertheless, endeavoring is invariably worthwhile.

Aside from political, intellectual, and magical activity, self-education, cooperation with these or other groups, or with oneself, you preserve a sense of solitary will. In other words: should you operate within an organization designated as terrorist, what transpires? You are easily captured, because within contemporary high-tech society, all social networks that arm themselves and exchange information are readily compromised. The conception of the subversive dissident of the modern era is, above all, unpredictability. You must remain unpredictable while possessing a concrete vision, backbone, and direction — for this confuses AI systems, confuses intelligence. And notwithstanding chaos and diverse attractive protagonists, you press onward toward this vision.

And there is yet another factor: across the globe reside throngs of individuals holding a similar vision — let us say, lone wolf cells. Some organize themselves, others do not. Those who do not organize remain undetectable. Even should you be under observation, you may bypass surveillance, evade targeting, and endeavor to reach any resources and power you can possibly acquire in order to influence reality. Windows of freedom, as I designate them — reach out unto the gods, unto stellar forces, unto the hells of the universe, provided only that it renders you efficacious in that which you desire to achieve.

As I mentioned, this constitutes a multipolar, highly sophisticated, and advanced battleground, for you possess no supreme command nor highest authority. That would terminate poorly in any event. A single human ruling without control and equilibrium. Hence numerous agents operate upon the field in the form of cells. They know nothing of one another — and this constitutes a bonus. Should one be captured and demobilized, the others press forward in the direction of the vision. The grand idea consists in the circumstance that many such individual terrorist cells, knowing nothing of one another, remain uncompromised and tend toward a similar vision. In this manner they propel the project forward without being exposed: one falls away, another emerges, and so forth.

Within a contemporary scenario, such a conception ensures that you remain undetectable up to a certain moment, unpredictable for the majority of the time (even should you be profiled), efficacious if you possess potential and reach the proper resources above and below, and you may proceed anonymously because no one comprehends what is transpiring. Even opponents retain no notion of who you are and never shall — especially should you possess a complex umbrageous mind. You construct therefore diverse narrative fronts forward, and these narratives, frenzies, and all the rest protect your rear. For should you maintain multiple realities,

multiple narratives — that confuses them. You shall consume them for breakfast.

My appeal unto the dissidents of the new epoch: share a common vision and press forward regardless of everything. You are never powerless. Even as a howling wolf in shackles within a prison — you retain your mind. And should you possess a mind, that serves as the primary point of departure for magic and psionics. Should you be politically excluded, possessing no power, networks, or resources — forces exist that shall gladly assist you, and should they discover within you sound ideas, they shall render them executive.

Wherefore do I play neither with anonymity nor wear a mask? Because I am that dissident cell that was in their eyes compromised and neutralized, and which delights in speaking. And standing already „after everything," I stand straight before the eyes of these swine and they comprehend nothing of what is transpiring. Let us treat this as a form of perfidy and mockery.

On Individuals Defined by Humanitas and Civilized Posture, Regardless of Race or Ethnicity

What constitutes mastery? It is the capacity to bridge antiquity with modernity. I was reading recently concerning the Vesuvian challenge — the decipherment of a single Stoic text from the second century of our era — and it stands as a triumph of classical philology and modern science. This represents an example of the capacity for a magnanimous bridging of ancient epochs with modernity.

Passing unto the core: certain individuals categorize others according to class, wealth, status, prestige, race, ethnicity, nation, or whatever else. Yet what if we adopt a position — a meta-position — wherein we perceive civilization (in the sense of a civilized posture) and the *humanitas* of a given individual? Whenever I encounter individuals upon the streets, conversing with them — whether foreigners, or myself as a former émigret (I resided in Great Britain for five years and returned to Poland), or during extensive travels — I endeavor to view each person individually.

I have traveled across Farther Asia, throughout Europe, and visited the United States once, in Michigan. I was raised amongst Arabs within the United Arab Emirates, Bahrain, Manama, Fujairah, Abu Dhabi, Kuwait, and other locales during the years 1992–1993, imme-

diately following the Gulf War. Consequently, I prefer to evaluate every mortal individually rather than generalize.

To be sure, generalizations and stereotypes exist. We may discover a common thread of a given ethnicity and declare: „these people are thus, and those others are different." Yet upon the individual level — above all — skin color, ethnicity, nation, subclass, race, or the like concern me not in the least. That which I seek within a human being — both from their perspective and mine — are the civilized traits they possess. It concerns a civilized posture and *humanitas* — concerning how to be a human being. And should someone fulfill both humanity and civilized qualities, the *politeia* of the world — I possess absolutely no right to reject them in any manner whatsoever. It is akin to the Panhellenic conception: „I am a child of nature and the starry heavens," and yet through the Dionysian union my race is heavenly, starry in a certain sense.

At times this is designated as the concept that we are born of earth and blood, yet above all we are born of earth and nature as human animals. We possess a semi-divine status, and striving toward this divinity constitutes a protracted process. And this aspiration toward divinity is defined by both a civilized posture and humanity — as we redefine ourselves as human beings — alongside intellectual undertakings.

If within Neoplatonic schools divinity represents a lofty intellect, a non-human, pre-human intellect, how else might one draw nigh unto the deities — *numen multiplex*, *e pluribus unum* — save through developing the intellect, civilization, and refinement? This precisely distinguishes us from mystical participation in nature as animals. We symbolize — *homo symbolicus* — and thereby we craft abstracts, a distinct grammar of ideas.

How do we peruse the volume of the universe? How do we read the volume of the deities in their multiplicity? How do we peruse the

volume of the subterranean realms — *hypochthonoi*, chthonic realities, dark worlds — and the divine, luminous, stellar, solar worlds? That depends upon the human observer, upon how they situate themselves relative to nature, other mortals, animals, and deities. And precisely through this posture, through this mode of vision, one renders oneself meaningful both unto the gods, nature, and fellow human beings. I conceive this to be a sufficiently straightforward solution.

On Eudaimonia: A Transvaluation of Happiness

A syllabus noted down during a wandering. What precisely is happiness? *Eudaimonia* — that eternal striving of philosophers. In my personal definition, it constitutes the measure of the realization of one's own nature.

You observe how to discover your nature. In accord with human sentiment, humanity is appropriate unto time and place. In other words — it is highly individualized, based upon responsibility and maturity.

Chasing beyond measure or pursuing overly distant objectives destroys moderate equilibrium. Should you perceive happiness somewhere externally — within visions, dreams, objectives — you thereby externalize it. Yet should you internalize it, it signifies that you are happy internally, in relation to that which befalls you.

A profoundly Stoic approach. And that is precisely what must be located within oneself. Upon eliminating all superficialities that distort your moderation and harmony, you train your character to master pain and suffering — for these are natural occurrences in existence.

Pain and suffering happen unceasingly. Alongside difficulties and antagonisms. One must navigate existence and one's own mind in an artistic, virtuoso fashion. To each therefore his measure, to each his own, to each a role concordant with his true nature.

This is drawn from the *Book of Changes* — from the *I Ching*. Should you discover your true nature and internal happiness, you occupy a position devoid of superficial ambitions — one wherein you are best situated and potentially content and satisfied. Certain individuals discover happiness within cold discipline and a well-balanced gravity.

Diverse types of happiness exist. Since natures differ, happiness differs likewise. I am happy being stern and disciplined. I am profoundly happy being well-composed and moderate. This constitutes my happiness. This is not false merriment and enthusiasm, which certain individuals confuse with happiness.

Joy and merriment do not constitute true happiness. That is not mature happiness. You may be joyful and merry, but are you happy? Or is it merely a surface masking far more complex psychological phenomena within you?

Memories — frequently we remember happiness. In the majority of instances, happiness, once discovered, is something enduring. And the memories of past realizations of happiness and wisdom within happiness — of fullness, of self-sufficient comprehensibility — dictate both the contrast and the happiness relative to its absence, relative to the negation of life or happiness, or relative to fulfillment in life within happiness.

In other words — you navigate according to coordinate systems, because that which renders you happy in a mature and responsible manner, that which is concordant with your internal genius (or Juno in the instance of a woman), that which is well-balanced and equilibrated — you decide that this precisely is your *eudaimonia*: balancing the daimonic potential, the spiritual potential, the daimon — the God within you and the God who guides you from above, from within.

This leads us likewise to the point of being somewhat moderate in the sense that we allow ourselves not to be readily thrown off bal-

ance by happiness and unhappiness. We persist in discriminating stability. And everything that casts us out of this equilibrium — whether empty anger, or some corruption, or something that endeavors to divert us from this human happiness, responsibility, and personal happiness — renders us in essence unstable and unhappy. Simple.

Remember therefore: to each his own. We all possess a differing definition of happiness and a differing locus of persistence within our natures, within our internal daimon and within the conditions, the circumstances upon which that daimon plays. Before you conceive therefore that other things render other mortals happy, observe that this is your projection of your happiness or your definition of happiness — which may be exceedingly superficial, even shallow — projected upon others.

This curtails likewise the superficial pursuits of distant and unattainable things concerning which you think they shall render you happy, whilst in reality they render you unhappy — the pursuit itself. Ponder upon this. This is, I conceive, a useful approach.

On Possessions, Exorcisms, Mediumship, Spirits, and Learned Magic

Everything you desired to know concerning possessions yet hesitated to inquire. What technically constitutes possession? It is a circumstance wherein an external (controlling) or internal (embodying) spirit, soul, external agent, or internal agent endeavors to influence your cognition, emotions, occult constitution, soul, shadow-soul, and so forth.

This finds no accommodation within the paradigm of verified science nor psychiatry. Yet across innumerable years I have witnessed that your biochemistry, your cognitive-emotional circuits, anxiety, arousal, instincts, thoughts, and capabilities can be shaped by spiritual agents.

The notion that possession is invariably something malevolent — a malicious spirit — is commonly erroneous. Take the framework of Agrippa, master Agrippa: you may be possessed by a spirit low, intermediate, or lofty, infernal or celestial. I scarcely partition them, yet let us state that multiple, polydaemonic, polytheistic, and polyontological modes and types of entities exist.

Let us commence therefore with nature. Observe how you acquaint yourself with your nature — through experiencing multiple confrontations with things that desire to influence you. You may be shaped by them along the way, you may be shaped contrarily —

through resistance and antagonism — or through accord and complementarity.

Are all such possessions malicious? Not invariably. Possession is malicious solely when it endeavors to overwrite your mind, affects, cognition — to your detriment. When something attempts to overwrite your liberties, the nature of the world, or the nature as you know yourself, rendering you akin to its own nature, overwriting your original, authentic „I," nature, inclinations, karma, and so forth.

Does possession constitute the sole phenomenon at play? Nay. Emanations exist. For instance, when a spiritual agent emanates through you as an embodied or passing catalyst-focus. Higher-class avatarizations exist — commonly when a demigod overwrites not your world, but rather intensifies everything already residing within you unto ultimate perfection. You become not this demigod during avatarization, but when the demigod embodies, you are conducted unto the most minute points of your possible perfection.

Abruptly, certain brutal individuals may transform into consummate rhetoricians. Certain idiots, idiot-savants, may abruptly become geniuses. An individual untrained in combat or martial arts may abruptly become a grand inspired warrior, with a veil and swords dancing around them. This might appear impossible. Yet I myself have experienced numerous such phenomena. And after years you acquaint yourself sufficiently well.

What transpires when a malevolent nature endeavors to overcome you, and you resist? This constitutes a form of trial. Either you become the devil pursuing you, or you absorb its nature, learning certain methods, tricks, and tools of the craft. And this force — should it become not subservient unto you — at the very least respects you. Should you therefore be respected by certain forces (and this is rare, for it demands passing defined trials), you must take heed lest you advance too far. It is exceedingly facile to forfeit respect. It is

exceedingly facile to transform from a wise mortal into a babbling idiot. At times certain forces shall subvert you and convert you into that babbling, hateful, vulgar idiot whom you desire not to witness within yourself.

Laws of reversal. You aspire unto something that becomes subverted, and you land elsewhere. This constitutes a training of character, ethos, metamorphosis — Apuleian, Ovidian — a return unto ancient schools.

Wherefore do the majority of mortals disregard such experiences? Because they remain unconscionable that something influences them. And unconscionable individuals constitute the most vulnerable matter. Should you possess an idiot within government, you may pull his strings, whilst he conceives that he thinks independently. Nay. He is merely a puppet. A puppetized little idiot. Likewise within numerous other situations.

Within occultism exists a paradigm that should you believe in nothing, it may nonetheless harm you. These represent parallel worlds — and indeed, it may. They possess an objective ontology. Hence should you be an atheist, a devout Christian, Buddhist, Hindu, or Shintoist — it matters not. The territory counts. *Genius loci*. Territorial spirits first, then, let us state, tectonic infernal, aerial, celestial, and so forth. Planetary religions may multiply classifications of bestiaries infinitely — yet wherefore? Let us multiply not entities beyond necessity.

What therefore may we execute regarding this? Problem? Solution? Exorcisms and banishings operate exclusively when the operator proves proficient and capable of removing, let us state, the quantity of spirits that might prove discourteous unto a given individual. Masters of exorcisms and banishings in antiquity — for instance Neoplatonic therugists — served simultaneously as theurgists, necromancers, negromancers, and exorcists. This entered the package of the magician's curriculum.

And what concerning Jewish, Christian, or Muslim exorcisms? They operate not. The sole conception resides in praying, relying upon some force or upon other demons which within Vatican necromantic demonology prove stronger than the perpetrators of disturbance. They enter into solitary pacts with these demonic forces in order to expel something. Yet this constitutes mere ignorance. Delusional ignorance conceiving that prayers assist anyone.

How does an exorcism technically operate? It operates such that the entity undesirable unto the given individual is expelled either by the operator's potency, or through a resonating entity, or through a superior entity possessing authority over the one plaguing the mortal human. Banishings operate solely when the operator himself possesses sufficient magical potency and actual energetic key potency to displace the entity away from the patient. In other words: should the operator and exorcist lack potency, and rely upon some nonsense — they inflict greater harm than benefit.

Are these alien spirits intelligent? Indeed. Is that the entirety? Akin to egregors, god-forms, servitors, shades of the deceased, chthonic demons, infernal forces, aerial infernal forces, astral parasites, the fauna and flora of ethereal phenomena capable of provoking madness. Frequently a strange entity or a strange cluster, let us state, of psycho-energetic parasite, may provoke maladies. It may nest within the body and disrupt the organism's homeostasis. The Middle Ages? Perchance. Yet at times certain maladies — not undermining modern medicine — when the etiology and cause remain unknown, whilst solely symptoms are recognized, may be provoked by an external or internal spiritual agent or the fauna and flora of the astral.

In brief: naturally, communion with superior spirits, demigods, *angeli bonum* — for instance republican and imperial ladies and gentlemen of ancient Hellenistic times or those proceeding upward —

proves desirable. And naturally it proves detrimental when your mind is conducted unto madness, torn asunder, and you are vulgarized into an unpolished bull, radicalized upon nonsense.

Evil or improper conduct accumulates and passes from generation to generation. And the deceased, shades of the deceased, become not — let us state — superior unto the living, unto what they were during life. Imagine therefore this mass of the deceased, generation after generation, who within certain instances, thanatically, may influence the living. For instance: what transpires when a radical Nazi murderer perishes? He remains in a sense furious and enraged, as during life, and may influence a certain mortal entity, impelling it toward radicalization and defined inclinations. This proves not instantaneous. Long-term influences exist — when something attaches itself unto you and endeavors to contaminate you with its nature — alongside short-term influences: something delivers a direct stroke and compels you toward this or that.

How to recognize this? For instance through an alteration in the cognitive-emotional structure, an alteration of voice, an alteration of character, and so forth.

Wherefore know I this? Firstly — I am clairvoyant. Secondly — I am capable of detecting energetic forms of things. Thirdly — I am a medium. This signifies that numerous entities have traversed through my body. My spirit is strong, my shields and soul have been shattered. The spirit, the diamond, suffices unto me as a command center. As a medium I may embody multiple entities of diverse qualities. Legions have journeyed with me. At times I may walk with *Angeli Bonum* or demigods — at that juncture it proves more magnificent and beautiful. At times I may be charged, let us state, with the karmic force of goetic soldiers or very heavy, leaden karma. At times I may be possessed by the souls and spirits of animals — which proves highly interesting. Animals may harbor concerning you, human,

a defined impression, much as you harbor an impression, for instance, of the fox spirit. They speak not our tongue, and we speak not their animal tongue. Yet a certain communication, mutual comprehensibility, and accord subsists.

As a medium — am I possessed? Should I remain conscious of every influence and every influence prove immoral — that signifies I possess a sufficiently strong will to discriminate. Does this invariably operate thus? At times I forfeit control, akin to each among us. My mind, my strength of will, my potency decline into a nature endeavoring to overcome me. At that juncture I may transform for instance into a very discourteous scoundrel, or vulgar, or a murderer, or a madman, or a serial killer, or inclined unto rape, and so forth, or a Martian character — a Martian Capricorn.

The conception is to recognize this and control oneself, because in this manner you shape your ethos, character, your genius (or Juno in the instance of a woman). Initially this appeared unto me akin to a curse, subsequently it transformed into a blessing, for I acquainted myself with myself in multiple modes. I commenced consuming certain natures, strengthening my own, and learning from other natures in order to comprehend phenomena vastly better than I might as a mortal devoid of such capabilities.

Should you therefore ever perceive — and you observe your mental continuum, your mind, and you acquaint yourself sufficiently well — that something is amiss, and you constitute not merely a puppet pulled by the strings of mind, emotion, and thought (for this represents the most vulnerable portion) — learn from this and endeavor to discover precisely what your nature entails. Not solely this: endeavor to perfect it, locate within it the finest elements, and learn. Books reside outward, spirits instruct you, everything resembles an open volume. And draw forth therefrom that which is superior.

There shall be times when you prove a wretched scoundrel, when you resemble a crazed bastard — yet this constitutes entirely a portion of the learning. Should you recognize this, you comprehend whither not to proceed so as not to scorch your fingers excessively, what to respect, and how to construct yourself within human, stern discipline. For discipline proves paramount. Without discipline, without ordering oneself as learned magicians — we disintegrate. And we are swept into infatuation, megalomania, madness, lunatic asylums, crimes, prisons. This constitutes a perilous path. None asserted that magic proves effortless. Yet it proves worthwhile. For across time you acquire recognition, respect, and certain individuals hearken unto your words, and at times even commands — should they prove negotiable and sensible.

Any ideas? This represents a highly complex world. And none among us within this enterprise is omnipotent. Yet should we possess something interesting to contribute unto hells and heavens — then wherefore not? This warrants the endeavor. I conceive you may impart unto others. Appropriately named.

On the Lady of Magic and Philosophy: High Magic and Political Inclinations

High magic and political inclinations. Those who tread the path of high magic are overwhelmingly traditionalists. Wherefore? Because within the occult sciences, within secular magic, within educated magic, within hermeticism, there exists an open, minuscule window, and within it a yet smaller one that speaks and whispers unto you: should you wish to engage in traditionalist magic, you must incorporate *ethike* — the values of those who forged these vehicles — whether Egyptian khemetism, Scandinavian or Germanic *hamramir*, or Greek and Roman *virtutes*.

Allow me to read a text that I recently invoked. Let us commence.

Does discipline grounded in traditionalism, in concentration sharp as the edge of a razor, in profound resilience against both psychological and physical pain, in the capacity to sever the guardian not through discernment and insight, but through friendship and reverence toward forces greater than oneself — namely high magic and the deities — does it not, by the character of its rigorous demands, impose certain political inclinations?

Does magical traditionalism, when efficacious and born of authentic walking with the deities, tolerate either the chaotic, promiscuous so-called witches of the left or the rigid, concrete minds of the

right, incapable of looking beyond their own narrow boundaries of conservatism?

Might a leftist magician, a chaote, a TikTok Wiccan witch commune with superior powers, seeing that in the solipsism of their paradigm they believe not even in their existence, and should they believe — project onto them an excess of their own laxity? What would transpire should such impotence — those incapable of purging the dung from the stables of their own mind, senses, and emotions — be granted by superior forces any license to practice a dignified craft or to influence others with their degenerated ideas? It would never occur to them that the gods simply ignore them and that no one save their own kind exhibits any tolerance toward the relativistic, superrelativistic swamp wherein they reside, attempting to rent the gods for their own projections.

Magic is not a tolerant discipline. I repeat: magic — through high magic — is neither a tolerant nor a relative discipline. It endures neither fools nor weakness, nor those who negate its structure and the weight of its profound forces, nor those who collapse psychologically at the slightest trial, only to chatter thereafter in their little circles concerning superficial experiences and personal noses.

Neither is it a universalist nor a moralizing art. It shall bow before neither fascist bigots nor leftist queer lunatics. For what conceivable reason should it do so?

Admirable indeed is that souls inclined toward the left are sensitive and vibrant toward injustice or social injustice. Yet their compassion frequently borders upon the madness of imposing their own unbalanced opinions amidst the urban frenzy of total detachment from real politics and the world as it is.

Admirable likewise is that individuals inclined toward the right desire to instill some code of values — should they be honest. Yet they

frequently prove empty vessels whose zeal borders upon total ignorance, equally detached from real politics.

Naturally, no one is obligated to agree either with me or with the conclusions I draw from years of experience in these matters. I trust, however, that old hands, experienced practitioners who have achieved something authentic in this craft and attained success, shall find themselves in accord with me.

Magic is not a compensation for weak characters or broken personalities. Neither is it an escape into fantasy. It is a demanding, stern mistress who excels at binding a disabled aspirant with a rope and scourging him from the crown of his head unto his soul, should he fail first to carve within himself out of his own free will and in accord with coordinates drawn from metaphysics into arrhythmia. She is not required to punish ignorants. They simply depart without any results, rendering themselves a circus of clowns. She carves exclusively in material possessing the potential to become great.

Master Rinzai struck not random passersby with his stick, and the fool who dared instruct him was cast out of the monastery upon his face. Should such an idiot boast subsequently that he became a Zen master or enlightened — he can crawl solely upon his own excrement like a [vulgarity] torn out of context. He is devoid of significance both for mortals and for gods among naive hands.

Even beginner adepts keep their successes between themselves, the gods, and the other side of spirit that verifies them in every trial, at every step. Those who impart their experience in this or another form should first mature toward it through years of work, confrontation, and through effect upon the metaphysical and spiritual side of matters — and not scatter baseless nonsense that merely sabotages the endeavors of others.

Well, you agree not with me. That matters not. You are not obliged to. I have never sought verification, approval, or legitimation

of my actions from any morons, magical circuses, brotherhoods, sororities, and their ilk among mortals. Should I be verified by spirits and my gods, and my path prove proper unto me — that signifies I am upon the proper path. When approval arrives from the other side, the spiritual side — I speak not of those who dwell within their Donian graves, toiling in the lower earthly ethers. Locals assume initially that what they designate as astral reality possesses no connection with the stars, as though they were prepared for the stars, whilst meanwhile they remain buried in their mud. They are not. I mean rather the genuine second, spiritual side of those spirits, gods, great daimons, which is no longer rooted in the mortal vessel. It remains spiritually vibrant, potent, inspiring, and beautiful.

Hence it is neither super-relativistic. Nor is it entirely objective nor universalist. Yet to navigate the path, you must locate coordinates. And should you locate them not — bury yourself within your dry mud and pretend to be a magician.

On Free Will and True Will

What is this strange entity denominated free will? Observing the masses — not others. It is the freedom of consuming within a supermarket, selecting this or that commodity, loving whomever one pleases, deciding upon this or that creed. Does this constitute free will? Nay. It is automatism. It is determined and socially engineered within capitalist and post-capitalist societies.

What therefore constitutes genuine free will? It is the capacity above all to command oneself — and it is forged through innumerable confrontations and battles. Even then it represents not a mere whim of your corrupted monkey mind desiring this or that. Under such an interpretation, that is the demon that desires — as Buddhism maintains.

True free will thus represents the capacity to forge (shape) oneself into something greater and more mature and to attune oneself unto certain loftier matters — whether deities, goddesses, or astral configurations. When you discover your internal core, your true „I," you observe that upon the diamond interlocking with defined pathways and overcoming certain obstacles — you are attuned precisely unto the pathway that suits you, precisely unto the nature concordant with you.

Free will consists consequently in discovering the true self. In locating the god within oneself — and the Delphic: everything in moderation, nothing in excess — and in attuning that god within oneself unto the most proper pathway corresponding with your daimonic incarnation.

Whether these be the great Sumerian gods, the Anunnaki; or Greek and Roman philosophies — this precisely constitutes true free will, because it forges you.

Concerning deterministic inclinations: the world is both deterministic and adeterministic. There exists that which is denominated chance in fortunes and destinies. Solely the necessity of fate is in a certain sense absolute — as within its stellar destinies and determinations. Upon Earth, however, we possess diverse gradations of fates, fortunes, decisions, judgments, and decision-making.

The majority of mortals whom religion convinces that they possess free will are in essence deluded and unconscionable of the idea of free will. Within capitalist society and religious nationalism, free will constitutes merely the capacity to consume that which is offered and believe in that which is served — and there terminates the will of such individuals.

Summarizing once more: your free will — discover your daimon, your *hegemonikon*, your daimon, and subsequently unite with traditions, unite with the deities, unite with the line of action and the line of execution and command that most closely resembles the current or stream wherein you pre-existed.

Does free will therefore exist? Perchance it constitutes a state of accord. Concord and harmony reside therein. Yet should you be a spoiled little mortal monkey incapable of commanding even your emotions, cognition, senses, mind, whilst nonetheless believing that you possess free will — you remain entirely deluded.

Yet let them be, is it not so? None desires to dispel the ignorance of idiots incapable of maturing into full-fledged human beings. For from swine unto monkey, from monkey unto mortal human, from human unto hero, from hero unto demigod, and from demigod unto one of the gods — an immense disparity exists. The abyss is real indeed.

Divinity Inclines Toward Geometrizing: On the Second Sight, Psychonauts, Depth Charges, and Humans as Code

In past lectures I already addressed the second sight in theory and practice. In other words — the manner in which the brain, optics, and visual core interpret the daimon-hegemon and the entanglements of consciousness as an interface between the invisible ethereal, internal archaic world and the human brain, mind, and vision. Now I shall address something else.

Very well, the vampiric shadow upon my left side — all right, but what is the purport thereof? What resides within its depth? I managed to transpose my second sight, when closing my eyes, for instance whilst riding the Warsaw metro. I witness then chthonic, plutonian, black-metallic, contaminated beloved entities — all polyhybridized or simply decomposing and dead in multiple forms. Denominate them violent tribes of the underworld or surface devils of growth.

Servitors aside — there exist an abundance of coteries, flying gargoyles, black wings, all manner of black earth bestiaries and more infernal realms. We return therefore to closing the eyes. If you are capable of stepping outward and perceiving in 3D diverse ethereal creatures — welcome, silvan maiden — then you may equally

proceed inward in order to transpose, reconnect, and perceive dimensions directly.

Plato mentioned once that divinity inclines toward geometrizing. Is world geometry some sort of fractal, as certain New Agers maintain, some kind of hologram? Nay — both yes and no. This is entirely incorrect, because it constitutes merely a modality of perception.

I compared therefore my visions of the closed internal eye, wherein I examined bardic, bardototal realms in diverse colors and geometries, with that which individuals ingesting DMT perceive — geometries and so forth. Good trip, bad trip. I experience this constantly. I laugh that I am akin to Asterix, who at a very tender age leaped into the magic cauldron — and hence it is as though I possessed a DMT brain and grasped all of this non-stop, devoid of traces of such substances.

What transpires therefore when I perceive, for instance, a shadow, a dead *eidola*/simulacrum of a deceased human, some astral remnant or shadow-soul — psychosexual, let us remember Kenneth Grant and diverse shadow cults — and I close my eyes in order to reconnect this? Initially this proves highly interesting, for the palaces of death, the Order of the Green Flame, tanatarchic realities are neon and dark-black-green. When you perceive these green, dark geometries — it signifies that your consciousness has struck home, into the palaces of death.

Initially this constitutes a place of rotting corpses, cadavers, bones, skulls. The deeper you proceed, examining intricately the details of this dimension, the more it transforms into something akin to machine elves, highly complex geometries, and subsequently into a grand, magnificent cathedral filled with intricate geometries — the cathedral of death. In essence this constitutes tunneling, dimensional tunneling, which experts perceive as a hyper-reactive, fluid form of geometry.

In the syllabus I prepared, I would like to posit the thesis that every astral and subtle reality manifesting itself unto the second sight — internal and external — in a stable form, within its depth, may become from this aspect a highly advanced geometry: it may prove more ordered, as in the instance of light spectra, or highly turbulent and chaotic, highly perturbative — as within chthonic and chaotic dimensions.

The human being serves here as an occult apparatus-rectifier (alchemically speaking) — himself, herself — upon diverse levels of magical, psionic, psychosexual, spiritual, intellectual, and affective achievements. He may be interpreted as an astral code. The entirety of the human entity constitutes a form of code — a highly advanced code, entirely akin to DNA.

From senses unto mental movements, from biological settings unto pneumatic, sexual, emotive, and cognitive ones — they may operate in unity or separately, yet invariably, at every moment, they yield this astral code as output. And magic commences at the juncture when you consciously utilize it. You shall not be fully conscious thereof, because you constitute a category of this totality — and endeavoring to isolate the conscious category, you stand merely upon the threshold of comprehension. Yet if you utilize proper tools within this workshop — certain phenomena may operate, certain ones may not, and some may be entirely botched.

If the world is indivisible, we constitute a category of the world endeavoring to recategorize itself from its point of view relative to other categories — for we are not the sole category. The world is not anthropocentric. This constitutes merely a reference point unto the human, that we might comprehend it more readily.

Should you deanthropocentricize — perceive from the perspective of a fox, a deity, a demon, an ant, an insect — that represents something entirely distinct. Ponder upon this. This constitutes a use-

ful method for deanthropocentricization and a poly-perspective shift.

The magical approach unto perception — SIA, hieroglyph — consists in modifying this code of oneself and external reality in order to provoke a correlated response from the other side, which you recognize as desirable and concordant with your vision. I wrote a treatise referencing the Buddhist idea that will is a demon, because it is contaminated by your mind. Yet upon the other hand we utilize this demon in order to achieve a certain vision — a coordinated system for superior worlds.

Dimensions and entities exist that may comprehend you through proxy of human realities or greater interface realities — or we resemble the Wild West. Entities and dimensions comprehend not the human astral code, human magical computers, and all of this. They grasp you not entirely. Nonetheless, every reaction provoked during a magical operation creates a vital interface for transformations — whate'er they might be.

Perceiving from a distinct perspective and beyond the human box renders you more versatile in comprehending these operations, these codes, and these transformations: input, output, effects, visions, deeds, motives, volition. Though you shall never achieve full comprehension in an incarnated, embodied form — which should not draw you away from striving toward the goal, namely karmically stabilizing oneself in order to locate the proper set of tools, the proper modularity of your tools, aspecting them relative to oneself and efficaciously executing magic — namely casting a bridge between one's own perception and objective metaphysical and astral worlds in such a manner that they correlate and operate together in unity.

This precisely is where magic commences. Akin to physical, objective reality. I may take something and should I release it — it falls. This constitutes a true law, gravity, is it not? We may enter into New-

ton's laws. Nevertheless, magic operates in a similar fashion: dynamic laws and deep metaphysical laws exist. And should you provoke a correct reaction within this highly complex astral code and it responds with objective results and objective effects correlated within this turbulent setting — wherefore silence is paramount. The greater your silence and discipline, the greater your mastery over yourself, body, mind, emotions, cognition — the greater the capacity to control all these attributes, akin to tensor flow, akin to the hermeneutics of heuristics, the optimization of your magic.

And I trust this elucidates sufficiently to become a virtuoso of your own art.

On Morality, Ethos, Justice, and Wisdom

How do I view such matters as morality, ethos, and nature? Morality constitutes a codified sum of experiences within the confines of a given culture or civilization. In other words — it is relative between cultures, civilizations, beliefs, political systems, and so forth.

Ethos signifies something distinct. Ethos denotes character. Gods and goddesses possess their own laws, which from the perspective of mortal humans may appear immoral — unless the mortal desires to impose upon the infinite stars and divinity itself his own swine blather of morality. The gods possess therefore an ethos, meaning character, meaning nature, and from it the mortal draws the *daimon* — the spirit — and his nature is his own. This signifies that by acquainting yourself with yourself, you acquaint yourself with your nature, and from this nature you derive your morality.

This means: should you possess sufficient insight and wisdom and observe the consequences of actions of groups, cultures, and civilizations — you harvest the cream of the finest values and virtues of diverse cultures and civilizations. You sip wisdom, discern and differentiate that which may prove useful unto you and unto society. Hence you derive morality, which is relative rather than universalist. You derive tactical, strategic, and intuitive insight or a planned and well-ordered *episteme* — in knowledge — and you draw it from observing the gods, the world, nature, and humans in all their varieties. Through this observation you deduce what a wise *sophon* might be

amidst all this: what moralities you may forge for yourself, concordant with your nature and *daimon*, and how this intersects with the natures, conflicts, and moralities of others and with their ethos.

You may declare, quoting Ares, that a soldier killing on duty is entirely immoral from the Judeo-Christian perspective. And yet he possesses a warrior's ethos, should he remain restrained and kill not like a beast or a barbarian. In other words: a soldier in the army of Alexander the Great was both moral and ethical in a different epoch. From the Judeo-Christian perspective he was immoral; from the Hellenistic perspective he was both moral and ethical, and possessed the entire divine commandment.

For a Hindu, should he lay his head in sacrifice unto Shiva — that it might be severed — does this constitute an immoral or unethical action? It is both moral and ethical for him who sacrificed himself, being more advanced in *lila*, in illusion and play — *maya*, illusion, play. Should a Hindu warrior dance and kill — is he moral and ethical? And his victim — is he within the game? Should you therefore be a soldier and another warrior approaches, should you kill him, and he is within the game — he was never conquered. And you, as the killer, never killed, for there exists nothing unto which you might become attached.

This constitutes somewhat of a digression. As we know, well-organized soldiers who master themselves are capable of killing, trained to kill, yet they know moderation. This means: they know how not to transform into beasts, into barbarians; how to play according to the rules of the game and become not barbarians advancing from the other side.

Living within a contemporary civilized society, a paramount portion resides in the circumstance that when you encounter absolute freedom — moral or immoral, an ethical ethos or an unethical one — you undertake decisions and judgments. You decide what is proper,

what yields favorable consequences for yourself, for the remainder, and for other conflicting natures. And from this you derive justice. This constitutes mortal justice. It is neither the justice of gods nor providence, but rather closer to the justice of mortal humans. It is not the justice of nature. A tiger devouring a Hindu acts in accord with its nature. The tiger is moral and ethical. A lion devouring a Christian — from the lion's perspective — is moral and ethical. Ethos. Simple.

On the True Meaning of Plato's Cave

That red-haired maiden in the battered green coat at the railway station in Odessa after New Year's, January 1, 2008, with her British father — I passed them without a single word in a city completely blanketed in snow. What if... Another — Edinburgh, Scotland, 2011—when walking down the street, I beheld another maiden whom I subsequently met in 2016 in Warsaw, in Opole. What if... *Déjà vu*: I was here previously, yet know not when, where, why. And this constitutes a repetition of the yearning from 2013, when I stood upon the outskirts of Warsaw amidst brick houses, gazing in winter at the starry skies and experiencing a profound longing for the *anima mundi* — for the soul of the world — for the return to perceive from the perspective of the deities, who gaze upon the mortal lineage as upon the dead.

This constitutes that cry of the tetractys, which passes from the protean monad into the artemisian dyad — the striving toward unification, to become fullness, a pleromic totality once more. And this represents the most arduous portion, for it is rendered nearly impossible by the innumerable tiers of this ziggurat, by the countless systems of worlds and stars, until you arrive at cessation — not merely of your present existence, but of all impressions you have left across the entire universe, through metempsychic incarnations within the ethereal, incorporeal, and organic life.

This „what if" constitutes an eternal yearning for something absolutely perfect — and this suffices to bear witness to the metaphysi-

cal foundations of the entirety. This represents a deeply human approach unto things, because this „what if" occurs continuously across the entire globe. Certain individuals are obtuse and vulgar and perceive it not at all. Others, possessing sharper perception and insight, may perchance detect such situations with a keen mind, heart, soul, and intellect — and a demonic, hegemonic prerogative. Yet this constitutes the constant yearning of the gods to act and unite with the object of their ideas, to embody themselves within the perfection of their ideas. Likewise for the magician, for the mortal magician — this constitutes the richness and yearning to become the object of his greatest dream, idea, and miracle embodied within the divinity of the self, to return unto the divine procession of the gods. And this earthly spectacle serves merely as a shadow of those grand, grand metaphysical foundations.

Within the shadows, however, within Plato's cave, there exist those who point toward the world of substantive truths, of verifiability. It resembles residing within Plato's catacombs and moving blindly. When you return unto Plato's cave, you gaze upon the phantoms that the divine entity casts upon the wall — upon that torch of enlightenment compelling you to view the phantoms. Yet subsequently someone turns about momentarily — that precisely is this "what if" — and returns once more unto gazing upon the flame and the wall. And rarely does anyone ever snap the chains in order to behold the world of luminous perfections, in order to acquire this Edenic perception. At that juncture he is one who remains still within Plato's cave, yet gazes no longer upon the flame nor the shadow cast upon the wall. He contemplates the luminous perfections of Platonic *a priori* forces and ideas. And at the very least within the Dionysian tomb he remains conscious thereof. And at the very least when departing the vessel, he joins the world of substantive beauties — rather than transforming merely into a shadow, a phan-

tom, an *eidola*, a simulacrum, upon which other prisoners within Plato's cave gaze intently, as though with a grand purpose, yet absolutely devoid of any substance.

Is Mankind really the Center? On Anthropocentric mistakes in Metaphysics and Religious Erring

Anthropocentralization, de-anthropocentralization: is man the center of everything? No, it is the dominant specimen of this particular planet in the solar system. Of course, we need the human to measure everything from the human perspective. However, neither the gods, nor the stars, nor nature, nor this world was brought for the sake of the mortal human beings.

Now, how does it come about that when you are that human being, that mortal animal, you scale, coordinate, fix reference points, and try to use this occult debacle of your human body in order to rectify certain occult energies self-reflexively, in an autonomous manner, in order to choose your currents of ontological Platonic status, independent of the mortal humans, and position yourself in a way that is most accordant with your traditions, lineages, and so on?

So, I may be pursuing the Greco-Roman, Kemeto-Hellenic, Sumero-Babylonian, Kemetic line of action and realize myself in this Ethika, Ethika Enki Ninmah, Ethika Isis, Ethika Athena Glaucopis, Ethika Odini. Wherever you explore it further and you become more proficient at mastering those traditions and currents, it is not chaos;

it is syncreticism. However, it is an enlightened syncreticism, a learned magic that works for you.

When you reject all the Abrahamisms, putting the mortal human away from the center of everything, you are opening the gateways of many weird and eerie forces, and then you find the proxy human realities that you try to work with in order to embody them and perfect yourself. In other words, the whole paradigm in the Abrahamisms of Judeo-Christianity and Islam is wrong, and the root of this error is taken for putting the human mortal at the center of the activity of divinities, ontological forces. The human mortal is not the center focal point of divinities or providence. It is the dominant specimen of this planet.

And how do you find your nature? You are trying to explore humanitas, humanness. In other words, those values will choose coordinate systems that redefine you as a human being. And in such a way, you climb those ziggurat steps, because every planetary sphere has a nature pertaining to itself. Nature animals have souls and nature is pertaining to them. A human being is a bit of a broken animal that needs to find the right definition for himself and redefine himself in order to align autonomously, self-directed, autodidactically towards the correct or his currents and traditions.

A Hindi will explore other sets of ideas. He may align with Durga or Vishnite forces or Shivaic forces and so on, so on. Here in Europe, we have a problem with the infliction of damage of Judeo-Christianity that destroyed the metaphysical systems. And we need to redefine ourselves, not as neo-pagans, not as pagans, but nobilitas that bridge the ancient times of true initiatory mysteries, mysteriosophies, ourselves, nature and the gods. That is more difficult than we imagine. But I follow this path for decades now. And it is providing you and furnishing you with the correct paths of redefining yourselves in soul

and spirit, enjoying the procession of the gods in process theology and process alchemy.

So that is the summation of it. Take a perspective outside of the human, the anthropocentrism, if you may, and then harness the best of qualities, virtues, knowledge, wisdom that you may across civilizations and ethnicities. For repeating the Hellenic dictum, pan-Hellenic dictum of the Eleusinian mysteries, Orphic mysteries: I am the child of Mother Nature and starry heavens, yet my race is heavenly. And the heavenly part is in the daimon, in the condensation of anima mundi, of the Hecate's world soul.

And if the world is polytheistic and we are the masks of the world, then put a mask and incorporate a mask that is a beautiful embodiment, something full of ethos, arete, paideia, something great. And then, based on these definitions that are well tested as effectuating good things throughout society, try to polish them, understand them, aspect them through sciences, through art, through philosophy, through learned magic. And then, as you drop this Dionysian tomb, you rejoin the gods, the procession of gods, and then your activity is much greater than that of a wailing shade of a dead soul that the Thanatophilia of Judeo-Christianity proposes.

Thank you. Now, don't get me wrong, I salute the dead shades. I'm on par with the worlds of Thanatos in the dead, and I very much respect him. But then again, if you want your daimon-psyche to thrive and live as a psychopomp between the worlds of the dead, hypoptonoid, the elves, and the celestial worlds of the gods, of the stars, to travel horizontally and vertically, that is a very difficult goal to achieve, but it is achievable nevertheless. Thank you.

Politics and the occult

Politics, political systems. Those who do not know three thousand years of history of various civilizations, cultures, political ideas, historical ideas, religious ideas are forever the prisoners of the present. Looking from a metapolitical perspective, metaphysical perspective, post-political perspective, pre-political perspective, you think that currents, divinities, various agents working those agendas give a fuck about your socialism, your democracy, your totalitarian systems, your Nazi systems, your fascist systems, your royalty systems. No, because this is merely a guise that the power wears and it is more or less effective in administering subjects of power.

Now the question is: where is power? Power amongst humans is where the resources, social networks, and effective influence, lobbying points, intersect. And this power is gathered in, let's say, 200 to 300 personnel on earth, the most powerful people on earth, those who have intersecting interests in various corporations, food corporations, medical corporations, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. That doesn't matter. Okay, these are the dogs of power on earth.

What about metaphysics? Well, those in the metaphysical sector, either as agents on earth or disembodied posthumously, that may influence not only the mortal cattle realm and the political guys and bailiffs, but also the, let's say, to shorten, Hades and heaven dimensional strata, are the power figures that dispatch the current and work within certain agendas.

Now, why is it that people are quarreling left and right and this, that, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah? Now, personally, I don't give a fuck

whether you are under a totalitarian Chinese rule with the social engineering AI telemetry of your biological systems and scan your brains inside out, as long as, let's say, the metaphysical window is open for, well, a few. Now, in the ancient past, there was the initiatory systems, mythological systems, psychopompic, the didactic systems of how to become something more than mortal. These systems were elitist but participatory. The societies were themselves more elitist, idealizing a bit.

Now, if this is cut down and we have the onset of mediocrity, religious mediocrity, political mediocrity, all forms of shit mediocrities, unified by AI mediocrity, unifying under the agenda of social credits and totalitarian unification, or social engineering under the guise of choice, democracy, capitalist choosing, choose this, choose that, then it is anti-elitist and egalitarian in the sense that superiority is destroyed and everyone is fucked in the same manner.

Now, I posited many of my ideas during some years of recording of those lectures, writing books, and so on. And my final issue here is that look towards the idea as a force, power as a force, love as a force, hate as a force, union as a force, decay as a force, destruction as a force, annihilation as a force, reform as a force. And as soon as you isolate those ideas as forces in the a priori Platonic sense, then think what kind of masks do they wear through human formulations, political, societal, ideological, technological, technarchic, and so on.

And if you understand that, you're not an imbecile power player, and you're not an imbecile magician, and on top of that, you're not an imbecile citizen. If you understand those mechanics, it doesn't necessarily mean you participate in them. It means that once you grasp them, you may be guaranteed a certain posthumous superposition in certain spheres, let's say, of government and power, but that's not assured. But it is assured, however, that you'll be more educated and learned in observing certain formations of those powers on

Earth. And they're not universalist, nor are they ultra-relativist. And even this mumbo-jumbo cancel culture ultra-relativism on the left side is a form of a power guise.

Now, when you identify those powers as ideas, and get all the political systems, religious systems, and so on, ask yourself: what is the starting point, the deed, the will as a career, and the end vision? Every current, every idea as power in the guise of various systems has a certain teleology, an aim, an ending point. And once you see those multiple threads, those multiple currents of masks of masks of masks of variety, and you see where they end, and you see how they adapt and all that, then you are a very educated citizen. And must I say, that is obvious, because in the occult business, the ignorant are not elevated, and the ignorant aren't, let's say, invited to the world of the current.

Intellection is most prized. Knowledge is not everything. Knowledge is merely a key to understanding. Understanding is the key to grasping. Grasping is a key to practice. And practice is something you embody, live, execute, invoke, evoke, call, receive through multiple years. And if this practice is successful, you win a victoria. If not, perish in the void. But knowledge: probably you can amass books; there are people that are addicted to knowledge — that's nonsense. Knowledge is very necessary. The capital of humanity is knowledge, skill, communitas, humanitas, virtutas, resources, and how they amount.

I hope that pinpointed everything I wanted to say right now. Thank you.

The Virtue of Humanitas Revisited

Human, mortal, animal, monkey, anthropoid, arrested at Homo erectus stage with a more encephalized brain that refuses to use this encephalization — an intellect that is much cherished by the gods. Evolution, evo-devo, neurobiological evolutionary adaptations to environments in various mutative fields and covariances, regional, geographical, and so on.

Now, the other part is the occult refiner: as if by some mishap, someone took a monkey and turned it into a Kranken Tier, a sick animal. That, separated from participation on the stick of nature, of being a monkey, it became something semi-divine in status almost, a very advanced occult apparatus that is much unused nowadays. The Buddhists once mentioned that the human body is a diamond. By this they meant it has occult properties and propensities and self-reflection, almost symbolical, to symbolize and to perform highly advanced magical operations and ceremonies, magical technologies. It's like a gift out of nowhere. By and large, the biomass of the modern days has no idea how to use it.

Prison planet, starting with the Judeo-Christian abomination, religion of liars. Well, if you break through, you are still a mortal animal, a monkey. A mortal animal with semi-divine properties that has the right technologies, the right occult mechanisms, ceremonial, ritualistic, to realign with the variabilities of this great, great universal forces, powers, gods, goddesses, spirits, intelligences, entities that

conjured magnanimous science, philosophy, art, skills, knowledge, virtues of all civilizations, ethnicities, to define itself as that broken animal, humanitas, humaneness, that cardinal virtue of human beings.

And it is said that Gods are in exile. The further you seek out there in the universe for answers, as you question it more and more, reading it like an open book, the finger points back at you because you need to redefine yourself as humans, as those broken tears, broken animals that need to fix themselves because they were separated from nature, as mortal animals. And by rediscovering this humaneness, by rediscovering this occult refinery technologies, this magical tech, you become something more, something more divine, something shedding the mortal animal behind you. The Dionysian tomb is left to the grave.

Now, what is the output of the animal soul, of the transmigratory soul, of the condensation of the daimonic pneuma, the spirit, the condensation of anima mundi through the operation of the descent to Tartarus, drinking from the ambrosia of Gods and shedding this mortal flesh behind, becoming God-like, a demigod truly, disembodied — why need flesh? We are not flesh-haters. Affirmation, dehumanization, magical tech, and off you go as a hero, an Angelus Bonus, a demigod even, to join the procession of the Sanctum, as it was written in Iamblichus.

The galaxies and stars, nor nature, nor this planet, was brought for the sake of mortal human animals. You are the dominant species, true, but that's where it ends. If you want to redefine this semi-divine element, you may be capable of that. Otherwise, be those monkeys, or imprison yourselves with deceptive belief-systems. Institutionalized lies that brought order, but a lying order out of which consequences of destruction and suffering emerged upon the globe.

Of course, there are plenty of complexities and intricate details that I won't mention here, but I wanted to convey the gist of it. Human is not the center; it may be a center to itself, to redefine itself, and it may be measuring with itself everything else, but when you look from the perspective of everything else, human is as it is, a mortal sick animal that may be divine, but by and large is – hence, the fall – not at all.

Thank you.

On Possessions, Exorcisms, Mediumship, Spirits and Learned Magic

Everything you wanted to know about possessions, but didn't want to ask. What is a possession, technically? It is when an external, as in controlling, or internal, as in embodiment, spirit, soul, external agent, internal agent, is attempting to influence your cognitions, emotions, occult build-up, soul, shadow soul, etc. So, this is something not within the paradigm of tested science, not the paradigm of psychiatry. However, through countless years, I witnessed that your biochemistry, your cognitive-emotional circuitry, your fear, arousal, instincts, thoughts, skills, may be influenced by spiritual agents.

The idea that possession is something evil, the malignant spirit, is usually false. Let's take the framing of Agrippa, Master Agrippa, that you may be possessed by a low, middle, or high spirit, infernal or celestial. I tend not to divide them, but let's say that there are multiple poly-daemonic, polytheistic, and poly-ontological ways and types of beings.

So, first, let's derive it all from nature. Notice how you know your nature by experiencing the manifold confrontations by things that want to influence you. You may be shaped by them along the way, you may be shaped to the contrary by opposition and antagonism, or you may be shaped by compatibility or complementarity. So, are all

such possessions malignant? Not always so. A possession is malignant only when it attempts to override your mind, affections, cognitions, to the detriment. When something is trying to override your freedoms, or override your world nature, or your nature as you know yourself, and try to render it alike to its own nature, overriding your original, genuine self, nature, inclination, karma, and so on.

So, is the possession the only thing in the game? No. There are emanations. For example, when a spiritual agent is emanating through you, as an embodied or walking through catalyst focus. There are avatarizations of higher class usually, when a demigod doesn't override your world, but enhances everything that is already in you to the utter perfection. You do not become this demigod during avatarization, but when the demigod embodies, you are brought to the finest points of your possible excellence. Now, some brutes may all of a sudden turn into excellent rhetors. Some idiots, idiot savants, may be turned into geniuses all of a sudden. Some person who is not trained in combat or martial arts all of a sudden may become a great inspired warrior with halka and all these swords dancing around him. Now, this may be seeming like an impossibility. However, I experienced many of these issues myself. And after years, you get to know yourself pretty well.

Now, what happens if a malignant nature is trying to overcome you and you resist? This is a form of an ordeal. You either become the devil that chases you, or you absorb its nature, learn certain ways, tricks and tools of the trade. And that force, if not being subservient to you, at least respects you. So, if you are respected by certain forces, and that is rare, by passing certain ordeals, you need to be careful not to go too much, because it is very easy to lose respect. It is very easy to turn yourself from a wise person into a bubbling idiot. And sometimes, certain forces will subvert you and turn you into that bubbling, hateful, vulgar idiot that you don't want to see in yourself. So,

laws of reversal. You aspire to something that is subverted, and you end up somewhere else. That's a training of character, of ethos, the metamorphosis, Apuleian, Ovidian, back to the ancient schools.

So, why is it that most people neglect such experiences? Well, it is because they are not aware that something is influencing them. And people that are ignorant are the most easily influenced substance matter. If you have an idiot in government, you can be pulled on strings like that. And he thinks he thinks for himself. No, he doesn't. He is just a puppet. Puppetized little idiot. So goes for many other situations.

Now, there is a paradigm in the occult saying that if you don't believe in something, it can hurt you. Well, these are parallel worlds, and yes, it may. They have an objective ontology. So, if you're an atheist, if you're a good Christian believer, or a Buddhist, or a Hindi, or a Shintoist, it doesn't matter. The territory matters. The genius of the place. First, territorial spirits, then the, let's say, tectonic infernal ones, and the airy, celestial, and so on. The planetary religions can go on forevermore with classifications of bestiaries, but what for? Let's not multiply beings beyond necessity.

So, what can we do about it? A problem? A solution? Now, the exorcisms or banishments work only with a skilled operator to remove the, let's say, amount of spirits that may be naughty with that person. And the masters of exorcisms and banishments in ancient times, for example, the Neoplatonic theurgists, were both theurgists, necromants, negromants, and exorcists. This was generally in the package of the magician curriculum. Now, what about Jewish or Christian exorcisms? Or Muslim exorcisms? They don't work. I mean, the only idea is to pray, to rely on some force, or to rely on other demons that are more powerful in the Vatican necromantic demonology than the culprits that trouble the person. And they enter solitary pacts with those demonic forces in order to banish some-

thing out. But they are just ignorance. Deluded ignorance thinking that the prayers actually help anyone.

Now, how does an exorcism work technically? An exorcism works like that, that an entity that is not desired by that person is banished either by the power of the operator, by the resonant entity, or by a superior entity that has power over the entity that troubles the mortal human being. Now, banishments work only when the operator himself has enough magical potency and energetic real key potency in order to dislocate the entity from the patient. In other words, if the operator and the exorcist has no power, but relies on some bullshit, then he causes more trouble than necessary.

Are these foreign spirits intelligent? Yes. Is it all that it is? Like egregores, god forms, servitors, shadows of the dead, chthonic demons, infernal forces, airy infernal forces, all that, the astral parasites, the fauna and flora of the ethereal things that may cause insanity. Oftenwise, a weird entity or a weird cluster of, let's say, psychoenergetic parasite may cause diseases. It may lodge itself inside of your body and disturb the homeostasis of the organism. Middle Ages? Perhaps. But sometimes certain diseases, not to undermine modern medicine, but in some cases when the etiology and the reason is not known, but only the symptoms are known, then it may be caused by an external or internal spiritual agent or fauna and flora of the astral.

Now, in short, of course it is more desirable to commune with higher spirits, with demigods, with Angelus Bonus, for example, republican imperial damsels and gentlemen of ancient Hellenic times or on their way up there. And of course it is detrimental if your mind is made insane, shrapnelized, and you are vulgarized into an uncouth bull, radicalized on bullshit. Now, it is like evil or wrongdoing amasses to wrongdoing, passed on from generation to generation. And the dead, the shadows of the dead don't get any, let's say, better

than the living, than they were in life. So, imagine this mass of dead, generation to generation, that in some cases, thanatically, may influence the living. For example, what happens when a radical Nazi murderer drops dead? Well, he is kind of pissed off and angry, as he was in life, and may influence a certain mortal being to certain radicalization and inclination. Now, it's not immediate like that, right? So, first things first, there are influences that are long-term, if something attaches to you and tries to pollute you with its nature. Short-term influences, something makes a direct hit and influences you to this or that.

Now, how can it be recognized? For example, change in the cognitive-emotive build-up, change of voice, change of character, all that. Now, how do I know that? First of all, I am a second-sighted. Second of things, I can detect energetic forms of things. Third of all, I am a medium. That means that many walked by flesh. My spirit is strong, my shieldings and soul is destroyed. Spirit, diamond is enough for me as a commanding center. So, as a medium, I can embody many beings of various qualities. Legions walked with me. Sometimes, I may walk with Angelus Bonus or Demigods. Then, it is more splendid and beautiful. Sometimes, I may be charged with, let's say, Greek soldiers' karmic strength or very heavy leaden-like karma. Sometimes, I may be possessed by animal souls and spirits, which are very interesting. It is so that animals may have an impression of you as a human being, as you have an impression of, for example, a fox spirit. They don't talk our language and we don't talk their animal language. But there is a certain communication and mutual intelligibility and understanding here.

So, as a medium, am I possessed? Well, if I am self-aware of every influence and every influence is immoral, then it means that I am strong-willed enough to discern this. Does it always work like that? Sometimes, I lose it, like all of us. My mind, my willpower, my

strength deflates into the nature that attempts to overpower me. In this case, I may turn into a very naughty bastard, for example, or a vulgar one, or a murderer, or an insane, or a serial killer, or a rape incline, da-da-da, or a Martian character, right? Martian Capricorn. Anyway, the idea is to recognize it and control yourself, because that's the way you shape your ethos, your character, your genii, your Juno, in the case of woman.

At first, it was like a curse to me, then it turned into a blessing, because I've learned myself in many ways. And I started devouring some natures, enhancing my own, and learning from other natures in order to understand things much better than I would as a mortal without such skills. So, if you ever feel, and you are observing your mental continuum, your mind, and you know yourself pretty well, that something is wrong, and you're not just a monkey who's left and right on these strings of your mind, emotions, and thoughts, because that's the most easily influenceable part, then learn from it and try to discover what is your nature exactly. Not only that, try to refine it, try to find the best in it, and try to learn. The books are out there, the spirits teach you, everything is like an open book. And derive what is better in it. There will be times when you'll be a wretched scoundrel, you'll be like an insane motherfucker, but it's all in the learning. If you recognize it, you know where not to go, not to burn your fingers too much, what to respect, and how to build yourself up in a humanely strict discipline. Because discipline is very important. Without discipline, without ordering ourselves as learned magicians, we fall apart. And we are swept into infatuation, megalomania, insanity, nuthouses, crimes, prisons. It's a dangerous path. Nobody said magic is easy. But it's worth it. Because after a while you get recognized, respected, and some are listening to your words and sometimes even commands, if they are negotiable and reasonable.

Some ideas? It's a very complex world. And none of us in the business is omnipotent. But if we have something interesting to contribute to hells and heavens, then why not? That is a worthwhile task. I guess that you may give to others. Properly called.

Thank you.

On Eudaimonia: Revaluation of Happiness

A conspect that I jotted down on the trail. So what is happiness? Eudaimonia, that quest of philosophers. In my personal definition, it is the measure in the realization of your nature. You notice how to discover your nature. In accord with the humane feeling, humanity is proper to time and place. In other words, it is very individuated in the responsibility and mature.

So chases beyond measure or aims destroy moderate balance. If you have happiness somewhere out there in your vision, dreams, in your aims, then it is externalized. If you internalize happiness, this means that you are happy within in relation to those things happening to you. Very stoic approach. And that is to be found within. After you eliminate all the superficialities that distort your moderation and your harmony, you train the character to overarch pain and suffering because that is a natural thing in life. Pain and suffering happen all the time. And difficulties, antagonisms to navigate life and your own mind artfully in a virtuoso manner. So to each his measure, to each his own, to each a role according to his true nature.

That is taken from the Book of Changes, the I Ching. And it is that if you find your true nature and your inner happiness, you fit in a position without superficial ambitions, that you are best set and you are potentially satisfied and content in that particular position. Now, some find happiness in cold discipline and well-weighted gravitas. And there are various types of happiness. If natures are different,

so is happiness. I am happy being severe and disciplined. I am very happy being well composed and measured. This is my happiness. It is not fake cheer and enthusiasm that some mistake for happiness. Gladness and joy, that's not true happiness. That's not mature happiness. You may be glad and joyful, but are you happy? Or is it just a surface thing covering much more complex psychological phenomena within you?

So memories, we often memorize happiness. Most of the time, happiness is something that is constant once it is found. And the memories of past realizations of happiness and wisdom in happiness of wholesomeness, self-pertaining intelligibility dictate both contrast and happiness to absence of happiness, denial of life or happiness, or fulfillment in life in happiness. In other words, you are navigating to a coordinate systems because what makes you happy in a mature responsible way, what is accordant with your inner genius or Juno in the case of woman, what is well measured and balanced, and you decide that this is your eudaimonia, your balancing of the daimonic potential of the spiritual potential, daimon, the God within you and the God that guides you from above within.

So this is also bringing us to the point of being a bit measured in sense that we are not easily influenced beyond happiness and unhappiness. We are abiding in discerning stability and whatsoever throws us out of this composure, whether be it empty anger or some corruption or something that tries to dissuade us from this humane happiness and responsibility and your own happiness is making us actually unstable and unhappy. Simple as that.

So remember to each his own, we all have a different definition of happiness and a different abiding spot in our natures, our inner daimon and the conditions, the circumstances, the daimon plays on. So before you think that other things make other people happy, think that it is your projection of your happiness or your definition

of happiness, which may be very surface or even superficial, projecting it upon the others. And it also cuts short superficial chases over things that are far unattainable that you think will make you happy, but in truth, they make you miserable, the chase itself. So rethink that, that is a useful approach, I guess.

Thank you.

On Humans as Defined by Humanitas and Civility, in Disregard of Race or Ethnicity

What makes mastership? It is the ability to bridge the ancient with the modern. Recently I read about the Vesuvian challenge, the decoding of one stoic text from the second century of the modern era, and that is a triumph of classical philology and modern science. This is an example of the ability to bridge the ancient times with modernity in a magnanimous fashion.

Now to the point, some people divide others by class, by wealth, by status, by prestige, by race, by ethnicity, by nation, whatsoever. Now what if we assume a position, a superposition in which we find the civilization (as in civility) and the humanitas of a given individual. Now whenever I encounter people in the streets or talk with them, or whether these are foreigners or myself as an expat, meaning I migrated to the UK, I lived there for five years and returned to Poland, I traveled broadly. I traveled to Far Asia, throughout Europe, I've been in the States once, in Michigan. I was raised amongst the Arabs in the United Arab Emirates, Bahrain, Manama, Fujairah, Abu Dhabi, Kuwait, and so on, in 1992–1993 when I was a little boy, right after the Gulf War. So I prefer to take case by case individual rather than generalize.

Sure there are generalizations, stereotypes, we may find a common thread of a given ethnicity and decide, oh these people are like

this, these people are like that. But on an individual level, first things first, I don't care for the skin color, ethnicity, nation, subclass, races, whatsoever. What I try to find in a human being from his perspective and my perspective, is the civilized qualities that he or she possesses. It is the civility and the humanitas, how to be humane. And if they fulfill both humanness and civilization, civilized qualities, the politia over the world, I have absolutely no right of discarding them in whatsoever manner.

It is as if the panhellenic idea of I am the child of nature and starry heavens, yet by Dionysian connection my race is heavenly, starry in a way. So that is sometimes what would be called a certain idea that we are born of the land, of the blood, but we are born primarily of earth and nature as human animals. Semi-divine status yet aspiring to this divinity is a long progress. And this aspiration to divinity is defined both by civility, by humanness as we redefine ourselves as human beings, and the intellectual enterprises.

If in the Neoplatonic schools the divinity is of high intellect, non-human, ante-human intellect, then how else to near divinities, numen multiplex, e pluribus unum, than by developing our intellect, civilization, refinement. And that is what differentiates us from the participation mystic in nature as animals.

We symbolize, homo symbolicus, and by that we create abstracts, different grammar of ideas. How do we read the book of the universe? How do we read the book of divinities in plurality? How do we read the book of the underworlds of the hypochthonoi of the chthonic realities, dark worlds, of the divine, luminous, stellar, solar? That is up to the human beholder to decide how will he place himself in front of nature, other human beings, animals, and divinities. And by that stance, this outlook, he makes himself significant both to Gods, nature, and other human beings. I think that is quite a simple solution.

Thank you.

Lone wolf cell combat

Home-bred terrorist, radical. I received such a profile in 2014. That means I was effective in my dissidency. True dissidency subverts power, is a threat to government, is a threat to the industrial military zones, is a threat to status quo order, those who wield a certain resource, a certain effective command.

Now, true dissidency is not rebelling or shouting your slogans or virtualizing yourselves on the web. If you are engaged in true dissidency, you will know by becoming targeted as a raw threat, even as a potential high asset in revolutionary activities. Power never moves in the open, it has its avatars, errand boys, political puppets, bureacratic armies, policing personnel. That is predictable, if you oppose what is, having a greater vision, the natural reaction of the system is to target, prevent, alienate and oppose you in ways unnoticeable to the citizenry. The history of power is essentially the history of entrenchment of its personnel within the power zones, effective transmission to new ones, and the ability to pacify its opponents, subversives, effectively demobilizing the dissidents.

Of course there is intra-dissident competition. There are various groups that are compartmentalized and they have either complementary, concordant or completely antagonistic agendas towards your own. When you have a vision and everything starts with a vision, you try to implement it. If that vision stands in contrast to the status quo of power or competing interests of various agendas and groups, then the battle begins. Because if somebody doesn't have a vision or has a borrowed vision, he's either on board with certain groups or not.

Now let it be known that whenever you have that vision, there are certain groups that naturally align with you because they have their own interests. And sometimes you align with various groups, sometimes you drop out of those groups by knowing that your vision is different than what they tried to achieve. Some of your visions may be parallel to certain groups' effective visions of their own. However, it is about building a citadel of your own vision and pushing it through whatever means, magical campaigns, political campaigns, societal, religious campaigns, war for territory, spiritual warfare and so on.

Now this is an appeal to those who feel disempowered as dissidents. China has a doctrine of total war and that total war includes psionism and magical campaigns, Taoistic magicians trained from childhood. And this sector sometimes works, sometimes doesn't. Citing one CIA officer 1950s when they tried to hire magicians, magic sometimes works, sometimes doesn't. It's a very complex issue with multiple dynamic laws and depending on the effectiveness of the operator, you may push certain things through, fuck some things up or you are rendered ineffective. However, it's always worth trying.

Apart from engaging in political activities, intellectual activities, magical activities, educating yourself, cooperating with those groups, that groups or with yourself, you retain a sense of solitary willfulness. In other words, if you are working in an organization that is branded as a terrorist organization, what happens? You are very easily caught because it is nowadays very easy to catch in a high-tech society all these social networks that arm themselves and are exchanging information. They are easily compromised. So the idea of the subversive dissident of the modern era is first things first unpredictability. You need to be unpredictable at the same time having a certain vision and having a certain spine and a direction, because that confuses AI policing and governing systems, human unpredictability. That con-

fuses intelligence, unpredictability. Yet you pursue that vision in this chaos and the various attractive heroes.

So that is one thing and the other thing is that there are plenty of people with similar vision to your own. Let's say lone wolf cells all over the globe. Some organize, some don't. Those who don't are undetectable, meaning that even if you're under surveillance, you can bypass the surveillance, can bypass the targeting and try to reach whatever resources and power you can get to influence anyway. The freedom windows as I call them, reach for the gods, reach for the stellar forces, reach for the hells of the universe as long as it renders you effective in what you want to achieve.

So as I mentioned it's a multipolar, very sophisticated and advanced battlefield in this territory because you do not have supreme command or supreme power. That would turn out nasty anyway. One man commanding without checks and balances. So you have multiple agents staged in the field as cells. They don't know about each other and that's the bonus. If they don't know about each other, if one is caught and demobilized, others are walking towards the vision. Now the grand idea is that multiple such terror cells that are individual and don't know about each other are not compromised and they walk towards a similar vision pursuing it. In such way they push the project forward while not being compromised because one is out, the other one pops up and so on.

In the modern day scenario such an idea is making you both undetectable until a certain time, unpredictable for most of the time even if you are profiled, effective if you have a potential and you reach the right resources above and below and you may walk anonymously because nobody knows what's going on. Even the govs, they have no fucking idea what you're about and they never will, especially if you have a complex mind. So you establish certain narration fronts forward and those narration fronts and insanities and all that pro-

tects your own ass. Because if you have multiple realities, multiple narrations, it will confuse them. You will devour them for breakfast.

So my appeal to the dissidents of the new time is to share a common vision, is to walk regardless. You are never disempowered, even as a howling wolf in chains in prison, you have your mind. If you have your mind, that's the first point to magic and psionics. If you are disenfranchised politically, if you have no power, networks, resources and all that, there are forces that will readily assist you and if they find good ideas in you, they will make them an executive. Now in this weird world invaded by hellish forces, my current idea is, you won't know, but I think some forces found it quite plausible. So enjoy the years ahead, because it might be quite turbulent for all of us.

Oh, and one more thing. Why am I not playing anonymous or wearing a mask? Because I'm that dissident cell that was scandered and neutralized in their own eyes, that likes to speak. And by being over it, I'm right in front of the eyes of the Panopticon. Let's treat it as a form of a perfidy and mockery.

Thank you.

On True Love, Immortal

Does true love exist is a question asked only by those who never loved nor never lived through true love to recognize it as a force and a power, a Platonic power independent of all the biochemical ideas, of all the conjoining matter of mind, erotica, and friendship. It is a power that animates the erotic component, the component of friendship, and that of divinities, Eros, the Titanic creation of Gods.

Now, a very long time ago, I committed to a ritual to save a woman of my life. To save what, you may ask? To save her like a damsel in distress? No. I remember that she was trying to help me like, uh, little Isis with her red hair and her tears and her sweat in great passion, attempting to put me together in great insanity and great woe that I was through multiple years fighting a solitary war and combat of super-mundane character.

I'd first seen her in two thousand and eleven in Edinburgh when she was seventeen years of age. But then she strolled down the street as I was sipping my coffee and smoking my cigarettes in the coffee shop. Then for one and a half year, since two thousand and fourteen, I was seeing an apparition of a golden silver robed muse that visited my room and observed me very patiently.

Somehow we've met, we started talking with each other, and I remember the very day, I don't even remember how she looked like back then. So I decided to hop on a train and visit her in a different city, and my phone went dead. As she reported later, her phone went dead too. So there I was in a different city, not knowing how exactly

does the girl look apart from this apparition and random information exchange on the web. So I went into the main center in the railway station, the hall of it, and I've seen a beautiful, radiant girl with red hair. So I approached her, picked her up, held her tightly and said, "It's you." And she looked at me, she said, "It's me and it's you." [chuckles] So that's how it happened.

So we worked together in magical campaigns in, uh, various operations on behalf of Gods and the world for some years. And, uh, it is that this component of true love attracts plenty of envy and bitterness from the other side. The unwanted, the unloved, the hateful, the vengeful, the bitter and so on.

So some years into our relationship, I was warned by a shadow mother, a shadow witch from the other side that they will destroy her on my very own eyes, and that I can't do much about it. So I remember that that very night, I ordered her to put her ass on a zafu pillow and that we will pursue a ritual and that she won't know of the working just to put full trust and honesty in my working right now. And we all conjoined at that very moment in the pain of loss, pain of, uh, great torment, soul pain, mental pain and so on. And I remember that I called out to her and, uh, this was the most honest, powerful, reverberating ritual that I've ever done. That was my magnum opus. Not crossing the abyss, not building myself up as a, as a vir unus designed by Gods and spirits and forces, but this single moment.

In this single moment, I remember that I appealed to Magna Mater, the mother of Gods, to salvage everything that is capable of being saved from that woman of my life. And I remember that at this very moment, there were veils of her mortal self dropping, left behind veils like Ishtar descending to hell. But she was ascending, dropping her veils of a mortal female in this ter- this ritual. So once I finished, I looked at her and I've seen her shattered soul, the rem-

nants of her and her physical body. And I remember that for the remaining time of our relationship, I tried to bring her back.

She visited me in Seoul several times, still gazing, uh, at me from the physiognomies of other females. I, I wandered through the streets of Warsaw and as if she descended in her gold and silver robes, embodied herself in those females and forced them to look at me, and I've seen her face. Then she departed as if a reminder of whom she was.

So in 2018 when, uh, we parted, because I was not capable of fighting for her anymore in such a state, nor was she, uh, inclined towards such a thing, being wrecked her mind, twisted into various forms of unwilled purposes. That was the vengeance of the other side on, on me, not on her. She was innocent. I was the one hated and I warned her before that if she ties my fate, her fate with my fate, it might turn out very ugly and she agreed.

So in 2018 when I was traveling on the night bus, I've seen her face silver in the stars and I noticed a certain sadness that was tied with my old wish that she will surpass me in understanding and surpass me in everything, every mortal things. She was a genius anyway, but I wanted her to be something super-mundane. So in that perfected form, leaving behind the mortal mask, she was a distillation, an alchemical perfected god body inhabited by a spirit in the stars.

So, uh, throughout years she appeared as a more divine, splendid, idealized form in the daylight, in the skies, at nighttime in the stars and, uh, that rehumanizes me even in my bestiality and, uh, downtrodden corruption as I paid with my blood to Black Brotherhood to release her shadow from the Acheron so that she may reintegrate properly and at the price of my own corruption. That's why I call her little Eurydice, but it's the other way around now. And it drives me forward, although the presence of her spirit, of her diamond is no longer available to me on Earth. I have forever fixed my coordinates

on this cosmic, beautiful, splendid true love throughout my life that fills my life with purpose and combat so that I won't give myself exactly to the grave just yet.

Now whether I will meet her after I pass away, I do not know. Although I think that if I pass away, I will have a navigation point and perhaps I'll be chasing illusions, but that navigation point is this personal most beautiful face in the world that was ennobled by love.

Thank you.

On Demonology: White Gloves 'Black' Magick

Nigromancy. On Demons. In the ancient Akkadian text, there was a fragment saying that the goddess Ishtar, descending through fourteen gates of hell, seen demons so weird that she didn't quite get them. The goddess Ishtar herself. So why am I to convey lectures on demonology? Well, out of 19 years of experience I had exploring the Black Earth and the underworlds of it, I may say that I posit that demons are both the children of nature, underworld, and the gods themselves. Now, as for the doctrine of the fall, invented by Enoch, of the evil fallen demons from heaven, that's an erring paradigm.

Why do I possess knowledge and interpretations that others speculate about? Because I'm trafficking and working with those entities and those forms since years. Are they dangerous? Inasmuch as the tiger is to a Hindi devouring it, they act according to their nature. The Neoplatonics termed them as the turbulent, chthonic forces of the underworld, of Hades. Some called them the Erinyes, but Erinyes were more specific in the Orphic context, understood as the vengeful, wrathful, hurt, malevolent shadows of the dead. Not your demonas, not your family ancestral spirits, not the shadows of your diseased beings. Although they are preserving, the dead are no better than the living, although they are loosened from the, let's say, grasp of time. That means that necromancy, nigromancy and divining from the dead in Plutonia in the ancient times was happening because the dead weren't governed by time in as much as we are in mortal flesh.

Now, back to the demons. If demons anticipate the existence of human beings, they are superior to human beings. Now, let me say that not a daemon as a personal goddess that is dispensing the fates and is like a Socratic genius or Juno, but demon in the sense of a chthonic, black form that may be earth, water, fire or air. Now, there are various types of black fire and in the subterranean world, subterranean means dimensions, not as in going into caves. Although you may say that when I enter the Warsaw subway, I go to the surface of certain spacious dimensions that the flocks of the dead, like shoals of fishes, are upon a great abyss.

Now, the demonomancy or the Pseudomonarchia Daemonum is based on hierarchies of power, of power and of influence and of executive. Combining the Bardo Thodol with the Egyptian Book of the Dead and the Hellenized idea of the Styx, Acheron and Hades and Tartarus, Hades was a place in between the moon and earth and below. That means that we have airy demons, flying demons, black forms, all forms of church gargoyles, the black winged darlings of Saturnian forces, squadrons of death. Anyway, this is like a little boast, but to the gist of it.

Are they your enemies in as much as the tiger is to a Hindu? Can you befriend them? If they find something interesting in you that correlates with them, you may have demonic guardians that are a form of a befriended person. You are still an inferior thing as a mortal being in flesh, but they may find some supportive idea to protect you. Now, how is that? Why some people go insane on exploring those forces? Because these forces are not compatible completely with the human mind. Some may have supra-human intelligence, and otherwise they may play tricks, they may subvert everything you do, they may teach you, but then you slip and you fall in the hole.

So, why is so? Let's take Goetic demons for instance. These are the Hadesian sublunar airy spirits and the cohorts of generals,

princes, kings, commanders, and usually people communicating with Goetic forces don't connect with the top-tier forces. They usually connect with the soldiers, with the familiars, and the spirits of those forces, sometimes presenting and masquerading themselves as the top-tier infernal, infernal in the, let's say, metaphorical way, forces. So, in other words, how did people come about to those medieval grimoires and so on to get to know them? Do they have names or seals and so on? Historically, if they are derived from humans or incarnated in humans or human masks, they may. But by and large, some seals and forms are preferred, some are engineered as masks for them to wear. For example, when I was engaging in the Uranian working with my maestra years ago, there was not a single description of a Uranian intelligence spirit. So, I decided to conjure names, symbols, and masks for the Uranian sphere so that the forces, ancient primordial forces, may wear those masks and become named. Because if something is named, it is ontologically valid. It doesn't mean you command them, it means that you gave them a name and a seal and a front.

So, what about those people who play the monolatry, for example? Well, this is a dangerous business and I'm not here to advise you for or not for. It is always advised that you are backed by a higher power of gods, of goddesses, of providence during such operations. This is a traditional idea, not because some Judeo-Christian prick told you to believe in their god. It is to have a backing of a more powerful force that is ontologically great, that protects you during the operations with highly combustible material.

Now, whether we go to the idea of the tunnels of Seth, the interstellar tectonic subterranean, let's say, cosmic health connections, epiphany of the black sun. Well, these are very difficult operations. Why is that? Because the deeper you go down there, the more chaotic it becomes. Then you have chaos as total form at zero point. But

when total unity meets with total form, they at first create perfect order and then splinter into more chaotic, turbulent forces. So, that's much for the idea of the, let's say, Kabbalistic idea of the Qliphoth, that there is a mirror and everything is nice and all that. No, it's not. And I assure you that it's not, and it's more chaotic and turbulent than you may think. At the surface level, it may be ordered. Then, the deeper you go, the more, well, citing beloved Ishtar, the more weird forces you encounter. Some tectonic graveyards of ancient antepri-mordial life forms that gave their forms back to chaos, Lovecraft. Lovecraft connected with some wrong tunnelings, not out of his in-tent, but because, well, Lord Philip Lovecraft was like a little avatar of those forces and he was terrified as a human being. He wrote hor-rors about them because sometimes human mind encountering this total weirdness and eeriness goes mad. Goes mad or creates horror, thriller.

So, is there cruelty? Yes. Is there plenty of sadistic intent, bestial-ity? Yes. Why? Because that's how those forces mix with human mind sometimes. Do I advise walking with them? Not without protection. Do I respect them? Very much. I love them. So, what didn't I cover? That wasn't supposed to be a total lecture of how to walk or cooper-ate or how to go into demonic realms, but a shortcut philosophical framework of how it works. And yes, they are also demons of cosmic origin. They are nice demons of mortal origin. Very proxy humans, but they're the devil you know, right? And my advice is don't walk with something that may destroy your nature or if you bend your fingers on something, that means that you either won't, you didn't go deep enough or you're going the wrong way.

Thank you.

Anatomy of Evil

Now this won't be an easy speech for me. Over the last several years, years ago, some forces tried to turn me into a serial killer with certain inclinations, into a cannibal, auto-cannibal, necrophagist, necrophiliac, and so on, so on, so on. Now how does it come into being? Let's say that a certain demonic entity wants to use a human being towards its desired goal. All forms of perversions, ritual murders, all forms of atrocities, genocides, are a form of a sick, perverse ritual of the other side that wants to walk through human beings towards certain aims.

So I'm not an innocent cow here. Let's say that I engaged in the shadow work and Thanatophilia cooperations with undead shadow witches and with the, let's say, Mahakala aspect of it. Why? Because I decided that it is at a given point in time, on the left hand path tantra, a most crucial thing to do. The shadow witches got their semen and life, very potent, and I got skills and understanding as a reward. It's a magical transaction.

Now what happens if certain people that are being connected to with demonic forces, more malicious demonic forces, that are conscious and intelligent, and they have certain aims? I'm not talking about freebies, weird beings that connect to human minds and make them insane. But I'm talking about precise, disciplined ways of influencing human beings throughout their life, or if they are born with certain psychopathic inclinations, to use them in order to prove a point. They're amongst politicians, they're amongst priests, they're amongst those sickos that you don't want to talk about. They're very

anti-human, bestial, and most of this is hidden from the human knowledge and the diurnal societal understanding of it away. We may have random scandalous behaviors reported in news, but most of it is completely hidden. It is not the majority, it is the minority, but acknowledging this bestiality through the dead side, as reported by the dead shrouds, there is plenty of cruelty and inhumanity in this world too. It's not a beautiful, puffy, godly realm that everyone is happy about to believe in some castrated Jewish god that controls everything and that we are all happy. No, it is a rather messy world that is a continuous battleground for many forces.

Now, how would you explain certain perversions? For example, a necrophiliac fucking a corpse. That means that something bound, for example, the soul of a dead body, dead soul, and wants to reanimate it through the living. It is a confused thanatos-eros relationship in which the materialistic form of the flesh is the only vantage point. That is, a decaying corpse is a fixation of thanatophiliac operations upon a decaying cadaver. It is not limited to the carnal spectacle of it, but it is elongated in a sick ritual that is meant to fuck up the soul or the shadow of the decaying person or animate it like a doll to certain demonic force, while the necrophiliac himself is manipulated into this particular thing.

Now, most of those deviations, most of those perversions are stemming from the materialistic worldview, simply carnal worldview, fleshy worldview. If you do not participate in the metaphysical side of it, in the soul side of it, shadow soul side of it, you will understand nothing and given certain influences, your mind may be forced to commit the worst atrocities and crimes that seem bestial to an ordinary human being.

Now, how to control it? You cannot control it. In other words, if the inclination goes to your mind and you don't have enough discipline or enough luck not to commit a crime or an atrocity, you will.

Now, if you have a well-shaped mind, you will be aware of those influences and you will try to counter them. There are many people out there in the world that report such inclinations to suicide, to murder, to rape, or even further in the virtuosity of perversity, many bad things that they may do to themselves or to others. Now, I do not posit that every psychiatric diagnosis or symptom is a measure of influence of such beings, but in certain regards it is, and it may.

Now, what is the best approach in such situations? The metaphysical approach of rehumanizing yourself. In other words, you accept the existence of metaphysical reality and you shape yourself as a mortal in order to counter certain influences and in order not to commit certain crimes. Now, bestiality is something that is a component common to all human beings, this titanic element in the Orphic mysteries as they report. But civilization, refinement, discipline, and humanness may counter this element. Now, 250,000 years ago, our species, they were all cannibals, engaging in orgies, in huntings, and so on. Civilization is the forward mask of us that we control in order to re-deify ourselves, that is, reach for the metaphysical forces and the divine.

Now, what happens to a mind that went through such tests and ordeals of the bestial side of it? We still contain all the elements of perversities, destruction, and so on, but we keep it at bay through civilized ways. So, you may say that what is not in intellect doesn't go into the experience, but then we have no substance matter to shape it, to shape the beast within us. Now, the best framework possible to work is not to undergo such influences and to be shielded from it somehow in order to progress. Because once it starts, you need to survive it, and this negredo, this true black negredo, you need to master in order not to be the subject of it.

Now, with all my respect that I have both to study heavens and the hellish forces that may be very bestial and cruel in achieving their

aims, possessing and fucking up people's minds, I prefer to remain at a certain distance from it, yet a comprehensive, respectful stance. Now, when the brain as the vampiric psychopath collected the minds of serial killers since the golden rush was connected to my mind and I was revisited by many bestial people and their victims, that wasn't a fun ride. It left a mark on me that I need to control all the time. Therefore, having all this in mind, let's be more civilized.

And you will witness plenty of bestiality and perversions, especially in modern day when it was unleashed as if hells would invade some of minds of your politicians and the other culprits into more insanities and as if the logos of gods and goddesses would withdraw from this world. It didn't. You turned your heads away from it. And it is you that pitch to the gods not the other way around. And if you turn your heads away from the gods and goddesses completely, you are left at the mercy of those forces that treat you like puppets, like meatbags, like something to be utilized for their own purposes.

Hence, I end my speech.

Thank you.

The Last Magicians of Rational Thought and Platonic Realism

The Last Magicians of Rational Thought. Now, a human being is a multi-dimensional entity. Multi-dimensional meaning it cannot be short-circuited by a singular model or manifold models that try to bottleneck it into that model. What happens if a human being is quantifiably or qualitatively pushed into some paradigmatic model of what a human being is? Then, if it behaves like the model foreseen for that person to behave, it cuts out the multi-dimensionality away from the human being, and he becomes forced into the prison of that paradigm, model or multiple models trying to modify his behaviors. Now, if a person will be pushed into that iron prison of a model, he may be easily controlled in a quantifiable and qualitative manner, by whomsoever understands how the cybernetic model works and thus push the model down the throat of that particular person or society in order to force and predict results of behavioral cognitive aspects.

Now, a hundred years ago, before the onset of the methodology of modern cognitive sciences, cybernetics, all the hive mind ideas, a human being could experience much more, much deeper, much greater things than we experience nowadays, because the life didn't become yet a simulacra or set of simulacras. Now, everything I observe, for example, on Instagram or if you, I didn't use TikTok, but I'm aware of the phenomena, is creating hollowed shells, narcissistic egomaniac hollow shells. Now, that's nothing new, but what's the

point of it? If you create a shell, an algorithmic shell, and if you believe in that shell and you are governed by this shell, that is an excellent goldmine for social engineering, because from a multidimensional being, from a deep and great individual, as you may be, you turn yourself into a shell that is a model or a set of algorithmic models that is weaponized against societies, so that you may be controlled by shells, because the narcissistic personality has no inner core, has no personality. It is sucking in the narrations and the images from the outside in order to build a front, how to communicate, like an interface with society.

Now, when the narcissism of societies is conditioned by creating those shallow front lines and making people believe that those shallow virtualities are the faces, the true nature and the inner guts and core to the downright abysses of their souls or diamonds in spirit, then there is a problem. Not a problem for those particular people, but for them being subject to a model, a very simple model that is optimized to manage those masses and the shallow facets that are very easy to control. Now, what made me think about the raw human experience, true human experience, deep human experience, versus this shallow processing that is in the control zone ever was? A hundred years ago, two hundred years ago, and even nowadays, if people of great honesty and an inner experience that is wide like an ocean meet and start to converse, there is something that is neither quantifiable nor qualitatively analyzable by psychology, by cognitive sciences, by neurobiology, by any form of modern science that is trying to analyze human behavior and mass. It has something of a transcendent quality of poetry or the original meaning of philosophy as in the love of wisdom, love of deified qualities. This is where the God, the ontological status, meets the mortal human animal.

And yes, we can measure the behaviors, mass behaviors of cognitions, affect the biochemistry of the whole breeding market by tools

of modern science, we may. But when this particular mortal animal that is a human being meets with divinities, it escapes those definitions. Because then those instruments try to categorize that mortal human being by the standards that are limited by their own scientific categories. They don't grasp the divine, the divinities, the ontologies of platonic realities. They don't. So they try to backwire them into what they understand. Now, to a person who understands or felt the pure powers, the platonic forces as entities, deified qualities streaming through his mind and body and soul and the guts of the cognitive affective biochemical condition, blah, blah, blah. He knows that it's separate and it stands like a monolith above everywhere.

So whenever I was talking with my loved girl in the past and we used to converse for five, six, seven hours, there was this notion of raw beauty imbued with divine qualities, even hellish qualities. If you would hire a team of anthropologists, psychologists, psychiatrists, a team of cognitive scientists, neuro-author specialists, grand narrative institutes whatsoever, and you'd analyze what we were about, you'd get so many reports and so many books trying to analyze every single behavioral aspect and cognitive and affective aspect. And they would sit there and analyze it brainlessly while lacking the information about the component of eros, philia, and agape, that divine component that we merely reflected through our conversation.

And herein lies the grand trick, that people that model themselves into that shallow existence are incapable of reaching for the divine qualities are in fact already the prisoners of the models that the scientific communities, that the intel communities, that the AI designed for them. They're easily analyzable. They still have a potential of becoming humans by meeting the divine, the gods, and the mortal experience and knowledge in their traditional halfway, but they no longer care. They are fine as shallow shells. And those narcissistic shells are easily exploitable. That is where the world ends.

Not with a bang, but with a whimper of the dying true man, true woman.

Thank you.

Mahamanvatara and the Story of Beginnings and Ends

In a certain Hindi parable, there is a story of how, in a past universe, on a certain planet in a certain solar system, there were two disciples of a master. Those friends were progressing through the arts of magic, of the great ability of the yogins.

At one point in time, one of those disciples noticed that the other one was progressing faster, and he found it unjust. At that point a certain seed of chaotic fire, wearing the creative divine principles, was awakened in him. After years he understood that this injustice had developed into envy and jealousy. So he conspired to destroy the achievements of the other one. Then, at a certain point, he decided to murder the surpassing disciple of the master.

As he passed away, gathering the powers that were taught and the powers of the flesh, the unvues, the taints, the poisons, he passed away from his form and turned into an earthworm. Then he was reborn as a cockroach. Then he gave himself birth into the hells of hundreds of thousands of Yojanas, deep like abysses. Then he was born as a hell-being, then as a demon. As his wrath continued, he gathered the armies of hell and defeated the kings of hell. Solidifying the commands, then from system to system, from star to star, he started conquering every single shard of hope that remained scattered throughout the universe and submitted it under his great destruction — pure destruction, forgetting how it had really started.

At the very end he challenged the gods and Brahma themselves. After a great battle, the Ragnarok of the past universe, he exterminated the gods and then destroyed the universe. The abyss was triumphant everywhere. Yet from the abyss that was put to rest, a new fight, a new egg hatched, and from it a new order was born.

And from above this chaos, in serpentine array, the lords of the universe that were unconquerable by the chaotic fires appointed that disciple who had turned into the emperor of evil, destroying the universe — Asherudra — to be the new Vishnu of this universe: the one guarding order and regeneration, and being cursed to see it fall by the very same naughtiness in which he had participated in the past universe.

Now, what is the reason of this parable? It is that no matter where you are — across galaxies, stars, and the solar system, or on Earth — there is always a certain beginning, a beginning of a thread. Call it karma, call it fates, destinies, or the absolute divine destiny of Adrasteia, that you can cut short when it takes root, or pursue it until the very end. But even if you will be reborn as a worm, as a demon, as a general of hell, as an emperor of the forces of typhonic chaos destroying this universe, it will be renewed. And those who survive such an onslaught would draw upon the harpocratic lotus that is unconquerable.

The Yaaru stands through eons, and in the Egyptian eschatologies it is said that in millions and billions of years the abyss shall be conquered. The chaotic fire and forces will be conquered — perhaps to repeat the spectacle.

What is the sense then? If these are great cycles, Mahamanvantaras, what is the point in being, for example, a mortal animal on Earth? Well, in such long spans as hundreds of billions of years, you do not want to consign yourself to great sufferings, and you do not want to pull others into great sufferings. That is one of the noble

truths. And there is so much more to do, in incarnate and disincarnate form, for those hundreds of billions of years until the abyss will be conquered finally once again, and before the final destruction, that it is worthwhile.

The spectacle repeats itself. The echoes of fallen worlds speak on Earth too.

Thank you.

The Horror: Trans-Neptunian Saturnine Aegis

On the eeriness of human existence, sometimes we forget about the millions of years of evolution, the biological occult cocoon machinery that a human being is — the neurobiological, evolutionary-developmental build-up with its associated occult qualities, dimensions, souls, and spirits, perhaps.

But souls and spirits are definitions that function within the consensual reality of what we agree they are. And as much as the body — the djet, the mummy, the cenotaph of the body — is very weird, we are living in the present of the mortal business, the present of the hominid species in the Anthropocene, while the ancient primordial currents remain unknown to us. We try to retrospectively project the present into the past. It is not so.

So it is with the souls, the economy of the souls. These are very, very weird phenomena, merely clustered into definitions and recognizable categories. There is a saying that the world, the universe, is divisible — it will create categories. And those human-made categories are very well ordered. Yet there are infinitely more categories unknown to us in the occult business, the esoteric business, within this weird universal machinery infused with something akin to terror, awe, divinity, and chaos.

So, as a walker of the black earth, I appear as a Chaya, a dead pitch-black shadow to the chthonic weird forces. And sometimes, when I see a weird, undead fish of abysmal categories — a very

strange form, trans-Neptunian — and it connects to my mind, it speaks with the voice of a girl, perhaps. Why so? Because it can extract my biological motor, my psychic build-up. And this hyper-intelligent, a-intelligent specimen manifests in such a way as to differentiate itself from the living astral phenomena, from those who are still human flying around, and from the proxy-human specimen.

The language of larval, a-intelligent or hyper-intelligent specimens and other weird forces is unknown to humans, inasmuch as the occult build-up of the human body — souls, multiple souls, spirits, shadows — is unknown to humans by and large. It is a terra incognita.

So what do I possess? I possess, once again, after exploring many weird planes and forces as a cartographer of the mouth, trying to map those realities that are unmappable to a human specimen (which I am right now, in this body, temporarily). It points back to the human specimen in the present and asks: What are you? What's your business? What's your role? And then you create order and categories of humanness, of beauty, of ethos.

Now, those categories are highly civilized. They were unknown to the primal humans of, I don't know, 200,000 years ago — cannibals, orgies, devouring each other within the participation of nature. There was beauty in this bestiality, but there was also an idyll, a weird kind of idyll. So we do not want to bring this Tartaric element of our bestiality into this civilized world. Although it speaks through bestial murder, serial killings, through pathetic or more malicious psychopathic tendencies, sadisms, and so on. This beast is an element of us, and it is a question of civilizing it. Some of us never touch it; for others it is a question of civility, of humanness, and of finding those notions in the world of civilized gods and goddesses — in the simplicity and order of it, of beauty, of powers, of forces, of ontological Platonism.

That is why I always refer to the great compendialist, the ontological realist Platonist: a priori forces, but those that are beautiful, simple, great; those that are heroic; and those that are more compatible with the human specimen and its greatest and finest points — great loves, great oaths, great eudaimonia — because essentially that defines a human being. And if a human being is defined by those great things in its uttermost splendidness, then that means there are certain coordinates and reference points for a civilized human being, toward which I signify, as signifier, and point.

Now you may say that a human being was never meant to know itself in full. A human being was not meant to trespass beyond its limits — yet it did. And terrible turmoil emerged, and terrible suffering and pain, at a price necessary for some.

All in all, do I regret my past? I was called — called by the dark gods, called by the gods of order. I don't regret. This is a radical affirmation of my role and my place in this world, this world's universe. Is it a form of confession? No. It is a form of a sign, a wayward point for others to point toward themselves and find their humanness, and rehumanize themselves in the civility and beauty of many cultural civilizations, the treasuries of human ideations about humane things.

And this brings me to a summation: that beyond the human category and the categories that we create, those weird, weird, weird forces did not cease to be. They coexist. But stepping into those realities and realms, we risk either insanity, dissolution, destruction — or immortality, posthumously, perhaps. But it is a gamble, a Russian roulette. There is a greater chance that we perish than that we permeate and immortalize.

So, oh great gods of order, principled Mardukian forces, the Jupiterian Chaldeans: my life has taught me to be suspended between despair and radical affirmation, and thereby to create a fortress of civilized things and beauty within. My mind has lived through terrible

insanities, perversions, decrepit reversions, atavistic resurgence of the most primordial word-currents. The beast has spoken — not that little beast that they are afraid of, but the beast of primordial nobody-knows-what — because I have been a catalyst to very deep, deep chthonic forces, and as much as I have been a catalyst to things more close to human beings.

And from this wealth of experience, I decided, with the human mind (and the human monkey-mind is very adaptable), to categorize it in the form of a hermetic. Now, my desire was never to annoy, because I am not; my desire was to find a solution and explain certain things — and I did. To find that it is completely futile, and that there is an end to all human enterprises; that perhaps we were not meant to voyage far; and that the biological cocoons and the little souls and spirits are an excellent barrier against primordial chaos. Maybe not forever, but for as long as humans last — proving excellent great civilizations, and perhaps one day voyaging into the stars, or perhaps not: just make it essentially beautiful.

You have all the coordinates; you have all the referential roads. It was done before. You can love your subtleties, but it is up to you what you are going to do with it. And as a shark amongst the sharks of the abyss, I shall now recline and converse with a weird black-metal aesthetic, undead fish that possesses a female voice, that understands perfectly what I was saying.

Gods have a sense of humans out there, but they reflect it only not as much as you are capable of. And there is nothing that is not within your entrails, within your mind, within your soul, that may not be reflected in the weirdness of chaotic Platonic forms and the realms of the gods and higher forces. Of course we develop, we change, we gather content, weight, gravity — but what is not in you, your forces may not reflect in, and ponder you, and contemplate, in the violent hosts of line of hushings, mutabilities, metamorphosis.

Make your metamorphosis beautiful, worthy of literal gods — not primordial, bestial; that is not meant for you.

Thank you.

Summa Summarum, Panacea, Athenakleos!

Fates character a face, choice, fortunes on earth. Yet on earth people walk around us — to each his fate, to each his moira and fortune, circumstances and environment socializing him. So that in this now, that is not the content of life. The content of life is the must-experience stance, attitude, character at all. No.

Cadmean defeats, pure defeat. Macbeth, Titus Andronicus, Faust, things — when you think you have free will but you cannot preserve the shard of your integrity, pushed by the Fates, the Moirae, the fortunes, by this hamartia, this antagonist hamartia. So what you might say: there are people around, walking around; to each his own — that's fine.

There's something about the heroic psyche which means that, despite wretched fates, disgusting fates, awful fates, misfortunes, it is the way you shape them, the way you reflect upon them, that creates something immortal, beautiful, perhaps something worthy of a star and a daimon. Something worthy of a soul truly, of a heart immortalized — not some full spectacle.

And life is not forever. Uh-huh. Not this one. It all goes; it all is the case.

Now you might say that people have various levels of sensitivity and resilience to the pain, to harm and misfortune, to the evils in life. Some people break. Some turn to greater evils. Some turn cruel. Some commit suicide. Some live on in war. Some convert to some re-

ligion and think they have found solace, living a shallow life, shallowing it all down. Some find psychiatry and get some meds and debilitate themselves. Some get drugs and alcohol and drink themselves to death or turn to junkies. Others drown in fates and fortunes that are more benevolently inclined toward them. Yet it is a learning. You yourself are the learning. The great getter once positive.

So what is the degree between destiny, fate, fortunes, chance, and free will? Now free will is not something free. This coin is great; the purest will is the will of your divine self rendering itself upon you. If you incubate this diamond and give yourself birth to the stars, this is the shard of your free will, of your freedom — something pitched to completely different realities, cosmic perhaps, that calls you once to this swamp of arrest, maybe conditioned, automatized, possessed, emanated, avataried.

So what is, in this, the real identity, the real you? Are those the thousands of masks that you play, suspended in you? Are those the forces that play your masks, pretending to be you? What is authentic? Is it the flesh that wastes in the case? Is it the mind that swiftly changes, like we mercurial animals posit? Is it perhaps the soul, perishable sometimes in love, receptive to the mind and other forces? Is it the feeling heart that turns black and dies? Is it your shadow, that psychosexual remnant of your mind in essence enclosed? Or perhaps it is this demonic spirit. It is the real you wearing all this — and the masks, and the masks being painted, and the flesh, and the shadow, and the soul, and the heart, and the mind, perhaps.

So the art is to crystallize this daimon and to be in touch with it. That is the purest form of will. Any other will is corruptible. It is like the bodhisattva's form of a deed, because the minds are corrupted. If you have a corrupt mortal mind and put will through it, what do you get? Corruption. If you get the purest thing — the idea of a diamond that is pitched to your currents, to your gods, to the

Providentia — the will is going around it and it is acting. Simple as that.

So to most mortals, fortunes are in constant divide on the bian wheel of fortune: someone is a king, someone is a beggar. The point is to observe this wheel of fortunes from beyond time, beyond space, as an observer. And while you are in this dharmic wheel and this samsaric wheel, be outside of it and observe yourself with it. I think that is a mastercraft solution here.

So after all those defeats, destructions, compromisings, degeneratings, corruptings, destroyings — treating me like a wild animal, turning me up and down into nobility, into corruption, into clowning, into destruction, into greatness, into all, into beauty, into was, into depravity and bestiality — what is all this? What does the average person concern himself with? Someone's demise. Someone's death. One man's pleasure is another's pain.

While I am writing this speech, children are born, people die. People feel war, pain, suffering, somewhere after alienation, destruction. Others feel happiness. They are in love. They bring love, joys, and always, sometimes, memorizing the brightest of the ideas with ambitions toward the greatest of futures. Now that teaches a lesson in time truly.

Now as a child I wanted understanding, wisdom, and love. I pray to all the forces of the universe for understanding, wisdom, and love. I achieved — regretfully lost — the greatest of my true love. But I gained understanding and wisdom. And then I started understanding things in corrupt ways, in greater ways, in perfected ways. And then I started losing them and unlearning them. I gained some wisdom. Then my wisdom crumbled, and my understanding and love crumbled too. Tragedy. Well, personal treasure perhaps. Yet once again, in the victorious moments and movements of your life — the greatest, strongest, wisest, perfected, sublime, most beautiful.

If gods give impressions, you receive impressions. And if you gave away impressions of such magnitude that are somehow pitching to the gods, they are preserved and immortalized with the name and the star. Is it not sufficient that by shedding this flesh like a skin you perfect yourself into something greater than the summation of your greatest, making it divine, shedding the snake-skin flesh behind? Call it a fantasy if you like, but that's what gives hope, that's what gives the necessary conviction and action; otherwise this life would be unlivable. I lived through so much and I needed, perhaps, a fantasy — but a verifiable, subjectively way of comprehension of the superior.

So if you have something to offer to this world, make it worthy of the gods. Make it worthy of all humanity in the common. Make it worthy of the deepest recesses of the hells and the highest heavens of the stars and beyond. Only in such a way, even if you will not win a star, an immortalized name, your life will be a greater exemplar and monument to your life — that the shadows, the dead, the demons, the gods, the spirits will remember you. Mortal fame passes by, as does everything mortal and perishable. Preserve yourself in something that will remember you for all times. And the greater the time-span of the existence of the great that remember you, the greater the memory you left eternalized.

Religion as a magickal technology

"I shouldn't be reduced to a kitchen goddess," said, supposedly, Athena Parthenos to Damascius, the banished director of the School of Athens. Well, perhaps I won't be reduced to a kitchen dragon either, but I shall speak nevertheless.

Every religion is a form of magical vessel, magical technology — every single one of them — inasmuch as the occult build-up of the human body is concerned: the biological, the pneumatic, the mental, the psychological, the evolutionary, the neurobiological, and so on.

A mystery. The problem starts when the software, or the magical technology, of a religion is twisted and contorted. For example, every Jew and Christian will say that they are worshipping the God of everything. However, they forget that it is a projection, and in effect the magical technology of Judaism and Christianity is worshipping a Mars-sphere: a blind and jealous war-demon. At the same time they are connecting it to the cult of the womb, the Neptunian baptismal waters, the waters of life. At the same time they have this thanatophiliac love for the corpse and the transubstantiation of the wine into blood.

The blood cult, the womb cult — under the guise of the waters of life — and the war cult. In essence it created a metaphysical catastrophe for the soul-component, for the occult build-up of the human being, of the world, of animal souls, and of many visible worlds too. So of course, when you try to oppose that, you are opposing a whole, let's say, minor earthly metaphysical structure in the West.

So there is a problem here. And yes, they have spiritual agency, low-scale thaumaturgy and so on, but it is nothing compared to the old Egyptian techniques, the Throne of Magoi in Chaldea, the Babylonian Gates of the Gods, and the Greco-Roman techniques of both statecraft, religion, initiatory codes and so on. This is not to bash anything right here.

But next time you think about religion, try to deconstruct it and understand it as a magical tech. And if we understand religion as a magical technology that is also possibly received as belief systems, ritual acts and a set of magical acts, try to analyze it from this perspective in order to understand every religious system better, every philosophical system better, every magical system better. What is its paradigm? What are its anthropological, magical and effective components? Its historical, intellectual-historical history of religious ideas, and all that.

And how is it placed in reference to the divinities, the world, the earth, animals, nature, human beings, civilization, culture, science, art, theology — a word about gods — and so on and so on.

Thank you.

Hermeneutics of a Seer

Now, I do not like to philosophize or hermeticize things I have not experienced. Yet everything I have experienced that may be extraordinary to others undergoes hermetic interpretation. That is, I have no right to claim objective truths or absolute truths. I don't. I interpret like a hypophete. If I see the autophaneia (self-manifestation, revealing) of a Caduceus, or for example the giantess Athena Glaukopis, what do I think? It is a symbol, an intelligible autophaneia that communicates something to me through symbol and sigil. How I interpret that and how I relate to that is a different thing. So I decided to engage in the interpretation of certain "invisible" worlds in order to make them closer to some people. It is a hermetica, a model. All models are wrong, but they are useful. The map is not the territory, and all that.

However, let us try the ethos of ontology on the manifold invisible worlds and their inhabitants.

Character sows fates. Nature is the most basic and defining element of anything — the quality that sets it apart from everything else. Nature draws a thing out of pure potential into an actuality, an existence into a particular state, action, or effect. This nature is formed by the sum of its karman, the paths along which its innate visible qualities move toward a specific aim within a given frame of reference. A mountain that is undergoing corrosion, or that in millions of years' time will no longer be a mountain, has its own teleology, its aimfulness — right — although it is not aware of it. In this way, everything, whether living or non-living, spiritual, ethereal, subtle, or

metaphysical, is an object or a subject that possesses its own nature and continually interacts with other natures. All things arise together and dependent on one another.

Now, this will be a rather crude example, but it will demonstrate certain ideas for the future. So take a river-stone. It has a chemical crystalline material structure and measurable physical properties. If you find a stone in a river, think about that — including the emission radiation of its atoms and so on. It also carries an energetic imprint and hidden qualities that remain largely unseen to our mortal perception. Its essential quality of being is its stoneness. Phenomenology: the total sum of everything that makes it what it is. That is its nature. Over time the river slowly wears it away, changing its physical nature. We can also take this stone and smash it in half and violently alter its fate. We can throw it across the river, write something on it, try to charge it with subtle occult qualities (if we are magicians, successfully or not), mistake it for an elephant, find it beautiful or useless, or ignore it entirely. Whether we pay attention to it or not, endless possibilities open. We can also charge it with human meanings, symbols, feelings, memories, and abstractions, as sentimentalists do sometimes. There are infinite ways to perceive the stone, to identify with it, or to project emotions and thoughts upon it. If someone hits me with a stone, I become the one who is struck. New layers then appear: usefulness, function, abstract ideas, magical associations, perceptions, sympathy, observation, and existence itself.

Now, we cannot see every river-stone on Earth just as we cannot observe every butterfly instantaneously. Yet when we look closely at a butterfly or a moth — a complex, beautiful organism that lives only a few days in its winged form — it becomes our particular moth. In that moment we occupy a large part of its very short life and stand almost like immortals relative to it. The same principle applies without limit to every kind of object we encounter, and further still into

hidden dimensions, some of which we know while countless others lie beyond human perception in the occulted domain. A simple stone is completely itself. The more complex a thing becomes, the harder it is to define it by itself alone.

Now, humans find it especially difficult to say what humanness, humanitas, being human, truly means — because our natures are very complex. We can reflect on ourselves and we create elaborate symbols. Some of us use this complexity with limited skill; others are overwhelmed by it or simply receive it passively.

Now, bombastically inflated to the sphere of Jupiter. What is Jupiter? A gaseous giant planet. It has its own distinct nature: the great gaseous planet, its gravity, its nearby space, its moons, and the subtle wards within its influence. Everything that belongs to this sphere by extension shares a similar nature to it, differing only in degrees of individuation — the balance of sameness, difference, and otherness inside that Jupiterian sphere of influence. Countless spiritual beings and retinues, gods and goddesses, are distinctly different from one another. Yet they remain closely related because they all participate in the nature of Jupiter — or of Mars, or Saturn, or Venus, or Mercury, for that matter.

Now this may sound like a single universalizing pattern. To keep the picture accurate we must add the realities of scale, causality, noncausality, determinism and freedom from determinism, synchronicity, chance, Tyche (Lady Chance), the Fates (Moirai), fortune, and destiny. These operate through certainty, probability, impossibility, and possibility. No absolute necessity flows from the fountain of Adrasteia and Lady Ananke at levels the human mind cannot grasp nor comprehend — just like the objective truth at the mountain of the gods and goddesses is a metaphor.

So most people know neither their own fate nor the depths of the past. Wyrd has still called their destiny like occult machinery that lies

beyond even the starry destinies called Heimarmene, the starry fates. Now we do not know our present or our future nor our past. The wells of the past are deep, once Thomas Mann. They are like children lost in a time without clear sequence. The forces that spin destiny create causal links in advance, respond in the living moment with possible futures, and continue to work after events have occurred — across beginnings, endings, interruptions, sudden flashes, and ongoing phenomena.

Now determinism is a binding law, but only inside systems that allow it to govern; an outside force free of determinism can dissolve it entirely. Mythic chaos is non-deterministic. Order is deterministic — yet deterministic in what sense? Inside order, disorder continuously rises and falls, moving from chaos into order and back again. So there are different limits: the a-determinist within the determinant, indeterminance within chaos, and a-determinism, and so on — like a matrioshka of causality.

So chance is divinity taking a gamble, throwing a wild card: the moment a seemingly fixed system is broken by an unexpected anomaly, or when impossible odds are suddenly overcome. The will of fortune simply increasing or decreasing something. Whether we improve our fortunes or ruin them depends on the circumstances of fortune and ruin, our own nature, surroundings, and the complexity of every interacting factor over both short and long periods of time. Fortune itself is usually indifferent to our efforts. It simply does not care. It casts the lots, cruelly or not. We then act according to whatever insight or wisdom and ability we have at that moment to survive or proceed inside our particular inner and outer, ordinary and hidden conditions.

Now everything remains woven into dense networks of mutual dependence and simultaneous arising. At the deepest levels, all things may be completely interdependent and positively empty — as in "all

dharmas are empty," Nāgārjuna. At everyday scales, however, inside objective, illusory, or conventional realities that we may or may not perceive, relations between subjects and objects fall into four clear types:

Direct: a straightforward cause and effect (hitting a table).
Indirect: hidden or synchronistic links (the butterfly effect, unseen causal chains — if something would happen and someone would trip over in the street, for example).
Interrupted or isolated: no immediate connection is felt (a man shouts at Kilimanjaro and nothing seems to happen, yet the mountain still slowly erodes over millions of years).
Remote: connection across great distance by subtle means (a person of certain capacity, for example, is capable of using telepathy to communicate with a girl in Australia).

We must not reduce these relations to flat, dull mechanics. The world is in constant motion and change — a beautiful, miraculous revel that ranges from the immense, the strange, the eerie, the hellish, the abysmal, and the tartaric (the deepest) all the way to the divinely spacious, the brilliantly radiant, the abysmally infinitely wondrous. Between these extremes there are endless varieties of forms, infinities, natures, qualities, and worlds — infinity from human perception.

What I am describing is like water that is like a fountain: a fountain as an object built by humans, architecture that is symbolizing an ideal human republic — the limited share of order that belongs appropriately to human beings. Now the waters of the oceans would not agree with that limited picture, nor the fountain trying to harvest water to put it and pump it into the fountain. The waters, the Poseidonic waters of outer cosmic space which can be navigated, exist in an entirely different state and would disagree with me even more.

Just as biological nature and evolution have limits in the forms life can take, the physical universe and its laws also may have their

limits. Otherwise everything would fall apart in disarray and no order would be possible. It is in a sense a shadow of divine ideas and forces. These forces do not contradict nature; they simply operate with their own ranges of possibility. This continuum stretches from the starry heavens down to the deepest cosmic voids and hells, and it is filled with many kinds of spiritual being — polytheistic, pandemonium, panpsychic forms, processions, and retinues.

For example, a sylph-like girl that I found in the forest, living in the forest — it is not the tree itself, the biological plant, right? Nor do we confuse those two things in scales and essence. Yet it may belong to the retinue of the rose as the spiritual retinues belonging to a particular rose bush, not the generalized universal of a silvan retinue belonging to roses. Right.

The rose itself is not the black sun, and the black sun is the vast dark root and source that stands behind our visible Helios-sun in the deepest black fire of the solar system here. So you may say that all forms of stars in main sequence and other types of pulsars have some form of reflection in the chaotic fires and way above in the Hyperionic realities of the third transcendent, given the Babylonian mapping and the Chaldean idea.

So I do not claim knowledge of realities I have not experienced myself. I merely speculate about them, or hypothesize about them, or attempt to interpret based on the experiences I have had. So my soul and mind travel to the cosmic Tartarus, the abyss; to the fires of Baal in the depths of this earth; to the river of black decaying corpses in the Styx. How did it appear, come into being? Maybe it is the occult mechanics. Maybe hells and heavens were not created; they came into being somehow — that makes it more complicated and more historically-evolutionarily grounded.

So the atmosphere and stars of Jupiter. Did you ever fly through the atmosphere of Jupiter, seeing the red eye, the red storm like a gi-

ant colonnade of violent storm discharges? And when you fly through the atmosphere of Jupiter with your soul, with your spirit, you see those beautiful columns, this yellow-brownish column and spaciousness of pure noble beauty — apart from a few winged Republican damsels from ancient Rome that fly by and guide you along the way. So to the storms of Saturn, to the astral palaces of Saturn and the Moon, to the black fires of Azoth, and to the furthest star, where I danced with the gods and goddesses at their stations and the extended families of the elder races that showed me kindness.

Now let us remember that these symbolically realities that I have described are categories that I also use in order to elucidate certain things, because the more you get into it the more complex it becomes — and sometimes beauty is simplicity.

Thank you.

Addendum

I have accepted more than Fate's dread doom, More than my wretched portion could endure, Yet faced it in the cavern of dark thieves, Where, to my Gods, a mortal hero stand. Amid unbidden plagues, in destiny I linger; let me follow Wyrd, since she, Lady Ananke, slow to shift, has paved The path. The web of snares is earthly play, For whoso tracks out destiny—the prize Is his; Fate, kin to memory and truth, The golden wreath, like to a golden chain Of loyalty and devotion unto Numen Multiplex, Which in the end grows strong as iron-steel, Determined, brazen. If I could not conquer The earth, the nations, or the thrones of men, At least I won my infernal, starry-heavenly Name and portion. They who cry, "All ends Well," are sanctimonious fools—and why? Because they strip man of his striving, rob His very life; the promises of Heaven Are to the weak another iron bond That shackles them. Behold me, then! I walked With doubt the greater path and strode to meet The Gods. Have I done with this? Ah, never! When these my limbs and sinews fail and wane, And when the mind grows loose and out of joint, Greater conflict waits beyond the grave— A war of incorporeal nobility, Amid the council-halls and endless, Splendid god-like activity, and in Joycean tone, my enemies shall my spirit never match nor have, I shall depart with Mahamanvatara's maeonic turn!

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